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"I have gathered me a posse of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

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International Affairs

AMERICA AND EUROPE

The rapid commercial growth of the United States has produced feelings of uneasiness in European nations. The fact of this growth is seen in the inroads made by American competition into the commerce of all the countries of Europe. And whereas a few years ago it would have seemed strange to talk of American capital seeking investment in Europe, to-day it appears likely that American capital will become an important factor there. It is a not unnatural consequence that "a feeling of dislike toward the United States" has become general among interested classes in Europe; "one runs across it everywhere in Central and Eastern Europe . . . expressed in the speeches of public men, in the editorials and correspondence of newspapers, and in the private conversation; the 'American Danger' has assumed for the Continent a more immediate and ominous significance than the 'Yellow Peril.'"

This is more especially seen in Germany and Austria; and no one was surprised when it transpired in April that Count von Schwerin-Löwitz, a leading member of the German Reichstag and President of the German Agricultural Council, went as a delegate to the International Agricultural Congress in Rome with the purpose of advocating a European Zollverein against American competition. The discussion of what was styled "Europe's Declaration of War against America" aroused much interest. That the Congress did not commit itself to such a course seems to have been, in part at least, due to the position of Signor Luzzatti of Italy, the very eminent specialist on questions of commerce, who expressed his astonishment that in presence of the high tariffs, just voted by Germany and Switzerland and the tariff now being prepared by Austro-Hungary, any dare suggest a European customs union to oppose American competition. "Is there hope for a European

agreement," he asked, "before declaring war on the United States?"

He was supported by M. Meline, who declared that it was impossible to establish the same duties throughout Europe which had such different products and needs. "America is such an extraordinary country," he said, "that I am frightened when I think what she may become when she has reached the height of her development, but if some American products threaten us, others are absolutely indispensable to us."

Baron Rickenhausen, a member of the German Reichstag, said that the greatest threat of the United States was against the industries of Europe, but that agriculture was also menaced. The Zollverein project will come up again for discussion at the next session of the Congress which is expected to be held in some German city.

Count von Schwerin-Löwitz says that the supporters of his plan will continue the propaganda, and that a continuous effort will be made to eliminate from the renewals of European commercial treaties all clauses not in harmony with the Zollverein idea.

According to the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, the alarms which have been sounded during the past two years regarding the trade relations between the United States and Russia, Austro-Hungary and Germany find no justification in the figures up to this time. There has been a steady growth in the trade relations with these countries, and the indications are that the United States commerce with them is likely to be larger in the present fiscal year than in any preceding year.

IN SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE

The danger of war between Turkey and Bulgaria, which was rendered so acute by the dynamiting of the Ottoman Bank at Salonica, gradually lessened during May. On the 11th a simultaneous publication in Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg, of the official view taken by the powers of the Bulgarian situation, made it evident that they would not tolerate the adoption by the Sultan of stern measures against Bulgaria on account of the Salonica

outrages. Bulgaria was not considered responsible for the Macedonian violence, and should Turkey persist in diverting attention by menacing Bulgaria, the Powers would deal plainly with the Porte.

Whether this was just to either Bulgaria or Turkey or not, it served to keep pressure on the latter to quiet the Albanians and also kept the light of day upon the fact that as to reforms in Macedonia the Turk was showing his usual incapacity—not to say bad faith.

When war between Turkey and Bulgaria seemed imminent, Prince Ferdinand, who was in Paris, hastened to Sofia and so berated the members of the Daneff Ministry for mismanagement of affairs that they resigned. A new ministry was finally formed under M. Petroff, friendly to Turkey, the aim being to ameliorate the lot of Bulgarians in Turkey and obviate a conflict with the latter.

Years ago Dr. E. H. Chapin **THE NEAR EAST** referred to the Russian advance in Europe as "that muffled destiny creeping down the map of Europe." Russia expands the most rapidly along the lines of the least resistance; and so of late years the "muffled destiny" has appeared less concerned about Constantinople and the Bosphorus than about outlets on the Pacific coast and the advance toward the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. But it has only "appeared" less concerned, for, according to the Moscow correspondence of the London Spectator, the paramount ambition of Russia still is to attain what both Peter the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte declared to be of paramount importance to her, in which aim not only visions of national power and grandeur sustain her, but the profoundest religious feelings as well, for the possession of the Mosque of St. Sophia by the Turk is a scandal to Christendom, and nothing more would gratify the Russian people than to set the Cross once more upon "the dome to Heavenly Wisdom consecrate." The Spectator recognizes that for the great majority of Britons the possession of Constantinople by Russia "has ceased to have any terrors." England has Egypt and the Suez Canal, and it is hardly likely that any convulsion would give Russia the Bosphorus without also yielding great advantages somehow to England; it is a Russian suggestion that when Russia takes Constantinople and the Bosphorus, Britain should take Gallipoli and the Dardanelles; but—the Persian Gulf is quite a different matter!

According to many English statesmen and writers, the "muffled destiny" has met with quite too little resistance in its gradual absorption of Central Asia, its Russianizing of

Persia, and its railroading toward Herat in Afghanistan. This feeling found sharp and somewhat startling expression in the British House of Lords, on the evening of May 6, when foreign Secretary Lansdowne proclaimed a British Monroe Doctrine in the Persian Gulf, in these words: "I say without hesitation that we should regard the establishment of a naval base or a fortified fort in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal." This plain word to Russia is uttered both when that power is projecting a railway southward through Persia to the Gulf (see the record of last month, page 645), and also at a time when the question whether Russia shall be allowed to have a diplomatic representative at Kabul, in Afghanistan, has, after many years of academic discussion, been brought forward in definite form by the Russian government, representations on the subject having been some time since formally made to the British government and informally to the Amir of Afghanistan.

The unwillingness of Great Britain to see jeopardized the predominance in the Persian Gulf which it has cost her so much to obtain, is but natural. That predominance is the result of "a century of effort," and in India the maintenance of that predominance is regarded as a very vital issue. It is evident enough that Russia's desire of a port on the gulf is not for commercial reasons alone; she has, perhaps primarily, political and strategical objects. The acquisition by Russia of a "Port Arthur" on the Persian Gulf, with the hinterland well under her control, as the London Times points out, could not but seriously affect the connection of Great Britain with India. This is the view taken by both Captain Mahan and Colonel Mark Bell, two of the very highest authorities on the naval and military aspects of the question. In Captain Mahan's opinion, it would place Russia in a flanking position and would "entail a perpetual menace of war." Colonel Bell says that it would "envelop Afghanistan, threaten India's flank, and menace the main arteries of communication which lead, not only to India, but to the Far East and Australia as well."

THE FAR EAST The Manchurian situation remained substantially the same during May. The clouds in a June sky may change their shapes, but the spectacle remains one of sky and clouds. Early in the month it became certain enough that Russia had made the demands of China respecting Manchuria which she had not so much "denied" making as "repudiated." On May 4, the American, British and Japanese ministers in Peking discussed with Prince Ching Russia's demands, the text of which does not differ in

effect from the synopsis first cabled from Peking. Russia's repudiation hardly repudiates. Nothing seems surer than that she is in Manchuria as a possessor, unless it is that the Powers will not drive her therefrom by force. "No power," says Japan and America, "is ready to meet Russia along the Amur or in the interior of Manchuria. Japan could check her advance in Korea, and, possibly, on Peking, but Japan, England and America combined could not force her to relinquish her hold on Manchurian territory." Various Russian moves have "perplexed monarchs." She makes Manchuria appear a sort of kaleidoscope for the watching nations who, as they wonder, are told that, "when the whole truth is known, it will be found that Russia has not violated a single pledge made to any nation, and that, moreover, whatever steps she has taken in Manchuria are only in self-defense." So says Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador to the United States.

Japan sees things at a short range, and there seems to be no doubt that she is very much excited, both because of Russia's actions in Manchuria and also because she has entered Korean territory "ostensibly to protect the Russian timber concessions." The Southern provinces of China have been reported as urging the Peking government to resist Russia's encroachments. China's reply to representatives of the United States and Japan that she cannot include in the commercial treaties the opening to trade of Manchurian towns on account of Russian opposition, may be put alongside of Russian assurances that all Manchuria is open to foreign travel, no passports being required, and that there will be no interruption of the open-door policy. Dispatches from Peking at the end of May stated that the course of events indicates that Russia will enforce her tenure, notwithstanding China's formal refusal to grant her demands. Germany and France favor Russia. The United States has given Russia to understand that any violation of treaties or evasion of promises will be promptly and firmly met. And Great Britain commends the course of the United States.

Mr. C. C. Baldwin of New York, a representative of the Southern cotton mills, who has investigated the trade conditions in Manchuria, reports that the American cotton trade was increasing enormously until recently, when the Russians began to exert pressure upon the Chinese, amounting to coercion, for second orders for Russian firms amounting to 800,000 bales of goods, which otherwise would have gone to America. Mr. Baldwin says the foreign firms complain bitterly of the difficulty of conducting business under the Russian administration.

What has appeared in these IN THE PACIFIC columns respecting the aspiration of the United States for pre-eminence in the Pacific received strong confirmation in the speech of President Roosevelt at San Francisco on May 13. He said:

America's geographical position on the Pacific is such as to insure our peaceful domination of its waters in the future if only we grasp with sufficient resolution the advantages of this position. We are taking long strides in this direction; witness the cables we are laying and the great steamship lines we are starting, steamship lines some of whose vessels are larger than any freight carriers the world has yet seen. . . . We must keep on building and maintaining a thoroughly efficient navy, with plenty of the best and most formidable ships, with an ample supply of officers and men, and with these officers and men trained in the most thorough way to the best possible performance of their duty. Only thus can we assure our position in the world at large, and in particular our position here on the Pacific.

Such an expression as this could not fail to attract the attention of the world and occasion comment. No one, however, has seemed to lose proper diplomatic poise and spirit, unless some German newspapers have done so, the *Vossische Zeitung*, of Berlin, for instance, declaring that other powers possess more ancient rights in the Pacific than America, the latter having acquired a standing in that ocean only through the annexation of the Philippines. This has called out the following from the Tribune of New York:

Have California and Oregon and Alaska never been heard of there? Or are they supposed to front upon the Atlantic? Are the stories of our dealings with Hawaii and Samoa, of our "opening" of Japan and of Korea, of our century-old trade



The Pacific Basin, showing the American and British cable routes—the former indicated by full lines and the latter by dotted lines. (With international spans, as proposed, from the Fiji to the Samoan Islands, and from Fanning Island to Hawaii). The figures indicate nautical miles.

with China, and of our occupation of many Guano islands in the Pacific, all a sealed book to German editors? The fact is that America is one of the oldest of Pacific powers, far antedating France in Tonquin or the Marquesas Islands, Great Britain at Hong Kong, or Germany at Kiao-Chau. In fact, America had an unchallenged standing in the Pacific half a century before the German Empire came into existence. Of course, this country has no thought of claiming any monopoly or any special privileges in that ocean. But the notion that it is a newcomer and intruder there, with inferior rights, is simply preposterous.

The Pacific basin is "the greatest by far among great geographic features." Hon. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department at Washington, affirms that the United States owns the chief way stations of commerce, the principal islands and harbors, in the mid-Pacific—Unalaska on the north, Midway Island, the Hawaiian group, Tutuila in the Samoan group, Guam in the Ladrões, and Manila. It is generally conceded that Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian group and that of Pango Pango in the Samoan are far the best, if not the only valuable harbors in all the mid-Pacific.

All of these are located upon the natural routes for vessels in direct commerce between the United States and the Orient, and it is scarcely possible to place too high an estimate upon them for both commercial and naval and strategic purposes. The United States also possesses the most important routes for submarine cables. Hawaii, Wake Island, Guam and the Philippines "form a continuous line of great natural telegraph poles upon which we may string wires stretching half way round the globe." The city of Manila, located at a point where the steamship and sailing lines of the Western Pacific converge, is a most valuable distributing point for commerce destined for the Orient. These and other considerations are cited to sustain the proposition that "at least one of the great problems of the Pacific, that of commerce, has been solved, and solved in favor of the United States."

A British view of the main position in the Pacific at the present time, is thus condensed from an article in Blackwood's Magazine:

Russia is moving slowly but with a clear knowledge of what she wants. China is awaking to the necessity of self-defense. Japan, by the alliance with Great Britain, has reasonable assurance of breathing-space sufficient for pushing her preparations for the future. Germany is the "hungry dog" of the Pacific. She has a little territory and wants more. She is ranged on the side of Russia as one of the forces that make for disturbance. So also is France in Indo-China, where she fosters hardly veiled designs upon the integrity of Siam. America in the Philippines "has as much on her hands as she can manage, without troubling herself about matters which do not directly affect her. Holland, in the Dutch East Indies, lies "behind a ring fence." Great Britain in the Pacific far surpasses all other powers in extent of seaboard which includes Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea,

the islands for which the Governor of Fiji is High Commissioner, the Crown Colonies of Hongkong and the Straits Settlements, the Protectorates of the Federated Malay States, Sarawak and North Borneo, and the Pacific seaboard of the Dominion of Canada. But Great Britain is more at the mercy of purely local interests than any other Power. Her advantages lie in her naval strength, the number of her bases in time of need, the wealth and prosperity of many of her possessions, and in her alliance with Japan.

It may be noticed in this connection that information from Tahiti by way of San Francisco in the middle of May stated that Great Britain has recently "seized" three small islands near Pitcairn, being regarded as possibly valuable in anticipation of the completion of the Panama Canal by the United States. One of the islands (Ducie) has a safe harbor. There are no inhabitants in the group.

The Pacific Commercial Cable authorized by the United States Government last August has now been laid as far as Guam, the Cable steamer Anglia having reached that island at midnight of June 1. The British cable connecting Canada with Australia was completed last October.

Admiral Dewey has made official recommendation that a government coaling station be immediately established at Dutch Harbor (see map) as a strategic point in the Northern Pacific.

POLAR EXPLORATION

International competition in the attempt to reach the poles has had little or no representation among the French people. "France," says Dr. Jean Charcot, "has hitherto left this work to foreigners," but he now aims to awaken French attention to the subject, and is completing preparations for an expedition to sail for the frozen South by way of Terra del Fuego and Alexander Island. Commander Peary some time since announced his willingness to lead another expedition North, stating his belief that the Pole can be reached in two years with Cape Hecla as a base of operations. It was from this point that he made, in 1902, his fourth attempt to reach the Pole. The start was made on the first of April, but at the end of the month the party was again at Cape Hecla, having been turned back by insurmountable ice barriers at latitude 84° 17'. The new Zeigler expedition, commanded by Captain John Haven, left New York last month for Tromsø, Norway. The America will leave Tromsø for Archangel and Franz Josef Land about July 1. It will winter in Franz Josef Land, and make the dash for the Pole, if all goes well, in the spring of 1904. A novel expedition has been announced by two German explorers



Map to show the world's northernmost railroad, and also the location of Tromsø, a point of departure for the Arctic regions.

Herr Scholl of Munich and Dr. Anschütz Kuempfe, who are to rely upon a specially constructed submarine boat to overcome the difficulties hitherto encountered in reaching the Pole. Wireless telegraphy, it is said, is also to be utilized. The famous explorer Nansen has announced a projected expedition for the exploration of King William Land (south of the Parry Islands). Professor Schmidt, of Berlin, has characterized the expedition as the most important task in the domain of terrestrial magnetism. Professor Barula, the zoologist of the Baron Toll expedition, who left the expedition last May with three others to engage in a scientific research in New Siberia, arrived at Irkutsk in March. Much anxiety has been felt in Russia with regard to the fate of Baron Toll and his fellow explorers. He spent the winter of 1891-2 on the island of Kotelnoi, the largest of the New Siberia group, and left there a year ago. We are unable to give any information respecting the Russian expedition on the Pentelion, of which mention was made some time ago.

In the Arctic regions the highest latitude yet attained in either the Eastern or the Western Hemisphere is that of the Italian Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition (Captain Cagni) in 1900. It reached $86^{\circ} 33'$ (see the cross on the map), eclipsing Nansen's famous record in 1895 ($86^{\circ} 14'$). On the American side of the Polar area, the record

is held by Commander Peary, though he fell short of Captain Cagni's record by over two degrees—about one hundred and fifty miles. It appears that no other approach to the Pole can compare with that afforded by way of the Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land routes.

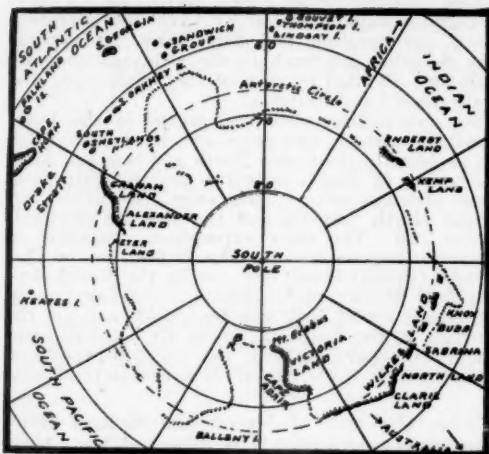
Six nationalities were represented in the Polar expeditions which, two years ago, were set to solve the problem of the frozen North and South. After the return of Peary, Sverdrup and Baldwin from their abortive efforts, the only expedition left in the North was that of the Russian explorer, Baron Toll. The three expeditions operating in Antarctic regions are: (1) The British, in the *Discovery*, Captain Scott, sent out by the Royal Geographical Society of London; (2) the German, in the *Gauss*, under Erik von Drygalski; and (3) the Swedish, in the Antarctic, under Dr. Otto Norden-skjöld. Co-operating with the Swedish expedition is the Scottish, led by Dr. W. S. Bruce, in the *Hecla*.

Near the end of March the British relief ship *Morning*, which left London last July, brought news to Lyttleton, New Zealand, of the expedition on the *Discovery*. The extreme point reached by Captain Scott in a sledging party was $82^{\circ} 17'$ South Latitude.

The achievement was attended with extreme peril and hardship.

Captain Scott and two companions have gone farther south than any previous explorers. Over half a century ago Sir James Ross reached latitude $78^{\circ} 10'$ (see R on the map). That stood unsurpassed till 1889-1900 when Borchgrevink (see B) went a little farther, reaching $78^{\circ} 50'$. This is not as far south as explorers have gone north, but very much less pioneer work has been done, in Antarctic than in Arctic regions. Captain Scott's journey occupied ninety-four days. They established a depot in latitude $80^{\circ} 30'$ south. Here they discarded all superfluous gear and set out from the depot on December 15 for a dash to the south. On January 1 they reached latitude $82^{\circ} 17'$. They had taken with them only four weeks' provisions. Moreover, as they proceeded the snow became softer and the extra strain told quickly upon the dogs, which ultimately all died. In these circumstances to push further southward would have been to court disaster. The return journey was still more trying. Thick fogs enveloped them, and





for five days the party had to steer a course practically in the dark.

The following is a summary, by one of the scientific staff of the *Discovery*, of the principal results of the expedition to date:

1. The discovery of extensive land at the east extremity of the great ice barrier.
2. The discovery that McMurdo Bay (?) is not a "bay," but a strait, and that Mounts Erebus and Terror form part of a comparatively small island.
3. The discovery of good winter quarters in a high latitude—viz., $77^{\circ} 50' S.$, $166^{\circ} 42' E.$ —with land close by suitable for the erection of magnetic observations, etc. The lowest temperature experienced was 92° of frost Fahrenheit.
4. An immense amount of scientific work extending over twelve months in winter quarters, principally physical and biological.
5. Numerous and extensive sledge journeys in the spring and summer covering a good many thousand miles, of which the principal is Captain Scott's journey, upon which a latitude of $82^{\circ} 17'$ south was attained, and an immense tract of new land discovered and chartered as far as $83^{\circ} 30'$ south, with peaks and ranges of mountains as high as 14,000 feet.
6. The great continental inland ice reached westwards at a considerable distance from the coast and at an altitude of 9,000 feet.
7. A considerable amount of magnetic work at sea, also soundings, deep sea dredging, etc.

The most recent reports from New Zealand show that the *Discovery* has been caught in an immense ice-pack, and is in such danger that the Royal Geographical Society of London has appealed for \$75,000 to be devoted to a new relief expedition.

News from the Swedish expedition is now so long overdue that the director of the La Plata Museum at Buenos Ayres has begun preparations for a relief expedition. It is stated that Nordenskjöld, the leader of the expedition, said that should there be no news

at Punta Arenas of the party by April 30, the hour would have arrived to send assistance. The Swedish Government at Stockholm has taken action looking to a relief expedition.

It was announced from Durban, Natal, on June 1, that the German expedition, on the *Gauss*, had reached that port. There were no deaths during the time the *Gauss* was away and all on board are well. The vessel was icebound for a year. She reached $60^{\circ} 30'$ South.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration assembled on May 27.

On the whole the most notable fact in the history of arbitration during the past year is the marked degree to which the republics of the Western Hemisphere have acknowledged this method of settling international difficulties.

The United States and Mexican Monetary Commissioners seeking the establishment of a gold standard system of exchange for silver countries, sailed from New York for Europe on May 19. Their purpose is to present the plan to foreign authorities at conferences to be held in London, Paris, and other great cities.

The delegates to represent the United States at the International Conference at Geneva, Switzerland, next September, for the purpose of revising and extending the Geneva treaty of 1864, under which the various Red Cross societies are recognized, are Francis B. Loomis, Assistant Secretary of State; General George B. Davis, Judge Advocate-General of the Army, and Commander Nathan Sargent of the Navy.

It is reported, as understood in Newfoundland official circles, that the Bond-Hay treaty negotiations will be revived next fall prior to the reassembling of Congress at Washington, as Premier Bond is said to have received favorable communications from prominent American statesmen.

Dispatches of May 12, stated that Mexico had just consummated a treaty of arbitration with the republics of Santo Domingo, Argentina, Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Salvador, Paraguay and Uruguay.

Salvador is reported as refusing to pay an arbitration award in the case of an American corporation which secured judgment of more than half a million dollars on account of the violation of its franchise. The incident seems likely to prove annoying to the State Department at Washington.

On May 20, the first anniversary of Cuban independence, President Palma expressed "the cordial greetings of a thankful people on his anniversary of the glorious and historical day when the United States rose to the highest level by setting forth the most beautiful example, unknown before, of moral disinterestedness as a nation." The permanent treaty between the United States and Cuba, in which are incorporated all the provisions of the Platt amendment, was signed on May 23, by Secretary of State Zalduendo and United States Minister Squiers, who were constituted special plenipotentiaries for that purpose.

The order for signing the treaties was, first, the Platt amendment; second, the naval stations; and third, the Isle of Pines. The United States expects to obtain the naval base at Guantanamo, and it is understood that the last treaty will confirm the right of Cuba to the Isle of Pines. It appears to be the intention of the Cuban Senate to allow the treaties to await action till the winter session. Cuba's diplomatic relations with Europe are still unsettled. The departure of representatives to England and Germany is still postponed. It is understood that United States Minister Squiers holds that, until the pending Cuban treaty negotiations with the United States are concluded, and the coaling stations demanded by the American Government from this republic be ceded, Cuba has no need of diplomatic representation in Europe, or at least must not undertake to effect treaties of any kind with Great Britain, Germany or any other continental Power, Spain included.

In Colombia three elements are enumerated as opposed to the ratification of the Panama Canal Treaty with the United States. One objects to relinquishing perpetual control.

Another urges that the indemnity and annuity are not large enough. The third is composed of revolutionists who wish to keep the government poor and weak for their own purposes. At the end of May the report gained currency that the Treaty would fail of approval by the Colombian Congress.

On the evening of May 7, the closing scene in the long negotiations between Venezuela and the European powers was enacted at the British Embassy.

Separate protocols for reference to The Hague Tribunal of the question of preferential treatment for the blockading powers in the payment of their claims against Venezuela were signed first, and immediately afterward the conventions providing for the settlement of the allies' claims by the several commissions which are to meet at Caracas this summer were signed. The striking feature of the Hague protocol is the clause of Article 1, which provides that in case The Hague court decides adversely to the contention of the blockading powers for preferential treatment, the manner of payment of the other creditor nations shall be such "that no power shall obtain preferential treatment." At the end of May and the beginning of June the mixed tribunals to hear and determine the amount of the claims of the several powers against Venezuela were holding meetings at Caracas. It is expected that the American claims can be adjusted within a month.

The settlement of the boundary disputes between Chile and Argentina has given rise to renewed hope of realizing a South American Federation. According to reports, at present unconfirmed, Bolivia has ceded to Chile her Pacific coast line, receiving therefor an indemnity of over thirteen million dollars.

Affairs in America

UNITED STATES AFFAIRS

The volume relating to appropriations made and new offices created at the last session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, prepared by the chief clerks of the Senate and House Appropriation committees, shows a grand total of \$753,058,506 in appropriations, to which must be added nearly thirty-seven millions more for contracts authorized for certain public works not provided for in the foregoing figures. Chief among these works are additions to the navy. The new offices and employments specifically authorized number 11,316, at an annual compensation of \$7,927,639. Those abolished or omitted number 1,815, at an annual compensation of \$941,481, a net increase of 9,501 in number and \$6,986,158 in amount.

The largest increases are 5,616 for the naval establishment, including 3,000 seamen and 1,458 midshipmen, and 3,354 for the postal service,

including 143 assistant postmasters, 2,289 clerks in post offices and 806 railway postal clerks. The number of salaries increased is 341, at an annual cost of \$205,202, and the number reduced is 60, in the sum of \$600.

A comparison of the total appropriations of the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress for 1904 with those of the first session for 1903 shows a reduction of \$47,565,990. The principal items of decrease are for river and harbor improvements, \$12,307,049; for the Isthmian canal, \$50,130,000, and for the military establishment, \$13,841,383. Among the increases are: For the naval establishment, \$3,020,428; for the postal service, \$15,094,951; for legislative, executive and judicial expenses, \$2,200,000, including \$500,000 for the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, and \$770,000 for the Agricultural Department.

The total appropriations made by the Fifty-seventh Congress amount to \$1,553,683,002, an increase over the Fifty-sixth Congress of \$113,193,567. This is accounted for in part by increases in the appropriations for the postal service of \$54,000,000; for the naval service, \$17,500,000; for rivers and harbors \$29,500,000; for the Isthmian canal, \$50,000,000;

for the Agricultural Department, \$2,500,000; for legislative, executive and judicial expenses, \$4,200,000; for public buildings throughout the country, \$10,000,000, and for the Philippine Islands, \$3,000,000. Reductions are made in the appropriations for the military establishment of \$60,000,000, and for pensions, \$10,000,000.

Continuing his tour through the West (page 647) by way of Denver, Santa Fe, Albuquerque and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, President Roosevelt made his first visit to the Pacific coast early in May. The greeting given him at San Francisco was with full military and civic honors, and enthusiastic in the extreme. On the 16th he was in the Yosemite Valley, and thence proceeded through Nevada, Oregon and Washington. He took a trip on Puget Sound, inspected the Bremerton naval station, and visited Seattle. On the 25th he began his journey east from the Pacific coast, speaking at several places in Washington State, as he had done many times before at points along his route. Through Idaho and Montana he came to Salt Lake City in Utah, where he addressed a great audience in the Tabernacle.

There can be no doubt that President Roosevelt's thorough Americanism, as evinced both in his spirit and in the tenor of his speeches, has greatly increased his popularity in the West. Forecasts of next Presidential nomination by his party are generally giving him that honor by acclamation. One of the most notable political items of the month is the remarkable degree to which public attention has been directed to Grover Cleveland as the possible or probable Democratic candidate in 1904.

The commercial and industrial growth of the United States is suggested by the fact, published by the Bureau of Statistics, that of the four billions of dollars estimated as the annual value of the manufactures entering into the international commerce of the world four hundred millions, ten per cent. of the total, are furnished by this country.

The exportation of manufactures from the United States has increased more than one hundred per cent. since 1895. That the importation of manufacturer's supplies for the fiscal year ending June 30 will exceed in amount all previous records in the nation's history is the confident prediction of the Bureau of Statistics, which has now completed its figures for the first ten months of the year. It is said, in fact, that this class will constitute forty-eight per cent. of the total imports.

The annual statistical report of the American Iron and Steel Association for 1902 and the early part of 1903 says that the extraordinary prosperity which prevailed a year ago has continued to the present time, and that it bids fair to continue for some time to come without serious interruption. Although there was much interruption in 1902 to the continuous operation of iron and steel works, the year's production of iron and steel was not only larger than that of any preceding year, but it was very

much larger, as was also the production of iron ore and coke. There was, in 1902, an increased demand for foreign iron and steel products to meet the deficiency in the home supply. There was also a continued decline in the export of these products. Present indications are that in 1903 the imports of iron and steel will greatly decline as compared with 1902, but there is slight probability that the exports will increase, since the home demand still taxes the capacity of American steel works in all lines.

In cotton manufactures something of a crisis has appeared in that manufacturers have repeatedly advanced the prices of their products, and the announcement appears that sellers have been instructed not to force business, as many of the mills are getting too deep into their supplies of raw material to warrant them in accepting many large orders.

The investigations rendered necessary into the Post Office Department at Washington were pushed with apparent relentlessness by the authorities during May. The principal developments are thus stated by the New York Tribune:

April 23.—James N. Tyner, Assistant Attorney General of the Post Office Department, dismissed because Mrs. Tyner had taken papers, alleged to be government property, from the safe in her husband's office while he was confined to his home by illness. No criminal proceedings were taken, and the case has been dropped.

May 8.—August W. Machen, General Superintendent of the Free Delivery Service, relieved of his duties, pending the result of the investigation.

May 18.—S. W. Tulloch, formerly cashier of the Washington City Post Office, made charges of maladministration in the conduct of that office and of the department.

May 25.—Daniel V. Miller, Assistant Attorney in the Law Division of the department, arrested on the charge of receiving a bribe from a turf investment concern, and is dismissed from office.

May 27.—Superintendent Machen arrested on charges of receiving bribes from contractors for letter box fasteners, and dismissed from office. Groff Brothers, the accused contractors, also were arrested.

Lest "soft-buzzing scandal" should say too much, the public is told that the Post Office Department is by no means honeycombed with corruption, while it contains several prominent wrongdoers. Postmaster-General Payne says that since the revenues of the department have almost tripled difficulties have multiplied, and the necessity has grown for new business methods which will keep the Department machinery in order, and enable it to run smoothly under the increased pressure.

Race riots and lynchings continue in various parts of the South. A fierce race war broke out recently in Smith County, Miss. Near the end of May the Grand Jury of the United States Court at Montgomery, Ala. found a true bill against Robert N. Frank-

lin, a prominent white citizen of Good Water, Ala., charged with having sold "Joe" Patterson, an ignorant negro, to J. W. Pace, a wealthy landowner of Tallapoosa County into a condition of peonage or involuntary servitude. Investigation "tends to show that a regular system has been long practised between certain magistrates and persons who want negro laborers," and also shocking cruelties that are inseparable from peonage. The revelations are, remarks the New York Tribune, "a most significant commentary on the assurances of the South that, if it is only let alone, it will solve the race problem justly and in the interests of civilization."

The buoyant, hopeful spirit of Booker T. Washington, amid the ominous reaction now threatening the liberties of the black men in America, declared itself in his saying at the Twelfth Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference last February: "We have seen darker days than those through which we now seem to be passing." His wise position respecting the course to be taken by his race has been more recently stated, in succinct form, as follows: "In the case of my race, I believe that both the teachings of history, as well as the results of everyday observation, should convince us that we shall make our most enduring progress by laying the foundation carefully, patiently, in the ownership of the soil, the exercise of habits of economy, the saving of money, and the securing of the most complete education of hand and head, and the exercise of the Christian virtue."

The trend as affecting the negro is clearly shown both in events and in the utterances of eminent men. To the expression made by Secretary Root we may add the declaration of Governor Wise of Virginia, in February, before the Middlesex Club of Boston, that "feuds and fighting between the white and colored races in the South indicate that our country is rapidly approaching a fearful crisis." Mr. Cleveland's speech in April, at a meeting in New York under the auspices of the Armstrong Association, was opened with the declaration of belief that the days of the Uncle Tom's Cabin sort of friendship for the Negro are past. His speech was commended by the Mobile Register as voicing fully and precisely the Southern view; it suggested that "racial instinct and not prejudice influences the Southern whites in their attitude toward the Negro." At a banquet in Chicago, Henry Watterson said: "I am forced to agree with the Secretary of War that Negro suffrage is a failure."

A counter-current, however, has appeared in the opposition to the disfranchisement of the Negro on the part of the Union League Club of New York, though the club is understood to favor dealing with the question involved along the line of a radical reduction of representation of the Southern States in Congress. A sharp attack has been made in Henry Ward Beecher's old pulpit by the present pastor, Dr. Hillis, upon Mr. Cleveland and Dr. Lyman Abbott for having lost faith in the Republic and the equality of the races.

At the Conference for Education in the South, held in Richmond, Va., at the end of April, attended by men from the North, views in favor of negro disfranchisement found indorsement. At

the Republican conference in Montgomery, Ala., on May 6, the color line was drawn for the first time in the history of the party in Alabama. Whites and blacks took seats on opposite sides of the hall. At the meeting of the State Committee in Birmingham, however, on May 12, resolutions were adopted practically nullifying the action by the State convention last September, when it was decided that no negroes could participate in the councils of the party in the State.

The evil of labor strikes flourishes as usual this time of the year.

The Lowell cotton mills reopened on the 1st of June giving those who wished to work an opportunity to do so. It is stated that there are 165,000 idle men in New York City, notwithstanding the fact that every line of business is booming in the city. The "first extensive and sweeping settlement of the labor troubles now or lately afflicting the country" has occurred in Denver, where a committee of the Chamber of Commerce and of a local labor union came together and made a settlement which was ratified on both sides, and all strikes, lockouts and boycotts were declared off. The dispatches say that the victory seems to be with the laboring men.

Among events in the various States and Territories during May the most important may be mentioned. The reports of starvation among the natives of Alaska will take General Funston thither, by Government appointment, for investigation. According to The Daily Morning Alaskan of Skagway, the new Tanana placer gold fields bid fair to rival those of the Klondike, than which they are many times larger. They lie between the Tanana and Yukon Rivers, west of Dawson.—Terrible floods on the Kansas River have wrought great destruction to life and property at Kansas City, Topeka, and in other localities. Twenty thousand people were reported as homeless in Kansas City alone at the beginning of June.—In New England the severe drought has been attended by forest fires burning in many places from Maine to Connecticut.—Serious falling off in the birth-rate for Massachusetts has been reported. The figures for 1901 show only 25.07 to each thousand of the population. Only France shows a lower birth-rate.—The Episcopal Bishop McVickar, of Rhode Island, declares that the political machinery of the State is corrupt to rottenness.—The new liquor license law passed by the last Legislature of New Hampshire went into effect on May 19.—Missouri is again occupying a position of unenviable prominence as a field of legislative corruption. Public Opinion speaks of its bribery charges as of a piece with the malodorous records of New York and Pennsylvania.—The town of Elmo, Mo., has been devastated by a terrible tornado.—The drought in New York

State seriously alarms the farmers.—New York City has observed its 250th anniversary.—At Chillicothe, its first capital, Ohio observed its centennial on May 21 and 22.—The new libel law in Pennsylvania provides that a civil action may be brought against any owner or managing editor of any newspaper published in Pennsylvania to recover damages resulting from negligence on the part of such owners or managing editors in publications affecting the character, reputation or business of citizens, and that compensatory damages may also be recovered for "the physical and mental sufferings endured by the injured parties," and whenever such publication is given special prominence by the use of cartoons, etc., the jury shall have the right to award punitive damages against the defendants.

UNITED STATES DEPENDENCIES

Reports of satisfactory progress in the Philippines by the Governors of the provinces of Bulacan, Cagayan and Benguet in Luzon have been lately received. In the provinces around Manila the constabulary has been constantly on the move. In the Tondo district of Manila some two thousand native houses were burned in mid-May. Of the central islands, Panay is in the most unsettled condition. Negros has been quiet for four months or more. The constabulary has been almost inactive in Cebu for six months, and in Leyte for four months, and Bohol since July, 1902. Conditions in Samar are apparently much better than might have been expected so soon after General Smith's bitter campaign. Fighting has been going on in Cebu and Mindanao. The Filipino leader, Mabini, who surrendered to the American forces in 1899, died at Manila on May 14. As to the religious question, it appears that in everything connected with the Philippines two tendencies constantly appear—one American and progressive, recognizing Archbishop Ireland as its leader; the other Latin and conservative, having Archbishop Chapelle as its exponent. Both sides have strong supporters at the Vatican among the cardinals, and consequently the solution of questions suffers great delay through the friction of the two parties.

Four months have passed since the appointment of an Archbishop of Manila was proposed without any decision being made, and the Pope, wishing to maintain the promise given to Governor Taft, personally to see affairs speedily settled, has intervened and ordered the cardinals to stop quarreling and decide on an appointment.

In Hawaii scandals in connection with public

accounts are numerous. Native members are said to "debauch the Legislature."

A serious question involving the validity of all legislation enacted in the Hawaiian islands since 1900 has been brought to light by Superintendent of Public Works Henry E. Cooper, who refuses to act under the regulations of the recently-adopted country government act, on the ground that the act was unconstitutional.

In Porto Rico a severe drought is reported, a serious thing in view of the prevailing poverty of the island.

Mayor Todd of San Juan is reported to be pushing reform in municipal circles. A murderer has been convicted there and the people are said to be coming to uphold the justice of capital punishment.

CANADA

In the sudden death at Ottawa, on May 8, of Hon. David Mills, Canada lost a statesman of the first rank. He was one of the justices of the Supreme Court and ex-Minister of the Interior and Justice Departments of the Government. The Mail and Empire of Toronto says that, as an authority on the Constitution, he was without a peer; as a parliamentarian he had few equals; as a jurist he was in the very foremost rank; and as a man he was of the most kindly and lovable disposition.

He was born in Ontario in 1831. He held a seat in the Dominion Parliament from the commencement, in 1867, with the exception of one session, in 1896. As publicist and writer he performed many important services and influenced the course of Canadian affairs.

In the Dominion Parliament the debate on the budget (page 650) had closed by the beginning of last month, and a measure introduced by Mr. Borden, the leader of the Opposition, in favor of high protection, was defeated by a majority of fifty-four. The Conservative press was declaring that Mr. Fielding's budget had been shaped for electioneering purposes, and there was no denying that the budget speech had struck the popular vein.

A very interesting interpretation of the budget speech, by J. D. Whelpley, has appeared in Collier's Weekly. The speech is called a challenge to the world, England, the United States and Germany being the parties most concerned. "The battle is to be fought at the custom houses; import duties are to be the instruments of warfare, and the prize to be awarded to the most complacent opponent is the readiest access to the trade and commerce of the Canadian people." "The proclamation is undoubtedly the most independent and aggressive manifesto ever issued to the world by an English colony." England is warned that the patience of Canada with the Mother country is about exhausted, and that unless some satisfactory return is made for Canadian favors, British merchants must expect less advantageous entry into Canadian markets.

The warning to the United States is more friendly in tone, very likely in view of the coming re-assembly of the High Joint Commission. Upon Germany fell the heaviest force of Canadian displeasure, a penalty of an increase of one-third of the regular import duties being assessed against all dutiable German goods coming into Canada. England's reply to Canada's manifesto, as given in the budget speech in the House of Commons by Mr. Ritchie, is the dealing of an indirect but fatal blow to all hopes of a colonial preferential by the removal of the grain duties. "The statement that this was done to relieve the consumers of England of a portion of their heavy burden, and thus to popularize the party in power, is true only to a limited degree. It was the easiest and most direct route for the British Ministry out of a most perplexing and delicate situation in colonial relations. With the grain tax in effect, Canada had a handle to her proposition which was strong and effective. Without a grain tax, there is little of tangible character which the great English bread-producing colony can grasp as a basis for its negotiations for concessions."

The situation being thus, Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, on the evening of May 15, delivered in Birmingham, England, a speech in which he seems to have somewhat "reversed himself," appearing to be in favor of a system of preferential trade between the countries of the British Empire. This speech, however, so mixed up questions of commerce and imperialism, that it has received censure as well as praise in Canada.

Dispatches from both Australia and Canada show that these countries will not place any of their 'whole resources in men and money at the disposal of the Mother country' in exchange for a British preference to their products. "Canadians, with the exception of a small number of the gentry, mostly of New England Loyalist stock, and a larger but still numerically unimportant number of enthusiasts in social aspiration, do not look at the preferential trade question from the English and Chamberlainistic point of view."

The Montreal correspondent of the New York Evening Post recently declared "on good authority" that the Government will appeal to the country soon after the close of Parliament, an excellent excuse for so doing being found in the Redistribution bill now pending.

The Redistribution bill is not, however, the only reason, or even the chief reason, for the proposed appeal to the country. The root of the matter lies much deeper. Notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is a very sick man. He will, it is believed, lead his party through another election, his lieutenants in the several provinces assuming the burden of the fight under his direction, and will then retire into private life, devoting the remainder of his days to study. . . . It is not easy to forecast the result of such an election. The Government would have to face several weakening influences. Mr. Tarte may prove a very disturbing element in the Province of Quebec, where his influence ranks next to that of Laurier. The Maritime Provinces are irritated over the refusal of the

Federal Government to maintain the *status quo* as to representation. British Columbia bitterly resents the action of the central Government in disallowing provincial legislation directed against Chinese and Japanese immigration. Ontario, which sent an Opposition majority to Ottawa last election, is worked up over the unsavory charges of political corruption brought against the local Liberal government, and its desperate search for a scapegoat may very possibly include the Liberal government at Ottawa, as well as the provincial administration, in one comprehensive condemnation.

Lord Dundonald, in command of the Dominion military organizations, has aroused much feeling against himself in consequence of his criticisms upon the condition of the militia. "He is a British officer brought to Canada," says The Montreal Witness, "for the express purpose of establishing and maintaining a high state of efficiency in our military organizations." His offense appears to be a too free and severe public expression of defects as he sees them. The Witness criticises the Government, and personally Premier Laurier, for apparent approval of the attacks upon Lord Dundonald. Nearly a fourth of the population of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, was rendered shelterless by a fire which broke out May 20. —Ottawa was for the second time ravaged by fire on May 10, about seventy-five acres of the Rochesterville district being reduced to ruins. —It is stated that Premier Ross's announcement that he will not introduce the promised temperance legislation into the Ontario Legislature at present has not met with the approval of either the prohibitionists or the liquor men. —A political crisis in British Columbia, occasioned by land frauds, threatens legislative dissolution; it is said that the Premier will go to the country with the issues, the election taking place next fall. —The town of Frank, Alberta, which was threatened with destruction by flood at the beginning of May, was reoccupied later, but renewed danger from mountain slides again depopulated the place near the end of the month. —Navigation on the Yukon was announced as opened in the middle of May.

Of the plan to give Mexico's silver currency a fixed value (page 646), Finance Minister Limantour has said, "Success is now fully assured." The work of the International Commission is referred to under International Affairs. It will be necessary for Mexico to become possessed of a considerable gold reserve for redemption purposes.

The Chamber of Deputies have dismissed a proposal to impeach General Bernardo Reyes, ex-War

Minister, for alleged responsibility for an attack upon an Opposition procession at Monterey.

The Boer General, Viljoen, and others have completed arrangements with the Mexican Government by which 83,000 acres of the best land of that country has been secured for a home for immigrants from South Africa. The land is a beautiful strip known as Santa Rosalia in the State Chihuahua and near Ortiz station on the Mexican Central Railway. Already men are at work there sowing corn.

CENTRAL AMERICA

The Nicaraguan revolution was reported ended in mid-May.

Before that time, however, the Government leader, General Estrada, had been slain in battle. Amnesty is to be granted to the rebels and prisoners on July 11, the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the present Liberal government. A ten million dollar railway company has been organized in Pittsburgh, Pa., to build and operate roads in Nicaragua.

One of its concessions is said to be the right to build the great General Railroad, 320 miles in length, connecting the head of navigation on the Coco River with Managua, the capital of the republic, Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, and Salvador, the capital of San Salvador.

Nicaragua is contemplating a gradual change from the silver to the gold standard.

Reports of the recent very serious devastations wrought by the eruptions of the Santa Maria volcano in Guatemala appear to be fully confirmed.

Ashes from ten to fifteen feet deep cover the coffee plantations round about the volcano. A third of the entire coffee crop of the country is destroyed.

THE WEST INDIES

The celebration of the first anniversary of the independence of Cuba began in Havana at midnight of May 20. On the whole it has been a year of good government, of temperate views, and of growing prosperity. "Cuba has disappointed her enemies and more than gratified her friends."

When General Leonard Wood, Military Governor for the United States, turned the island over to the Cubans there was in the treasury \$540,000, from which some debts had to be settled. The last report issued by the Secretary of Finance shows \$2,699,000 to the credit of the Government, after all current expenses have been paid. The educational and sanitary departments—both very important in Cuba—have not only been kept up to the standard established by the American authorities, but the facilities of the former have been increased. Much of the credit for the good showing which Cuba makes is attributed, and properly so, to President Palma. He has filled most successfully the office which he accepted only because, as a Cuban and a patriot, he believed it to be his duty. Economy has been the watch-

word in the appropriation of Government funds, and the financial conditions prove how well it has been adhered to.

During the year ending May 20 the Government receipts were \$17,080,801, disbursements \$14,193,190, leaving a surplus of \$2,887,611. At the end of the last fiscal year there was a balance of \$635,170, which, added to this year's surplus, makes the cash on hand \$3,522,681.

On the 23d, President Palma transmitted to the Cuban Senate the permanent treaty, signed the day before by United States Minister Squiers and the Cuban Secretary of State, in which all the provisions of the Platt amendment are incorporated.

General Maya Rodriguez, a distinguished officer in the Cuban revolutions, died on the 25th.

To a prominent Cuban, Tiburcio Castaneda, has been given the contract for raising the wreck of the battleship Maine. No tenders have been submitted for raising the Spanish ships sunk at Santiago and Manzanillo.

The entire Haytian Ministry, with the exception of the Minister of War, resigned near the end of May, being opposed to President Nord's policy of investigation into the alleged extensive frauds in the issuing of Government securities.

It has transpired that a private syndicate in New York has been negotiating with the Jamaican Government for the purchase of 74,000 acres of banana and cocoa lands formerly belonging to an improvement company. The scheme involves the construction of light railroads from the plantations to the seaports.

On the French island of Martinique, Mont Pelée has been again active, and the General Council has recommended the evacuation of the entire northern part of the island.

SOUTH AMERICA

Venezuela's revolution continues to unfold "paths of glory."

General Matos, its leader, was again in the country at the beginning of May and defeated the Government forces under Vice-President Gomez, near Barquisimeto, twice before the middle of the month. The insurgents were dominant in several districts, but were not able to push things so as to make the Government feel especially "carbined, cribbed and confined." Late in the month Matos and his Lieutenant-General, Riera, joined forces, and the readers of dispatches wondered what next. At Caracas, on May 13, President Castro executed a boldly conciliatory policy by forming a new coalition Ministry with Alejandro Urbaneja at the head of the Foreign Department.

This gentleman was the attorney for the asphalt trust in its asphalt concession fight in the Venezuelan courts with the Warner-Quinlan Asphalt Company. A year ago he was the agent in Curaçao of the revolt against Castro, and he is the personal friend of "El Mocho" Hernandez, who has also

made his peace with Castro. Other members of the new Cabinet were also formerly opposed to Castro.

The new Venezuelan law against foreigners, compelling them to recognize only the Venezuelan tribunals for the adjustment of their claims and compelling them to waive their rights to claim damages for robbery or pillage perpetrated by Government or revolutionary troops, and enforcing other vexatious measures, under penalty of immediate expulsion, is naturally causing a good deal of friction, and may lead many to quit the country.

Another new law providing for the complete refunding of the Venezuelan national debt gives large powers to the President and authorizes the coining of four million silver bolivars at the Philadelphia Mint. President Castro issued a decree near the end of the month temporarily closing ports held by the revolutionists.

Colombia is represented as being in a very bad financial plight, as the result of the exhausting rebellion recently ended. The situation is believed to be partly explanatory of the demand of the opponents of the Canal Treaty

that the United States increase the bonus offered. It was announced early in May that the Colombian Congress would assemble on June 20 for action on the Treaty.

An attempt which failed was recently made to take the life of President Alfaro of Ecuador. The would-be assassin was captured.—The Catholic clergy is making a strong fight against liberal measures passed by Congress and executed by the Government.

The Peruvian elections occurred peacefully on May 31. The election of Manuel Candamo as President is reported. The Peruvian gunboat Loreto was recently lost near the Scilly Islands.

Chile, since the peaceful solution of its frontier disputes with Argentina through the arbitration of England, has been selling large tracts of land in the Magellan territory and in the province of Tarapaca. The bubonic plague has appeared at the seaport of Iquique.

Affairs in Europe

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

The most important events in Great Britain and Ireland during May were a meeting of the London Associated Chambers of Agriculture, on the 5th, to protest against the Government's abolishing of the duty on grain; the unprecedented rush, on the 6th, for prospectuses of the great Transvaal loan, which was subscribed for many times over (the prospectus announced the issue at par of \$150,000,000 of the \$175,000,000 of bonds authorized, the interest to be three per cent., and the aggregate of subscriptions was said on the 9th to amount to about seven billion dollars); the first ceremonial visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Edinburgh, May 11-15, where they held, in the old palace of Holyrood, the first court or levee occurring there in eighty years; the action of the House of Commons, on the 20th, in passing a resolution that Great Britain should confer with other powers to stop atrocities by Belgian officials in the Kongo Free State; the passage of the Irish Land Bill in the House of Commons to the committee stage, the crucial point of its career; Colonial Secretary Chamberlain's remarkable speech to his Birmingham constituents, on the 15th, in which he proposed the establishment of preferential tariffs between Great Britain and the Colonies on the ground that the present position of affairs is absolutely new and must be met by a new policy (see in this connection the article on Canada); and a great Labor and Noncon-

formist demonstration in Hyde Park on the 23d, against the Government's London Education Bill, condemning it because it "destroys the School Board, excludes women from control, and imposes religious tests upon teachers."

On the 21st, the Admiralty issued an important white paper correcting an erroneous abstract of British trade presented at the Conference of Colonial Premiers last summer. The annual value of British trade, including bullion and specie, which it is the ultimate object of the navy to protect, amounted in the year 1900 to: Trade of the United Kingdom with foreign countries, £711,838,000; with British dominions beyond the seas, £237,098,000; trade of British Dominions beyond the seas, with foreign countries, and among themselves, £254,342,000; total trade of the Empire, £1,203,278,000. The figures £254,342,000 are arrived at by deducting the sum of £72,624,000 from the sum of the total amounts of the trade of all the dominions, in order to allow for the duplication of reciprocal trade of these colonies among themselves. It will thus be seen that about one-fifth of the total trade of the Empire is not directly connected with the United Kingdom.

The Earl of Onslow, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies since 1900, has been appointed President of the Board of Agriculture, in place of the late Right Hon. William Hansbury.

Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech, though in it he declared that he is "no Protectionist," is freely characterized by many as an attack on Free Trade. He said that on the Imperial policy of the next few years depended whether the British Empire should stand together as one free nation against the world, or should fall into separate States, selfishly seeking their own interests and losing the advantages which unity alone could give. In view

of this he questioned the wisdom of a theory of Free Trade which would lose to the manufacturers of England the advantage of a reduction of duties offered by Canada, and possibly a great deal more. The Springfield Republican describes the speech as Mr. Chamberlain's personal protest against the reactionary tendencies away from the Imperial ideal which he cherishes. Lord Rosebery, the Liberal ex-Premier, has spoken freely on Mr. Chamberlain's speech. The convergence of their views on the matter involved appears auspicious for the Liberal party in England. And yet Lord Rosebery declares that the Liberal party is indissolubly bound to Free Trade and that anything like an Imperial commercial league would weaken the empire internally and excite the permanent hostility of the whole world. There has been talk that Mr. Chamberlain means the formation of a new party organization, but that is not necessary in the case of a political leader who has changed sides before and may do so again. But it by no means appears that Mr. Chamberlain's utterances are inconsistent with views now entertained by Premier Balfour. In an address in the Commons on May 28, the Premier appeared to have been in consultation with Mr. Chamberlain, the one point of divergence coming out in the declaration that it would not be wise, in any case, to impose taxes on food. Mr. Balfour closed with a most significant reference to the triumphant economic progress lying before the United States, and declared with strong emphasis that it was idle to expect the British Empire to rival it if it were doomed to remain a series of separate and independent economic units. At the end of May, Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been quoted as saying that the Government did not propose to modify the Finance bill so as to afford preferential duties in the case of colonial products, but the dispatches were representing the Premier and the Colonial Secretary as in agreement.

Of the London Education Bill the Spectator remarks that it is not designed to take away popular control over elementary education. In London there are two municipal authorities—the County Council and the Borough Councils. The Government aims to give each of these a share in the management of educational matters. It has been blamed for associating the representatives of the Borough Councils with those of the County Council, a step regarded as inimical to the truly municipal character of the central education authority.

Among the noted men putting themselves into strenuous opposition to the Government's Education policy are Professor Massie of Oxford and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Joseph Parker at the London City Temple. They refuse to pay the imposed rates even at the peril of property and person. It is said that a test case may be made of that of Professor Massie. The recent withdrawal of the second and most obnoxious clause of the general Education Bill is regarded as a notable victory for the opponents of the measure. The withdrawal followed the Hyde Park demonstration mentioned above.

The present "crisis in the Church of England," is said by a writer in the Nineteenth Century

and After, so far as it takes the form of "distrust in the clergy," to have its root in the lay feeling that the right to prescribe services and other ecclesiastical matters should not reside in the clergy alone. Protestantism is essentially anti-priestism and insistence primarily on the responsibilities and rights of the individual, whatever his station. The "rulers" of the Church of England may have, it is said, to meet the question of disestablishment again at no distant day.

"The ultimate decision of the Church question," says another member of the communion, "will lie in the hands of the large class of persons whose education has been rather the inherited traditions of the race than the accurate learning of the scholar." The tendencies in late years toward an extreme ritualism, and services at variance with the spirit of the Prayer Book, have sown broadcast the seeds of a new Protestant revolt—especially among the "respectable poor," a class which has far more power in England to-day than ever before. The democratizing of the masses of monarchical England has gone rapidly on in recent years. "The growth and increasing power of Nonconformity is one of the most startling facts of the day."

The drink habit is so bad in England as, it is declared, to be really alarming. The public houses are always on the side of the Conservative party. These "pubs," or saloons, have of late come under the control, generally, of rich brewers and distillers. The movement has been growing for public ownership and operation.

There are in the United Kingdom over one hundred and fifty thousand licenses for the sale of intoxicants, and there is no approach to consistency in the number of public houses in various towns. In London the number of licensed houses exceeds fourteen thousand, one to every 446 inhabitants. The drink bill of the United Kingdom foots up nearly nine hundred millions of dollars, far exceeding the expenditures for all religious, educational and charitable objects. This is an average of over a hundred dollars a year for every family of five persons. There are movements for the reduction of this alarming evil. The Peel movement (so called from Lord Peel, who heads it) has been described as a movement with no total abstinence plank in its platform, aiming to combine moral suasion with legislative action, declaring for moderate drinking and moderate measures of reform. A law, in force for the first time this year, makes the treating of men under the influence of liquor to be a punishable offense; and an habitual drunkard, once declared such by magistrates, is guilty of crime if he seek liquor on licensed premises within three years after the date of declaration of his condition, and those who furnish liquor to such spotted drunkards are severely punished. A new movement, the "semi-teetotal," has a physiological rather than a moral basis, and pledges people to "no drinks between meals."

The gambling habit has also alarmingly developed in England. Measures against betting, based upon investigations by a House of Commons committee, are before Parliament.

FRANCE

The rumor that struck London on May 3 that King Edward had been assassinated in Paris shows that in the British mind "over all there hung a shadow and a fear," which ought to be completely dissipated by the cordiality of the French reception of Britain's popular monarch. He departed from Cherbourg on the 4th, and the French turned once more to the dull routine of common things. During the month the Government continued its campaign against the unauthorized religious congregations, provoking violent opposition in Paris and elsewhere. On the 19th the House of Deputies again approved the course of the Government by a vote of 313 to 237.

It may now fairly be said that the question of separation of Church and State has become a live question in France. The Paris Temps has published the text of plan for separation, signed by nearly sixty Socialists, "Radical" and "Ministerial." The Pope, however, is patient if, as reported in the London Times, he has refused the request of the German Emperor that Germany supplant France as the recognized protector of the Christians of the East.

Shocking accidents connected with the Paris-Madrid automobile races on the 24th produced the final break-up of the race two days later, and the Royal Automobile Club decided to return to the donors the prizes that had been offered.

It was announced from Paris in May that the public prosecutor had concluded his investigation of the Humbert fraud case, and had decided to commit Therese Humbert, her husband, Frederick, and her brother, for trial on the charges of forgery, the use of forged documents, and swindling.

The magistrate dismisses the cases against Eve Humbert, Therese's daughter, and Marje Daurignac, her sister. The case against Mme. Humbert, her husband and brother, probably will be heard in July.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell), the well-known author, died in Paris on the evening of May 24.

GERMANY

There was a lull in Germany preceding the June elections. The increasing strength of the Socialists makes it probable that the high tariff combination of Agrarians, Conservatives and Catholics will find that "unmingled joys here to no man befall." There are Socialist candidates running for the Reichstag in 385 of 397 districts. The struggle is chiefly between the Agrarians and the Socialists, with the Kaiser on the side of the former. Colonialism is also in some sense at stake in the approaching elections. The crisis "demands either the abandonment of the colonial expansion

movement or the adoption of an aggressive, costly policy of subvention, railway construction, and kindred items." The Kaiser wants the latter. A few weeks ago he had most of the governors in German Africa and elsewhere in Berlin to work against the Centrists, the Social Democrats, and other factions opposed to a larger Germany "ayont the saut seas."

It is reported that General von Gossler is to retire from the War Ministry because he is unable to support Emperor William's private military cabinet in the project to add two army corps and a considerable force of cavalry to the army, the whole increase exceeding 50,000 men.

It appears that the use of alcoholic drinks is increasing in Germany among the middle and working classes. Compared with France, Russia, England and the United States, the consumption of spirits in Germany is just below that of France, and considerably more than in the other three countries mentioned. "Up to comparatively recent years water was drunk by most persons in quite well-situated families in Germany at table, and servants in general did not receive beer in service. This habit has been almost entirely abandoned. Even children are now allowed beer, and servants everywhere ask for it." Germany contemplates an annual drink bill of \$750,000,000 for an annual consumption of thirty-one gallons per capita. There are, however, many organizations to combat and lessen the evil, and there is a strict legal regulation of drinking in the army and navy. A drunken officer is no longer seen on parade, nor do soldiers carry spirits with them on the march. Field Marshal General von Haeseler has even gone so far as to forbid the sale of spirits in the canteens of his corps. In the imperial navy a sailor is fined for the first case of drunkenness on duty and dismissed for the second.

There has been recent agitation for the expulsion of Mormon missionaries from Germany. United States Ambassador Tower, at Berlin, has been engaged in an investigation of complaints made by these (American) missionaries and has found that they have no just ground of complaint. The Prussian Government has defined the expulsion of Mormons as simply a police measure for which no explanation need be made.

SPAIN

The senatorial elections in Spain on May 10 furnish new evidence of the enormous growth of the Republican party. In Madrid the different Monarchical factions united and put up a common ticket, but the Republican candidate received 29,000 votes, against 14,000 for the Government and 1,781 for the Socialists. Similar results obtained also in Barcelona and Valencia, the latter being the stronghold of Republicanism in Spain.

The number of Republicans in the Cortes is now doubled; the election of thirty-two candidates having been conceded.

In his speech from the throne on the re-opening of the Cortes, King Alfonso expressed confidence that Parliament would do its utmost to help him at the beginning of his reign to revivify the nation

improve the laws, strengthen the credit of the country and develop the national resources and general liberty and wellbeing of the people.

The King, however, is said to have been greatly disappointed at the outcome of the elections. Perhaps a large fortune just coming to him from the estate of his grandfather will help him to endure "the sad, sharp tragedy of human state."

At the end of May, Madrid was made gay by a visit from that "prince of good fellows," Prince Henry of Prussia, who so much enjoys representing his brother, the Kaiser, at foreign capitals.

RUSSIA The event of chief interest in Russia during May was a shocking massacre of Jews at Kishineff, in Bessarabia, on the Russian Easter and succeeding days. Anti-Semitism in its most frenzied form made demons of men, and one of the worst tragedies growing out of racial hatred ensued. It may be that the stories given to the world are exaggerations, but there is doubtless enough truth in them to justify the indignation that has been aroused in especially England and the United States against Russian barbarism and against a government under which such persecutions seem to meet with but mild rebukes and punishment. Immediately after the outbreak a Ministerial circular was issued forbidding the Jews to defend themselves, a measure which is expected to stimulate Jewish emigration to America.

It is proper to present the Russian point of view, as stated by Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador to the United States.

In an interview on May 18, he said: "There is in Russia, as in Germany and Austria, a feeling against certain of the Jews. The reason for this unfriendly attitude is found in the fact that the Jews will not work in the field or engage in agriculture. They prefer to be money lenders. . . . The situation in Russia, so far as the Jews are concerned, is just this: It is the peasant against the money lender, and not the Russians against the Jews. There is no feeling against the Jew in Russia because of religion. It is as I have said—the Jew ruins the peasants, with the result that conflicts occur when the latter have lost all their worldly possessions and have nothing to live upon. There are many good Jews in Russia, and they are respected. Jewish genius is appreciated in Russia, and the Jewish artist honored. Jews also appear in the financial world in Russia. The Russian Government affords the same protection to the Jews that it does to any other of its citizens, and when a riot occurs and Jews are attacked the officials immediately take steps to apprehend those who began the riot, and visit severe punishment upon them."

Count Cassini's statement is severely criticised in many quarters as being unjust and misleading. The following is from The New York Tribune: "In the provinces of West, South and Little Russia Jews are compelled to live within the towns and are strictly forbidden to purchase, rent or occupy any agricultural land. They are practically excluded from the service of the State and from the

learned professions, and are not permitted to take part in communal and municipal elections. So instead of their refusing to be farmers the Jews are, in fact, not permitted to engage in that occupation. They are crowded into the towns and cities of a part of the empire and are allowed to pursue only a certain limited class of callings. The law compels them to do the very things for which they are now condemned, the very things which, according to Russian apologists, cause the peasants to rise against them. If the Jews are an objectionable element of the population it is the Russian Government itself that has made them so by its repressive and unjustly discriminating policy toward them. They are what it has made them. To blame them for it is as unreasonable and unjust as the conduct of the Kishineff mob was wicked and barbarous."

Count Tolstoi and the famous Russian novelist Maxim Gorky have spoken in scathing terms of the "disgraceful massacre at Kishineff" and "the falsehood and violence" of the government.

SERVIA In Belgrade, the capital of Servia, on June 11th, conspirators in the interest of Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, the pretender of the Servian throne, forced their way into the Royal Palace, killed King Alexander, his wife, Queen Draga, two members of the Cabinet, the Queen's two brothers, several officers and palace guards. The motive for the act was general dissatisfaction with the policy of the king and the unpopularity of his wife. Prince Karageorgevitch has been proclaimed king by the army.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY These are trying days for the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph. He is reported as saying, "I don't know what to do any longer." In the Hungarian part of the Dual Monarchy at the beginning of May the Opposition (National party) succeeded in seriously embarrassing the Government, and somewhat later the presence of the Emperor in the Hungarian capital appeared to help make the situation worse. The long prophesied break-up of the Empire in case of the Emperor's death would seem to be likely, so far as Hungary is concerned. The six million Slavs in Hungary and the Czechs of Bohemia incline to independency, or Russiaward. To the Government's troubles in Hungary have been added serious disturbances in Croatia.

The sort of propaganda by which the peasants are stirred up is indicated by a published report in which the following occurs: "Whoever will not swear to vote against the Hungarian Government, whoever is a friend of the Magyars, must be struck down. No harm can come to you. The Emperor protects you. The soldiers may not shoot. Crown Prince Rudolph lives in Russia, and at the decisive moment will come with the Russians to help you."

Affairs in Asia and Oceanica

ASIATIC RUSSIA

One is scarcely surprised to be told that there are parts of Siberia not only "wholly uninhabited" and "never visited by white men," but there is something of surprise mingling with the curiosity with which we learn of the strange people of the North of whom Waldemar Bogoras writes in Harper's Magazine for May.

From Vladivostok he took the Government steamer which once a year carries provisions to Mariinsky Post, the remotest of Russian settlements on the shores of Bering Sea. Thence he was conducted into barren wildernesses. In the valley of the large river which flows into Anadyr Bay (at the extreme eastern end of Siberia) he and his companions came upon a camp on a steep bank overhanging the river. Here lay the outposts of the Chukchee, who are at home in the whole northeast corner of Asia. They are a fierce and warlike tribe. Two centuries ago, in wars with Cossack invaders, they held their ground to the last. When taken captive, they would end their own lives; and women would kill their children and burn themselves in their tents rather than fall into the hands of the victors. At last, in the middle of the eighteenth century, large bodies of Chukchee warriors twice succeeded in heavily defeating strong Cossack parties, whose chiefs were killed, or taken captive, and afterward slowly tortured to death. Then the Russian Government, tired of useless wars, ordered hostilities to cease; and since that time the Chukchee reindeer-breeders have lived unmolested in the middle of their desolate barren tundra.

Raphael Pumpelly, who has been charged by the Carnegie Institution with the exploration of Russian Turkestan, arrived in St. Petersburg about the middle of May. He has been joined by others at Baku, on the Caspian coast, and the party will proceed to investigate the remains of the once flourishing civilization in the basin of the Sea of Aral.

CHINA

The reform movement in China has been gradually developing for many years. It signifies a recognition that the old conceptions, standards and ways of doing things must give way to new ones if the country is to maintain itself and have a prosperous future. This is a consequence of the opening of Chinese ports to other nations, and contact with the peoples of Europe and America. The Chinese reformers themselves say that the reform movement is the direct result of the teachings of Christianity. It is to be distinguished from the secret societies in China and abroad which aim to overthrow the present Manchu dynasty, and plan to do it by force.

It was in 1897 that the now deposed Emperor Kwangsu started out on his energetic crusade of reforms "suggested by the helplessness of his empire in contrast with other nations, as demonstrated in the war with Japan." Associated with him as advisers and helpers were Kang Yu Wei and Leung Kai Cheu. Since the Emperor's deposition by the Dowager Empress these two reformers have had prices upon their heads. Kang Yu Wei, rumor says, came near being killed in London by persons desirous of obtaining the reward offered by the Dowager for his destruction, but recent dispatches indicate that he has been recalled to China as a consequence of the death of Yung Lu (page 657) and the consequent weakening of the Boxer movement. Leung Kai Cheu owes his life to the Japanese, who carried him away on one of their men-o'-war. He made his headquarters in Yokohama. Of late he has been in America at work in the interests of the Chinese Reform Association. He was in Montreal early in May and later in Boston and elsewhere. The Chinese reform movement is to be distinguished from the secret societies in China and abroad which aim to overthrow the present Manchu dynasty and plan to do it by force. Among the men in the recent troubles who laid down their lives for their country was the Christian brother of Kang Yu Wei, while another patriot, Tan Sz-tong, before his execution by order of the Dowager Empress, said: "I know that no great reform movement has ever been carried out without its martyrs, and I am willing to die for China; but be sure of this that for every head which falls to-day a thousand will rise to take its place and carry on this great work of reform."

Great destitution and suffering prevail in the rebellious southern province of Kwangsi. Dispatches from Peking during May indicated that the Government was alarmed by reports of anti-dynastic outbreaks in the province of Yunnan.

An imperial edict issued on May 28 appointed Wu Ting Fang, late Minister to the United States, to be a member of the Chinese Foreign Office.

Since Prince Ching was made Premier he has given less attention to foreign affairs, in which Wu Ting Fang is considered an expert. It is said that the tendency lately has been to ignore the agreement that the Foreign Office is to have a responsible head, with whom the Legations can deal, and to return to the old system of the Foreign Board, whose procrastination was notorious.

JAPAN

The 1300th anniversary of the Constitution first promulgated for Japan by the Emperor Suiko was recently celebrated by the Buddhist Society in Tokio. Prince Shotoku, who formulated the constitution, introduced Buddhism into the country. Japan has had a good deal of what Coleridge said is like the stern light of

a ship at sea, illuminating only the path that has been gone over, viz., experience; but Japan to-day is looking more eagerly to the future than to the past.

Mr. Kiuchi of the Imperial Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce says that it may be true that the Japanese have shown more power to imitate than to originate, "but in time we shall bring forward new ideas and produce new inventions." The Rev. Clay MacCauley, for about a dozen years missionary and university professor in Japan, says in *The Boston Transcript* that for half a century the career of the Japanese has been almost invariably forward. "Whatever popular moods have prevailed, the Imperial Government has never shown signs of reaction from a determined advance along with the world's best civilization." The policy of progress formulated after the Imperial restoration in 1868 has been supported more steadily, prudently and thoroughly than most of the world realizes. The reactionary conservative has not had any dominant place in the empire since the brief and futile rebellion in 1877. One of the remarkable facts is the extraordinary recent expansion of the population of the empire. The latest census records forty millions and the growth is so rapid as to occasion perplexing problems.

On May 12 the Emperor opened the Diet in person and announced the introduction of measures essential for the completion of the national defenses, but did not allude to foreign relations. Marquis Ito has brought the opposition to a policy of agreement with the ministry on the naval question.

The opinion prevails, it seems, that the funds to increase the navy should be raised by loan instead of by tax on the land. The necessity of national solidarity, in view of the tendencies abroad, is fully and wisely recognized by the leaders of Japan. The Government is reported to be making extensive preparations for a possible conflict with Russia in the near future.

It is reported that the revised administration laws for Formosa, in force since the latter part of 1901, have had a salutary effect on conditions in that island. Among other statements it is said that the quantity of opium sold there has greatly decreased.

KOREA

It is not surprising, considering the examples set in her environment, that little Korea should develop something of an ambition to have a navy. Russian officials are said to oppose the ambition, while Japanese officials say little or nothing. The Mitsu Company of Japan is building a Korean man-of-war to cost a quarter of a million of dollars. We have not yet seen that the Korean authorities have granted the Russian request for permission to lay a railway between Seoul and Wiji.

ASIATIC TURKEY

At the end of May advices reached Constantinople of a terrible earthquake which occurred four weeks before at Melazgherd, in the villayet of Van, eighty miles southeast of Erzurum, on the Euphrates. The town was destroyed, with much of its population, numbering 2,000 souls, including 700 Armenians, as well as the troops forming the garrison of Melazgherd. Over 400 houses in neighboring villages collapsed.

It has transpired that the Ottoman Government has bought the English concession for a railway line from Haifa to Damascus and intends to build a line through Galilee to Mzerib, by way of Beisan, connecting at Mzerib with the Damascus-Mecca line which has now reached a point east of the Dead Sea. The United States Consul at Beirut says:

I have reason to believe that this railway, instead of running to the Hejaz, including Medina and Mecca, will take from Maan a southwesterly direction straight to the Gulf of Akaba in the Red Sea. While the line will be built for strategical purposes, it can hardly fail gradually to develop the trans-Jordan country—hitherto another Tibet—by bringing it into touch with the outside world.

AUSTRALIA

The Sydney correspondence of The New York Times reports a remarkable change as taking place in the general character of Australian, Federal and State politics. It is seen in indications of a national revolt against the continued domination of the Labor party, or, rather, that section of it which aims at pushing the principle of State socialism to a point at which individual enterprise, unless of a most insignificant character, would simply become impossible. It is not surprising that this should be so when things have gone so far to produce the situation which attracted the world's attention last month, when what The London Times styled "a peculiarly audacious development of trade union policy" tied up all the State-owned railways in Victoria (in consequence of the curious dispute between the Government and the railway employees regarding the right of the latter to affiliate with the Victoria Trades Hall, the headquarters of trade unionism in the colony) and compelled the Government to have recourse to a special session of Parliament in order to obtain unusual repressive powers.

The strike began at midnight on May 9, demonstrations having previously occurred in front of the newspaper offices in Melbourne and troops having been sent to patrol the streets. About 11,000 railroad men were involved. The Government had guaranteed double wages for two months to non-strikers, and notified the men that they would

lose their pensions if they struck. On the 13th, Parliament met and passed drastic measures. Public opinion generally indorsed the action. Two days later it was announced in Parliament that the officials of the Engine Drivers' Association had submitted unconditionally and declared the strike off. "The domination of labor," says The London Globe, "has been, so far, an unmitigated failure."

A new and what is promised to be an efficient cargo service between the American Pacific coast and New Zealand and Australia is pro-

jected by a British company styled the Canadian-Australian Puget Sound Steamship Company, Limited.

The steamers, two of 8,000 and two of 5,600 tons burden, will run regularly every month between Tacoma and Auckland, calling at Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, B. C., and San Francisco. Besides Auckland, one or two more New Zealand ports will be touched at. From there the steamers proceed to Australia, call at Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney and return via Fiji to Tacoma.

Affairs in Africa

MOROCCO

The longer the revolt of the Berbers and Arabs against the Government of the Sultan of Morocco continues, the weaker that Government grows and the likelier does it become that the European powers may incline to interfere. The French have been accumulating troops upon the Algerian frontier, and the Spanish authorities have been trying to conciliate the Pretender by allowing him to collect all the customs that he can reach. It is impossible to get sufficiently reliable information and clear points of view for guesses worth the while as to what the morrow will bring forth, but it is sure that the situation remains very serious, and that Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz—the titular "Prince of True Believers"—stands on slippery places. The London Spectator remarks that till the capital revolts all prediction is guesswork, for the Government may buy some of the tribes; but appearances are in favor of a revolution, in which a new Sultan, if not a new dynasty, will ascend the throne.

Early in May there was news of a pitched battle near Fez in which both sides lost heavily, the rebels being victorious. Then we heard that the rebels had attacked Tetuan and had been repulsed with great slaughter. The British battleship Renown had removed all English residents from the place. A report was wafted from Fez that the Sultan was not averse to abdicating in favor of his brother, Muli Mohammed, who was some time ago proclaimed Sultan by the revolted tribesmen. With the recent holy festival of Mulud, the period ended during which the Sultan would lead no forces against the rebels. The query during the latter part of May was, Will he now fight for his throne or retire to the delights of congenial studies in the fine house which his irate subjects say he has bought in England?

BRITISH AFRICA

The first British Transvaal Parliament was opened in the Raadsaal at Pretoria on May 20, by Sir Arthur Lawley, Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony. The chamber was filled with military officials, judges, clergymen, and officers of the civil power. It is reported

that the Boers were "conspicuously absent" from the assembly. In his inaugural address the Lieutenant-Governor said that the Government had done its best to obtain a representative body without having recourse to a popular election, which in these times would only create political and racial strife.

He reviewed the work accomplished and foreshadowed important measures for local self-government, heavy expenditures in the extension of railroads and other public works. He promised so far as possible to meet local sentiment in regard to education, saying the Government recognized the rising generation as an asset to be developed, to the highest degree. Provision would be made to teach the Dutch language, in accordance with both the spirit and the letter of the peace terms.

Pretoria, the Transvaal capital, is now credited with a white population of 10,000. Johannesburg, the largest town, has five times as many. The whole colony has a total population of over a million, about a quarter being whites. In January a tract of some 7,000 square miles was transferred to the Colony of Natal. About 8,000 whites live in this tract.

Much confused and confusing conjecture exists as to the financial prospects of the five South African Colonies.

At the present time Mr. Chamberlain's speeches in England during May are said by The London Times to "hold the field" and to constitute "an authoritative account of the present financial position and the future financial prospects of, in particular, the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony." The showing, says the Times, "is astonishing. Within twelve months after the conclusion of a long and devastating war, and after great reductions in revenue for the benefit of the consumer, the estimates of the Orange River Colony show an exact balance for the current year between income and expenditure, while the estimates of the Transvaal, apart from the railway receipts, show a surplus of £1,500,000. The prospect for the future is so secure that Mr. Chamberlain declares he believes there is 'not a shadow of a shade of risk' in the great financial operation he asks Parliament to sanction." (See page 274.)

There are many, however, who are not so sanguine as is Mr. Chamberlain. "The wonderful picture drawn of existing boom and future outlook," says the Boston Evening Transcript, "misrepresents the real features of the landscape." The unexpectedly large revenues of the colonies are from the

customs and railway rates; they are not profits from the gold industry, which are far from justifying great expectations. Railway rates are soon to be materially reduced and the first year's returns on trading accounts reveal a large excess of imports over exports.

In this connection, it may be noted that there does not appear to be unanimity respecting the proposed preferential tariff among the colonies to goods of British origin, of which mention was made last month (page 658). It was reported from Cape Town in May that preference was likely to be refused by Cape Colony. It is not, on the whole, possible to declare the financial horizon cloudless and clear.

It was reported from London in mid-May that Colonial Secretary Chamberlain and the big firms of the Rand are in agreement that the importation of Chinese labor into South Africa is the only practicable solution of the labor question. At present half the stamps at the mines are idle because only 50,000 Kaffirs are procurable, when at least three times as many men are required. But the trading population of South Africa remains bitterly opposed to the importation of Chinese. At a mass meeting held at Pretoria on the 17th a resolution contrary thereto was unanimously adopted. The London Spectator declares that "the more the question is studied the clearer it becomes that the true solution of the Transvaal labor problem is white labor."

All the Cape rebels in the late war now residing in Holland may safely return to South Africa, an amnesty having been accorded them.

Rhodesia now has a railway mileage of over two thousand miles. Besides its gold deposits, copper zinc and other minerals are said to abound there. Secretary Jones of the British South Africa Company speaks of the "inexhaustible supply of coal" which the advent of the railway to the Wankie coal fields will soon throw open.

Up in Uganda (in British East Africa) the new railway from Mombasa on the coast to Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza runs two through trains weekly. Trading vessels are being placed on the lake.

Early in May it was announced from the Seychelles Islands that Mwanga, the former King of Uganda, had died. He was the son of the celebrated Mtesa and was one of the worst tyrants that ever ruled a savage people. He was immured in the Seychelles in 1897. The present King of Uganda is the young son of Mwanga and a puppet in the hands of his white masters. In reply to the question, Why do the British keep up the semblance of royalty in the Uganda Protectorate? It is said: "One reason is because the British themselves are subjects of a king, and they always treat the royalty of the countries they seize with respect, provided these native potentates are shrewd enough

to unite their interests to those of their conquerors. Another reason is that the king's name is something to conjure with in such a country as Uganda. His fathers for centuries had been the absolute centers of power and influence among about 1,000,000 people. The British can well afford to pay all it may cost to maintain a semblance of royalty in Uganda.

Victoria Falls in the Zambesi River is about six hundred miles, in a bee line, from the Indian Ocean and about fifteen hundred from the Cape of Good Hope. Here the "harnessing of Niagara" to dynamos is to be duplicated in the near future, when the Cape-to-Cairo railway shall reach the Zambesi.

The height of Niagara is about one hundred and sixty feet; that of the Victoria Falls is over four hundred feet. At flood height the volume of water in the Zambesi is about double that of Niagara. The width of the Victoria Falls is twice that of Niagara.

Details of the British disaster in Somaliland in April (page 659) present very graphic accounts of the heroic stand made by Colonel Plunkett, whose force was almost entirely annihilated by the hordes of the Mad Mullah. Only a remnant succeeded in cutting a way through the ranks of the tribesmen. The report from London that the British would abandon aggressive measures in Somaliland seems to have been ill founded.

The view is urged that to take that course would be to lose credit with King Menelik of Abyssinia as useful allies. "The key to our position," says The Spectator, "and the French position, and the Italian position in Northern Africa, down almost to the Equator, is that the masses of Mussulmanized negroes, who inhabit the center of the semi-circle shall think Europeans too formidable to be attacked. It is a ghastly piece of work to have to do, because it will involve the wasting of so many valuable lives; but Europe has undertaken it, and it must be carried through."

BELGIAN AFRICA

Much continues to be published concerning Belgian misrule in the Kongo Free State. The statements of travelers and missionaries, freely quoted and commented upon by the public press of Great Britain and the United States in particular, have stirred up the Belgian authorities, and reports of investigations by them into the charges of atrocities committed against the natives by Kongo officials are now made. Many of these officials have been found guilty.

To cite a single case, a dispatch from Brussels on May 22 stated that the District Commissioner of the Free State had reported that Lieutenant Gregoire, a Belgian, became enraged with an interpreter for misinterpreting a native chief and shot him. He then ordered his troops to fire on the natives, eighty of whom were killed.

Cartoons upon Current Events



MEDDLESOME JOE AND THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS—LONDON PUNCH



DIRTY LINEN—BOSTON HERALD



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN. MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ORCHID—MONTREAL DAILY STAR



RUSSIA AND TURKEY—"OH, WE'RE NOT SO BAD!"—CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER



AND THIS IS CALLED THE CENTURY OF
CIVILIZATION—CLEVELAND LEADER



"GO CIVILIZE YOURSELF, BARBARIAN!"
—N. Y. WORLD



WOW!—OHIO STATE JOURNAL



MR. HANNA RISES TO MAKE IT UNANIMOUS
—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



COMMON SENSE—"DO NOT BREAK THAT BOND"
—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN



THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF—N. Y. TIMES



"BRING ON YOUR FLEET, SIR THOMAS—I'M READY"—N. Y. HERALD



JOHN BULL—BLAST ME IF I WON'T HAVE TO TAKE THE CHAMBERLAIN PILLS AFTER ALL—PHILADELPHIA PRESS

Contemporary Celebrities

DR. COUNCILMAN Science is ever tireless. Its students and disciples are ever working with undaunted courage and energy in making known and conquering for the sake of man those great unknown powers which nature holds within her grasp. It was only yesterday that sound was brought to the ears of the deaf. To-day the germ of smallpox has been discovered. To-morrow looms big and auspicious on the horizon and is pregnant with the possibilities of the mental Titans of the race.

But while we serenely await to-morrow with happy augury, we are more interested in the discoveries of to-day. Among those the discovery of the pathogenic germ of smallpox by Dr. William T. Councilman, Shattuck Professor of Pathological Anatomy at Harvard University, is of much importance in the treatment of this disease.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Society of Medical Sciences and before some five hundred prominent members of the Boston medical profession, Dr. Councilman announced the discovery of the probable etiology of smallpox. He and his assistants have been experimenting in this line for the past two years in the smallpox hospitals of Boston, and at the pathological laboratory of the Harvard Medical School.

In cases of smallpox and vaccinia there have long been found to exist certain minute parasites, not only in the pock, but also in the tissues surrounding it. Dr. Councilman and

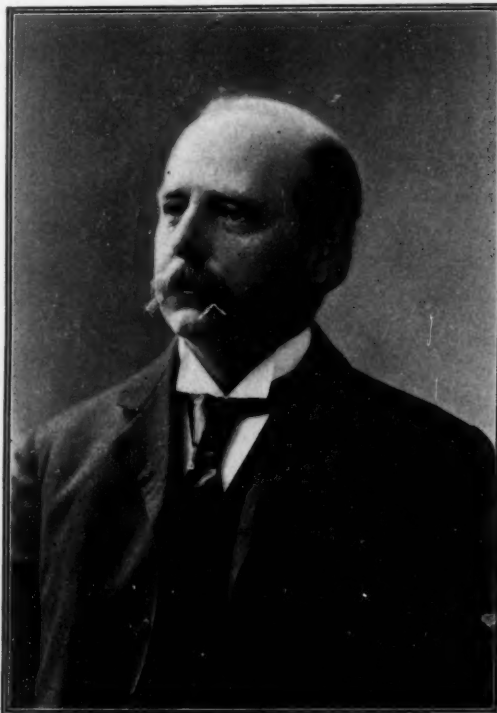
his co-workers have demonstrated the fact that these bodies of uncertain origin and significance observed in the epithelial cells of the skin in cases of smallpox are really organisms belonging to the group of protozoa, and further that they have a definite life cycle. In his lecture, Dr. Councilman declared that these organisms were the essential etiological factors in the production of smallpox. The organism

belongs to the class of microsporidia.

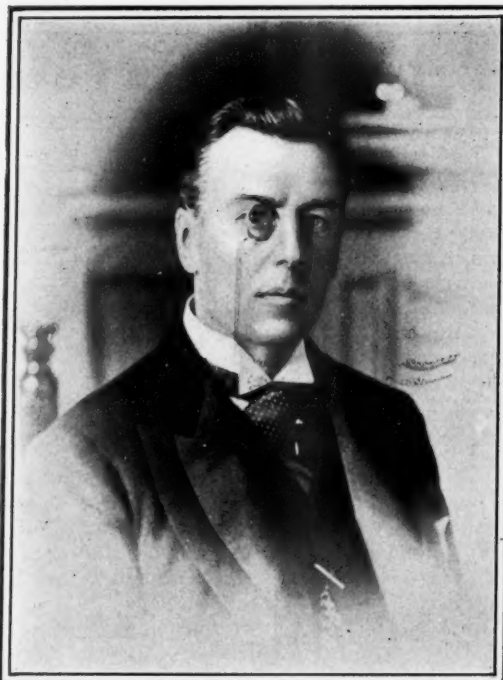
This discovery is of far-reaching importance. If it stand the test of criticism, it will be one of the great medical achievements of the age. If the organism can be found in the epithelial cells of the blood instead of our having to wait fourteen days for the eruption to appear, valuable time will be saved and the possibilities in regard to treatment will be evident. By means of this discovery a decided advance has been made in the study of the disease.

Medical science in this country stands high. Many of our physicians and professors of medicine are recognized as authorities by European specialists. Each new

discovery made here only helps to increase the prestige of American medical study and investigation. Dr. Councilman is only one of many enthusiasts who are daily working and experimenting. Besides the professional interest which such work arouses, there is a wider interest. Disease ravages and blights, and often trails death in its train. The discovery that can largely militate against such forces is indeed of immeasurable benefit to humanity.



Courtesy of The World's Work
WILLIAM T. COUNCILMAN



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

**THE HON.
JOSEPH
CHAMBERLAIN**

British Parliamentary circles and, in fact, the entire English nation, have been much aroused lately by the program mapped out by Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, who tried to enforce protection upon a free-trade country. Mr. Chamberlain's *Zollverein* scheme was nothing more than a complete reversal of British conservatism and policy, and was revolutionary in its aspects. He has very recently declared that the British fiscal system should be completely changed, and that a tariff should be enacted which would discriminate in favor of British colonies, and against all countries which taxed colonial products. The fact that England is largely dependent upon other countries for her food supplies evidently does not seem to worry the representative from Birmingham whom everybody yesterday thought was about to retire actively from British politics. It is interesting to note that Premier Balfour was willing to stand by the Colonial Secretary in this matter in spite of the opposition from other members of the government.

On June 9th, in the House of Commons, Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, attacked Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. The debate that

followed was one of the most sensational in the House; and startling rumors were current concerning possible changes in the government.

The political career of Joseph Chamberlain, the incarnation of British imperialism, began roughly in 1876, when he was returned for Birmingham to the House of Commons. He has represented that city ever since. His career in the House was marked and he rose rapidly into a prominent position until he was finally made secretary for the colonies. His principles from the beginning were those of an advanced Radical. During his tenure of office, Mr. Chamberlain has, by his policy, been accused of inducing strained relations between England and several foreign powers. His presence, too, at the Colonial Office is blamed for an inglorious war.

**THE DUKE OF
THE ABRUZZI**

All men are not born princes, but all princes are men. When a prince possesses all such sterling and manly characteristics as does Prince Luigi Amadeo di Savoia, Duke of the Abruzzi, it is time to call attention to the fact that royalty is not so effete as its enemies like to make it out, and that the Latin races have not lost their time-honored position in the intelligence and energy of the world.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, the man first in the Polar race, was born in Madrid in 1873, the third son of King Amadeus of Spain (Duke of Aosta) and the Princess Letitia Bonaparte. Like all sons of the House of Savoy, he was educated in the belief that work alone justifies life. He entered the naval school at Leghorn at an early age, and won his degree there. His great love of the mountains manifested itself when, in 1894 and at the age of twenty-one, he made the difficult and dangerous ascent of the Matterhorn. The same year he started on a cruise around the world as lieutenant on the *Cristoforo Colombo*. *En route*, he visited the United States. In 1897, the Duke, with a party of Italians, successfully climbed Mount St. Elias, the highest known mountain of the Arctic regions. This was a great feat, as its summit had not hitherto been reached. But Abruzzi's greatest and most recent achievement has been his Arctic voyage, where he succeeded after many perilous and disastrous events in planting the Italian flag upon land never before reached by previous explorers. His party left Christiania on June 12, 1900, in the steamer *Stella Polare* for the unknown lands and seas of the North. The record of that voyage is graphically told in the Duke's recently published work, which differs from most

books of the same order, in that the writer modestly tries to hide his own personality and achievements as far as possible. An unfortunate and painful accident prevented the Duke from joining the sledge party which, under Captain Cagni, made the famous dash for the Pole over the ice-pack with his faithful dogs and three companions. They did not reach the object of their destination, but they did go further than any other Arctic explorer had succeeded in doing. They went as far north as latitude $86^{\circ} 33'$, a distance of 238 miles from the Pole and nineteen miles nearer than Nansen had been able to attain. In August, 1900, the *Stella Polare* began her return voyage and reached Hammerfest in September.

While the Duke was prevented from sharing in the triumph of Captain Cagni, it was to his indomitable will, his enthusiasm, his courage, and his kindness and patience that the voyage turned out so successfully.

History seems to repeat itself. Centuries ago, Italian navigators discovered the new world. To-day they plant their flag upon the virgin fields of the North. The conquest of the North thus belongs to the South, and in the Duke of Abruzzi is exemplified, in large measure, the supremacy of man over nature.



Courtesy of The Literary Digest

M. PLEHVE



Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co.

LUIGI AMADEO DI SAVOIA

M. PLEHVE

Recently, in these columns, mention was made of M. Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, who was described as an atlas of autocracy and the real power behind the throne. Recent dispatches from the East in connection with the Kishineff massacre indicate that the Minister of Finance has a close rival in M. Plehve, Russian Minister of Interior, who, it is claimed, was a great influence in the recent massacre of the Jews. But it is well not to trust public opinion too far in this or even when it states that he is an eminent representative of Russian bureaucracy, the supreme master of an army of spies and informers. He is the head of the Russian department of press censorship and his power is said to be unlimited.

From the little that is known of the career of this man, the following notes have been gleaned from recent newspaper reports and are to be taken of course with reservation. He is past middle age, and for forty years has been in the service of the State. From his youth he was brought up in official circles and learned early to regard the common people either as criminals to be repressed or ignorants to be ignored. He was employed early in his career

among the outlying provinces, where he obtained notoriety for the extreme measures he advocated. Before he was called by the Czar to the Department of the Interior, he was a senator of the Russian Council of the Empire, and Secretary of State in the Grand Duchy of Finland. That he is largely of Finnish blood did not prevent him from preparing the way for the downfall of Finland, and the oppression of that unhappy country. The fact that he is the supreme head of the police aids him in carrying out his plans. Of his private life and personality it is said that he is a man of few accomplishments, is a hard worker, and a poor conversationalist. He is fond of music and reads numerous French novels.

It is claimed that M. Plehve's part in the recent attack against the Jews was caused by his desire to turn the attention of the common people from the Government by giving their passions free outlet against the Hebrews. To do this he caused to be printed inflammatory articles against them.

The recent trouble is due more to economic rather than to racial troubles. The great mass of the Russian people are discontented and cruelly oppressed. The fact that the Jews, despite persecutions, are in the main prosperous, excites the hate and jealousy of the Russians, and it needs only a hint from official sources to turn that hate into bloodshed and rapine.

EDWARD MACDOWELL

Dr. Edward MacDowell, professor of music in Columbia University and considered by many as the most vital creative force in American music, appeared for the first time in England recently, at the fourth of the London Philharmonic Society's concerts, and played his second piano concerto. Musical critics of the London press spoke in high terms of the American composer and his musical compositions.

Dr. MacDowell was born in New York in 1861. His first musical education was received from Teresa Carreño. In 1876 he went to Paris and spent three years at the *Conservatoire* there. From Paris he went to Stuttgart, and then to

Wiesbaden. Finally, in 1879, he went to the conservatory at Frankfurt. It was during his stay here that he was influenced by Joachim Raff, the master of objective tone-painting. Returning later to Wiesbaden, Dr. MacDowell devoted himself entirely to composition. In 1889 he returned to America, and some years later accepted the chair of music at Columbia, which he still holds.

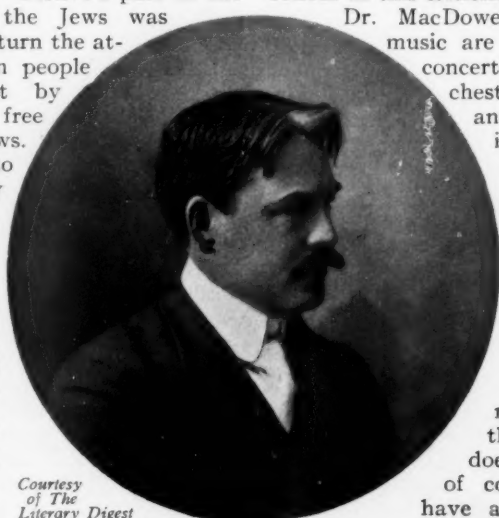
Musical critics in this country declare that Dr. MacDowell is a striking example of the romantic spirit in music in its frankest and most imaginative estate. He is classed rather as a musical poet than the typical musician, and those who have had the pleasure of listening to some of his compositions heartily concur in this criticism.

Dr. MacDowell's contributions to music are many and varied. His concertos, his sonatas, his orchestral suites and studies, and his songs are exquisite in their delicacy and charm. There is a poetic and highly colored *motif* to all his work, and it appeals not only to the layman who loves beautiful and expressive music, but to the musical technician as well.

In this country, where music does not hold quite the same place that it does abroad, it is a matter of congratulation that we have a few musicians of the type of Dr. MacDowell who stand for other and higher

ideals than those which the craze for popular music in this country has so long engendered.

In the case of contemporaries it is very difficult and sometimes impossible to arrive at anything like a definite estimate of individual talent. Time alone judges genius. Accordingly, it is impossible to determine specifically Dr. MacDowell's standing among the musical composers of to-day, and especially of those in this country. It is possible to declare, however, that he stands so high among American musicians that it requires effort to find others with whom to compare him. Besides, no two musicians ever represent exactly the same thing. Personality enters music as in everything else. In the sphere of imaginative and poetic expression, Dr. MacDowell is unsurpassed.



Courtesy
of The
Literary Digest

EDWARD MACDOWELL

JACOB P. ADLER

Acting seven different plays each week in a little theater where the audience showed its feeling in no uncertain manner by hissing, or even tossing orange rinds at the actor, Jacob P. Adler gained his reputation by long, conscientious work. It was distinctly a local reputation which embraced but a portion of the East Side in New York—the clientèle of a Yiddish theater on the Bowery. Occasionally a newspaper or dramatic critic in search of copy made a pilgrimage thither, and returned with a glowing account of the actor's work. But until a month ago, to the great mass of theatergoers, Jacob Adler did not even exist.

It was a daring venture which Mr. Adler has tried. Many things must have made him pause. He could not speak English. He had no great international reputation, such as had Bernhardt or Salvini, behind him. He could not hope to have a fine supporting company. Finally, the character in which he determined to make his venture was Shylock, a character which is second only to Hamlet in complexity and difficulty of portrayal. Yet Mr. Adler, in spite of every drawback, with nothing but his own merit to back him, appeared before audiences which understood scarcely a word that he spoke, and made a sensation. The newspapers have had enthusiastic reports and criticisms, and the word "genius" has been used in connection with

his art so much recently that it has grown trite.

Of course, there have been notes which have not been all praise. But the general impression is that Mr. Adler is an actor of unusual ability, one who is bound henceforth, to take

a place among the greater names. His portrayal of Shylock is dignified always, and it has moments of greatness which have scarcely been surpassed on the American stage.

A word should be said about Mr. Adler's interpretation of the rôle. Shylock is to him distinctly a martyr and avenger. The keynote to his portrayal is mentality. Shylock stands out from the other characters as an intellectual giant. Of course, there are sure to be objections to his interpretation. But the fact remains that Mr. Adler does make the character impressive and moving.

Mr. Adler is not exactly a young man, being forty-eight years old. He was born in Odessa, Russia. He speaks English very brokenly and has never played but in Yiddish. He has portrayed in his time 470 parts, a rather voluminous record.

Mr. Adler's methods are realistic in

the extreme. All his gestures, his delivery, every facial expression is characterized by realism. It is said that next year he will be seen in several plays. We shall then be better able to judge him. Meanwhile he has left upon those who have heard him a lasting impression of a profound and skilful artist.



Photo by Byron

JACOB P. ADLER

A Dash For The Pole



ONE WHO WENT
FARTHEST NORTH

Among the names of the great Arctic explorers, that of the Duke of the Abruzzi will henceforth stand first, because he has succeeded in penetrating farther north than any of his predecessors. In some ways the most thrilling and by far the most important incident of the memorable voyage was the dash of Captain Cagni over the ice toward the pole. The Duke of the Abruzzi remained behind with the *Stella Polare* due to the freezing of his hand. It was Captain Cagni accordingly, to whom the expedition fell.

The narration of his sledge journey is told in the form of a journal and is incorporated in the larger work recently written by the Duke.* It was a perilous trip and Captain Cagni graphically and dramatically describes its incidents. The following extract taken from Captain Cagni's diary deals with the last stages of the journey and the arrival at a latitude never before reached by man:

Saturday, April 21—Our dreams and hopes, which two days ago were still very uncertain, rise again full of life and brilliancy, and fill us with a joy never before experienced in these regions of suffering and desolation!

We set out this morning at eight, with very fine weather; we cross a small belt of undulating ice, without meeting an obstacle, and beyond it stretches a plain, another desert, but more extensive and boundless than that of yesterday. We are at $85^{\circ} 29'$, nearly where we thought we were by our reckoning; the fact excites great enthusiasm among all of us, but especially in Fenoillet, who is usually very undemonstrative. At half-past one we are again on the march. As we advance, the snow becomes harder; the dogs never went so well as they are going to-day, and we proceed rapidly, at the double, without any incident, until six. We perspire, although we have had our *anorakers* off since morning.

Since midday we have traveled not less than twelve miles, and are therefore en-

camped at $85^{\circ} 44'$ N. lat. The temperature is -29° ; the clear sky and the northerly breeze promise more fine weather, and the ice in front of us is level.

We have still provisions for thirty days, which, by reducing the rations, may suffice for forty-four—that is to say, until the end of May. If we go on for another week, we shall be back here with provisions for thirty days at reduced rations. It is true that we have taken forty days to come to this camp, but in going back we may reckon on a much quicker journey, because the temperature will be milder, the number of sledges smaller, and we shall have greater experience. Now, with six or seven days' marching like yesterday and the day before yesterday we might obtain, if not complete success, at least a very satisfactory result. On the other hand, a prolongation of our march forward may expose us to great privations while returning, and perhaps even to serious danger if we were unfortunately overtaken by a snowstorm.

Having thus the arguments for and against making a final effort, I asked the men for their opinion. They cried out unanimously, "Forward! Let us go on till we reach at least the 87^{th} degree of latitude!"

Will God abandon us just at this moment? I am full of hope, and these three men, for whom I feel a sincere admiration, are as well.

Sunday, April 22—We rose this morning at five, feeling a slight heaviness, as often happens after coming to important decisions. I reflected much last night, and renounced one of my golden dreams which still survived, and



"WE PITCH OUR TENT"

*On the "Polar Star." In the Arctic Sea. By His Royal Highness Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. Translated by William Le Queux. N. Y. Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. \$12.50 net. Postage 72 cents.



THE EVE OF DEPARTURE TOWARDS THE POLE.

THE POLAR STAR CAUGHT IN THE ICE FIELD

did not seem to me quite impossible to realize. To reach the 87th degree we should have to do about one hundred miles in a week, which would be difficult. I decide that I shall return as soon as I reach $86^{\circ} 30'$, even if I were to get there in a very few days. I have hardly come to that decision when I am assailed by a doubt; shall we reach even $86^{\circ} 30'$?

We start at nine and cross some ice sprinkled with blocks and small hillocks, which do not oblige us to deviate much from our path. At half-past ten we are on the edge of a large expanse of water which we call the Lake of Como. It is well frozen, and we take more than an hour walking quickly to cross it. When we are again on the march, I make the calculations mentally. Since noon yesterday, and also this morning, we must have traveled more than I had reckoned. We are at $85^{\circ} 48'$ N. lat.

As soon as I overtake the guides, who are getting ready a crossing over a pressure-bridge, I announce to them this good news, and Petigax replies with more. On account of the large expanse of water and of some ridges on its banks, we thought that the ice-pack would be uneven, but, beyond these ridges, it appears as it did yesterday. This intelligence, in the state of suspense which we are in, is very consoling. On account of it, and of the latitude, we resolve to take a short rest about two o'clock, and then to try to reach the 86th degree this evening.

We feared that the dogs might be weary,

but they travel very well; they make stages of an hour, and even an hour and a half, without stopping for a moment; then they have five minutes' rest, which I time with my watch, and start off again as fresh as when they set out.

We proceed thus toward the north until six, at which hour we approach a very long ridge running from east to west, and as it seems broad, our hearts beat in dread of delay. We cross it, however, without having to work with the axe, in a few minutes.

We only stop at half-past seven; we must have done fully the thirteen miles which separated us from the 86th degree. We encamp close to a hillock in order to have shelter from the southwest wind which rose at mid-day. The sky is overcast, but the temperature remains low, and this makes us hope that the weather will continue to be fine. We feel very nervous, in spite of our fatigue, and have reason to be; we speak of reaching $86^{\circ} 16'$ to-morrow if the ice will allow us, and Nansen more than ever is the chief subject of conversation this evening.

Monday, April 23—We are astounded at our success. The tent having been pitched, I carried the cooking-stove into it, whilst Petigax hung up the pots to fill them with snow. We had not exchanged a word for several hours; I held out my hand to him and we clasped each other's warmly. I thanked him for all that he had done to help me; I wished to tell him that the hand he clasped was that of a grateful friend, but I do not remember



THE HUT BY MOONLIGHT. THIS VIEW WAS TAKEN THE WINTER PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE

what I said to him, nor do I know if he heard me. He replied, stammering, that he had only done his duty, but his voice, like mine, was choked by emotion and, as in mine, tears shone in his eyes.

"The flag," I said to him, and we left the tent without further thought of the cooking-stove. We searched hastily in the *kayak* for our little flag, tied it to a bamboo pole, and I waved it to the cry of "Long live Italy! Long live the King! Long live the Duke of the Abruzzi!" And to each of my cries the others answered with a shout which expressed all the exultation of their souls.

Resound on, sacred words, resound throughout these regions of pure and eternal ice, this sparkling gem! For never shall a conquest won by the sword, nor by the favors of fortune, adorn the Crown of the House of Savoy with one of greater luster!

We had set out at nine, by a cloudy sky and northerly breeze which had risen in the early hours of that morning. We had made good progress until half-past ten, when, in crossing a ridge, the trace of one of Canepa's sledges broke. I was luckily ahead, and succeeded in stopping the six dogs before they were able to pass my sledges and follow the track of Petigax and Fenoillet.

A little later we were in the midst of pressures, which seemed to come from every direction. The ice was creaking on all sides and overlapping, and raising up pressure-ridges with a loud noise; winding channels were

opening, and, where other channels were closing, new ridges were rising. After a quarter of an hour the pressure ceased, and nothing more was to be heard beyond slight creaking noises, the last palpitations of that great convulsion.

We resumed our march. I had never felt so weary. I could hardly stand; the dogs refused to go on and we had to beat them every minute. At half-past two we found a channel which we crossed, and climbed up a large block of ice which from the other side of the channel seemed to be attached to the ice-pack, but which was really surrounded by water. At that moment both ice-fields began to move, and we remained imprisoned on this floating island, which seemed as though it would be shattered to bits by the first strong pressure. For some minutes we felt very uneasy; we had to escape from thence at any price. Luckily the channel closed up slightly toward the north.

We sought for some shelter from a fresh southwest wind which had risen, and made our luncheon with coffee. The meridian altitude gave us $86^{\circ} 4'$. We still wanted ten miles to reach Nansen's farthest latitude, and in four hours at most we thought to be able to cover them. We resolved at all costs to attempt to reach $86^{\circ} 16'$ that evening.

At half-past three we set out again. We had at first wide expanses of level ice, then new ice, and then a frozen lake.

Petigax and Fenoillet walked singly, a hun-

dred steps ahead of the convoy, which went on in silence, leaving behind it two furrows, which faded away in the distance. Every now and then I looked at the time; in spite of the rapidity of our march we advance for more than an hour, or an hour and a half, without the briefest halt, then, after five minutes' rest, on again. Seven o'clock passed, eight o'clock passed, and still we went on. We must have covered much more than ten miles, but at that moment I hardly took note of this; I did not even think of it. The absence of all obstacles, the sameness, the monotony of the march, had stupefied my brain, and I followed my sledges, which did not require my help, as though I were asleep. My thoughts wandered far away—far from ice and cold. I was among green trees and in a warm climate. . . . I was dreaming.

During our short stoppages we looked at each other, smiling, but none of us spoke; it seemed to us as though our voices might break the charm which was leading us on to victory.

Nine o'clock passed; Petigax had taken the leading place and, walking with long strides, had left the convoy behind; the sledges sometimes drew nearer to or fell back from each other, but never stopped. The sky had

become clear, the wind had again shifted to the north, and here and there were heaps on the ice.

It was a quarter to ten. My mind came back to the present, and I remembered that to-morrow we should have to travel again. I called out to Petigax and made signs to him to stop to encamp. To our left was a small hillock; we brought the sledges near to it so as to shelter them from the north wind, and drew them up in line; the tent was untied and spread. We did all this mechanically, like automata.

When beneath the tent, at that first moment of repose, when all the fibers of the body seemed to unbend and relax after long fatigue, the clear idea of things came back to me. We have conquered. We have surpassed the greatest explorer of the century.

We planted our flag before the tent.

At one o'clock we were not in bed; we talked about our families, our friends and our comrades, of the satisfaction that they, and still more our Prince, would feel with the work we had performed. More than ever did we feel profoundly grateful toward Him who had opened for us a path of glory. For that evening, after so many privations and so much anxiety, our enterprise seemed glorious to us.



A CRITICAL MOMENT WHEN ALMOST OVERCOME BY FATIGUE



THE ICE PACK. DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT TRAVELING

Tuesday, April 24—We awoke very late this morning. The thermometer indicates— 37° . It must have fallen last night below— 40° . The weather is fine, and there is still a north wind, which pierces the skin.

We are not ready to start until a quarter to twelve. I wait till I have again taken the meridian altitude. We traveled yesterday even more than we thought, and performed a really wonderful march. We are in $86^{\circ} 18' 20''$ N. lat., and the magnetic variation is zero.

At ten minutes past twelve we are on our way to the north. The ice is like that of yesterday, level and smooth, and later on, undulating. At first the dogs are not very willing to pull, but, encouraged by our cries and a few blows, they advance at a rapid pace, which they keep up during the whole march. At five we meet with a large pressure-ridge, which almost surprises us, as it seems to us a century since we have seen any; we lost a quarter of an hour in preparing a passage through and crossing it.

Soon after six we came upon a large channel running from east to west; we must stop. Beyond the channel is a vast expanse of new ice, much broken up and traversed by many other channels. Even if I were not prevented from doing so, I would now think twice before risking myself in the midst of them. I have too lively a remembrance of my anxiety yesterday morning. On the other hand, after the

good march we have made to-day, we consider that we are in $86^{\circ} 31'$ N. lat., and if we did push forward on that ice, even for half a day, we would gain very few miles and, besides, run the risk of losing a sledge. The dogs are much tired, and we, too, feel the effects of yesterday's strain. I therefore consider that it is more prudent to definitely stop here, and both the guides are of the same opinion.

On the farthest to the north, which is almost touched by the water of the channel, we plant the pole, from which our flag waves.

It is suggested that we should make a great placard, with a piece of the tent, and write upon it $86^{\circ} 30'$, so that they should see it from afar on our arrival. We talked about our homes and our return to our country. Oh, how the future smiles on us!

We go out into the open air. The thermometer indicates— 35° ; but, nevertheless, I see, for the first time, the guides walking up and down after the soup. They are talking of *their* country! Of their Courmayeur, where at this moment the meadows appear covered with verdure, after their long rest under the white mantle of winter. We all remain outside for a long time, our minds enchanted by our great happiness. We have reached the end of all our fatigues; our return seems to us now like an excursion, our eyes turn no more with eagerness toward the north, but to the south, where, beyond so much ice, beyond a cold sea, and the rugged mountains of Scandi-

navia, and farther on again our loved ones are waiting for us.

The air is very clear; between the northeast and the northwest there stand out distinctly some sharply pointed, others rounded, dark or blue and white, often with strange shapes, the innumerable pinnacles of the great blocks of ice raised up by the pressure. Farther away, again, on the bright horizon, in a chain from east to west, is a great azure wall, which from afar seems insurmountable. It is our "*Terra ultima Thule!*" To the south, however, stretches away the level expanse of ice, white and sparkling, lit up by the midnight sun.

Wednesday, April 25—I was not able to close my eyes last night, either on account of the cold or of my state of nervous excitement; and the men also slept little. We rose at seven; we ate only pemmican, and set to work to get the sledges ready. I have decided on leaving one, and we must unload them all; for a part of the pemmican, which has hitherto formed the foundation of the loads, must be taken away, to have at hand when required. When all the loads are made up, the heaviest sledge weighs 418 pounds and the lightest, from which nothing is to be taken for some time, 374 pounds.

I place in the snow three tin tubes, hermetically closed with wax, each containing one of the usual papers addressed to the Hydrographic Office of the Royal Navy. I have written on the paper "April 25, 1900. 86° 31' N. lat. 68° E. long." Having reached this, my farthest point to the north, I begin my return journey with provisions for thirty days.

At eleven we have everything quite ready, and we take our coffee and milk; while the men are packing up the tent and harnessing the dogs, I take the meridian altitude, both with the artificial horizon and the natural horizon, which is very distinct. It is easy to do so on account of the very slight elevation of the sun in this latitude. We are at 86° 32' N. lat.*

The convoy is ready to start; I photograph it, and give the signal of departure.

Petigax goes forward, following the tracks made yesterday, and our hearts beat quickly as we take the first steps of our return to our country.

* 86° 34' according to the average of the observations afterward calculated at the Hydrographic Institute and introducing the exact co-efficients of temperature.



"WE PLANTED OUR FLAG"

The Life of a Tree

By Ellen Rogers *

THE SLEEP OF THE TREES

Trees are, after all, very much like folks! They sleep o' nights, they feed and drink, and thereby grow. They breathe through a kind of lungs the same life-giving oxygen, and throw off carbon dioxid. They tear their clothes, and have to mend them. In a crowd, they jostle each other, like rude boys, and the big fellows usually conquer the weaker ones. They get cuts and bruises and broken limbs; and there is a long catalogue of tree diseases, most of them catching like the measles and the whooping-cough.

In winter, trees put on their warmest coats—a fashion set by the woodchuck and the bear—and just sleep and wait for spring! In warm weather a tree goes to sleep at sundown, and wakes up in the morning. If the sky is overcast the tree is drowsy; if rain sets in it goes right off to sleep. The only days that really count in a tree's calendar are the clear ones.

Near my house are a number of young locusts growing. Their fern-like leaves are held in sweeping, graceful clusters up into the sun-

shine. But on wet days, and all through the night, those leafy twigs droop down listlessly; the leaflets fold their palms together; the whole tree is the picture of limp helplessness. It is the locust's way.

The closing of the leaflets reduces evaporation (which is a cooling process) and enables

the tree to save much of its bodily heat. All young and tender foliage tends thus to "cuddle down" when it is sleepy. But older and stiffer leaves can sleep sitting erect, as grown-up folks will often do.

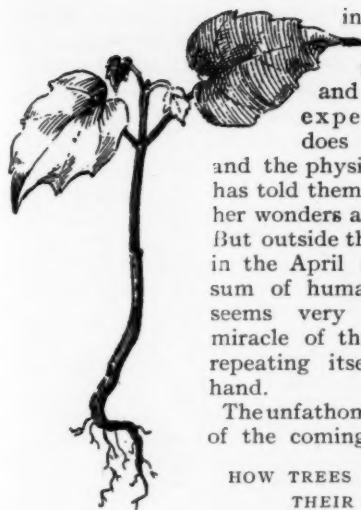
Day and night, rain or shine, trees keep breathing as steadily as you do. Should you stop you would smother and die. Just as soon and just as truly would the trees. No creature lives but needs to breathe; that is the process that keeps the living tissues in working order. The constant tearing down and building up of cells is the one condition upon which



BLACK WALNUT.

life exists. In order that there may always be nutrition at hand to rebuild the cells, and that the tree may grow in stature and strength from year to year, food must be taken in, elaborated, and stored away. It is to serve this end that the tree wakes from its winter sleep. It is for this that it rests by night and wakes so early

*From *Among Green Trees*. Julia Ellen Rogers. Chicago. A. W. Mumford. \$3.00. Copyright, 1902, by Julia Ellen Rogers.



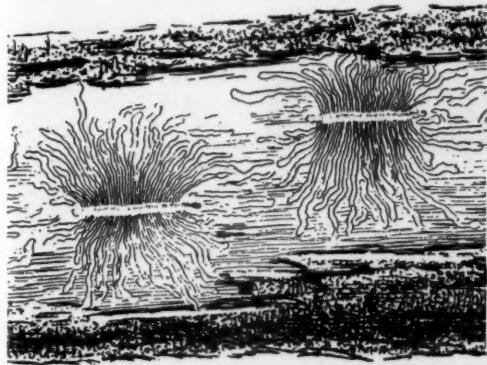
in the morning. The botanist dissects, and analyzes, and experiments. So does the chemist and the physicist. Nature has told them how some of her wonders are performed. But outside the laboratory, in the April sunshine, the sum of human knowledge seems very small. The miracle of the creation is repeating itself on every hand.

The unfathomable mystery of the coming of spring!

HOW TREES REPRODUCE THEIR KIND

Trees seem to share, with all other living things, an apprehension that their race may perish from the earth. It is to prevent this calamity that they feed, and breathe, and grow. As soon as they are old enough they produce flowers, mature seeds, and fling them forth. Their seed-sowing is a prodigal business. Every year a thousand of their offspring die for every one that lives. But that one is quite enough. One tree is sufficient to save the race.

But the tree that depends entirely upon seeds as a means of reproduction is seriously handicapped in the race. It has long been known that willows and some other trees could be reproduced by putting into soil a fresh piece of a branch or twig. The power to throw out leafy shoots and roots seems to be especially active in the *cambium* of these trees.



BURROWS OF ENGRAVERS BEETLES UNDER BARK
OF A HICKORY LIMB

In short, many plants increase their kind by devices not at all connected with flower or fruit. Man takes advantage of these suggestions of nature. Theoretically, every plant or tree may be propagated by the nurseryman from a mere slip or cutting. It is necessary only to provide the conditions favorable for growth.

WHY TREES GROW ERECT

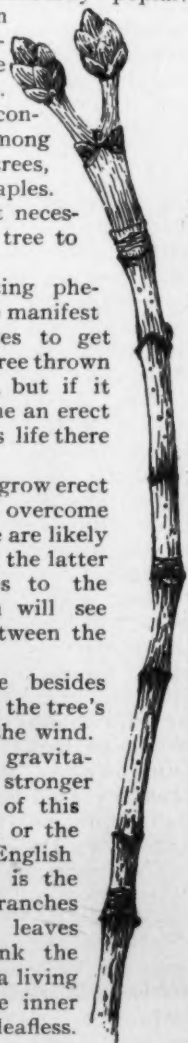
The most casual observer must have been struck by the constancy with which the trunks of trees aim toward the zenith, never minding the slope on which they may be growing. In tapering trees like the Lombardy poplar, this is most noticeable, and in all trees whose trunks continue to the top, as do the firs, spruces and tamaracks. Less noticeably, but not less constantly, does this rule hold among the broad-crowned, diffuse trees, like the oaks and the maples. Only accident or the urgent necessity for light will cause a tree to lean in growing.

Among the most interesting phenomena of tree growth are the manifest efforts made by crippled trees to get back to the erect position. A tree thrown down may die of its wounds, but if it does not die it seeks to assume an erect position. As long as there is life there is aspiration.

The force that makes a tree grow erect must be strong enough to overcome the force of gravitation. We are likely to forget that every moment the latter force is trying to pull trees to the ground. Careful observation will see the effects of the struggle between the two contending forces.

There is another influence besides gravitation which acts against the tree's aspiring tendencies. It is the wind.

Winds and the force of gravitation, however, but set off the stronger force. What is the nature of this force that makes the branch or the tree grow erect? In plain English it is the *craving for light*. It is the struggle for light that makes branches lengthen, that gives the leaves farthest away from the trunk the best chance to live and make a living for the tree—that makes the inner recesses of the tree dark and leafless.



HOW TREES BREATHE

When we say a tree *feels* thus and so, or it *thinks* this or that, we are indulging in fancy. But when we say a tree *breathes*, we state an accepted scientific truth. There is no make-believe about it. A tree inhales oxygen and exhales carbon dioxid. Even before its life as a tree began, while yet it lay as an embryo in a dry seed, it was breathing. Else the seed could not have germinated.

The breathing of a tree is the process by which oxygen is brought into contact with its living cells and the carbon dioxid cast out. It is a simpler matter than the breathing of animals, for most of the living cells of a tree are near the surface, while in animals they are distributed through the body and the oxygen has to be sent to those cells, and the carbon dioxid removed from them, by the blood. The wood of a tree is not alive. Neither is the bark. But between wood and bark, from tip of root to tip of twig is the *cambium*, which is the living part of the tree. This living layer is ministered to and it builds new wood and bark. It lengthens the branches and the roots, as well as adds to the tree's diameter.

The leaves may be regarded as extensions of *cambium*. They have been called the lungs of the tree. It is true that oxygen enters the tree chiefly through the little openings, or doorways, called *stomates*, which are located usually on the lower surface of the leaf.

Underground, the roots are active in taking oxygen from the air which is present in the porous soil.

As it has no power to move about, a tree does not need to breathe very vigorously. It consumes less oxygen in proportion to its size than an animal does, and gives out less carbonic acid gas. A young tree breathes more vigorously than an old one. In early summer the growing season is at its height; the cells are most active, and the demand for oxygen is greatest. The tree breathes deeply. In winter the activity of the cells is practically suspended, and little oxygen is needed.

HOW TREES FEED

All the tree accomplishes in the way of growth depends upon the energy and the food supply of its individual cells. The activity of the oxygen supplies the energy, and the elaborated sap furnishes the food which repairs the waste caused by the oxygen, and enables the cells to grow and multiply, thereby increasing the tree's size.

The food supply comes to the *cambium* in a continuous descending current of rich sap that flows through the cells, furnishing them

with food at all times. But it has to be made ready before it can thus be used. The raw material out of which this food is made comes to the tree from two sources—the soil and the air. The roots absorb water and with it many substances held in solution, that may or may not be useful to the tree as food. During the growing season there is a continuous flow of this



LOCUST

crude sap from the roots to the leaves, where it is converted into nutritious plant food. The course of this current is through the sap wood. The water which the roots take up in such quantities has, furthermore, a mechanical use in the feeding of the tree. It forms a great complex waterway which bears raw materials for food up from the roots, and carries the prepared food from the leaves down through the *cambium*, supplying nourishment to every cell that needs it, from leaf to root, and storing the surplus as starch along the way in older cells. The carbon supply comes largely from the air in the form of carbon dioxid, a form unfit for cell food. The leaves receive and prepare the food for the use of the growing parts of the tree. In the leaf cells crude elements are elaborated. Carbon dioxid comes in through the open doorways of the leaf when there is less of this gas inside than outside. Where there are no doorways the gas may pass by *osmosis* through the cell walls. Here are granules of "leaf green" arranged around the walls or in the clear substance of the cell. Many chemical elements are present, some in simple combinations, as hydrogen and oxygen united in the form of water; others in more complex combinations.

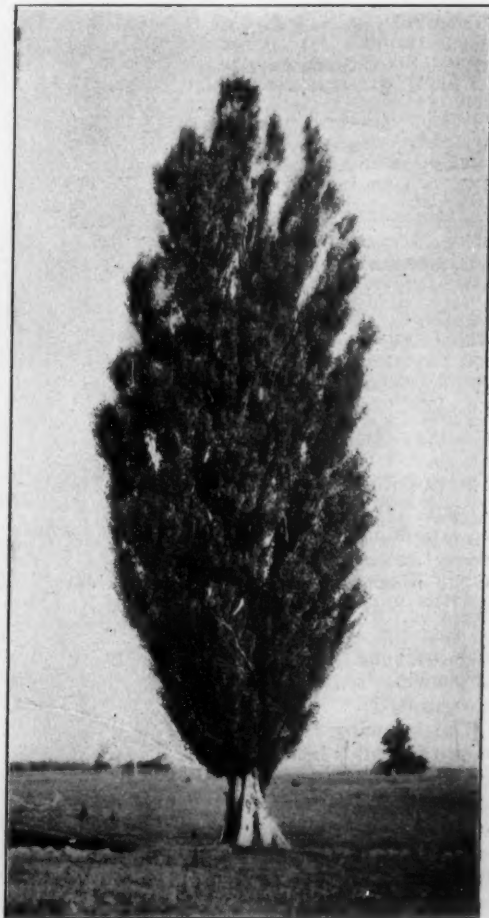
The sunlight beats upon the leaf. Its upper wall is transparent. The granules of green absorb the heat and light. Through the energy thus obtained the living leaf cells are able to dissociate the two gases that compose certain molecules of water. Some carbon and oxygen that came in from the air as carbon dioxid are also divorced. By a selective and constructive power that is past human understanding these elements are made to reunite in new proportions into new molecules. The substance formed is known as *Starch*. It is of very high complexity, containing carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. The new product, changed to soluble form, makes its way down through the cells of the newest bark, forming a current of nutritious sap. In this the *cambium* finds food to rebuild its broken molecules, to nourish and multiply its cells. Here is excess of food materials to be stored away.

HOW TREES GROW

This is what an elm tree accomplishes in a year's work: In March there are only buds on the twigs, with a leaf scar below each one. In April the largest buds cast off their scales, and blossoms open. In May the fruit ripens and falls, while the slenderer buds open into leafy shoots. In summer these shoots

lengthen. They produce leaves set close together, and as they unfold, the stems between these leaves elongate. In October the tree is bare, and the long twigs, each set with many buds, are borne at the points where in March there stood only solitary buds. The tree has added to the height and the breadth of its crown by the exact length of these new shoots. The prevalent idea that the trunk of a tree lengthens, thus carrying the bases of its branches upward, is erroneous.

Underground, the roots have made a season's growth. They have no buds, nor any regular intervals of branching as the top has. They lengthen in the direction of least resistance. They branch where branching is possible, or necessary. They interlock and grow fast where they cross. Root hairs form



LOMBARDY POPLAR

a fine velvety nap for a little space just back of each root tip. These never grow into roots, but wither away as the root tip grows on and deserts them, developing new hairs as it goes.

But the tree's growth is not confined to this pushing out at its extremities. The trunk grows in thickness, though it is unable to elongate. A new layer of woody tissue and one of bark is formed each year by the *cam-bium* which lies under the bark. Each branch out to the place where the season's shoot started, follows the same rule of increase. The roots, like the branches, grow in thickness by annual rings.

A tree's growing season begins with the thawing of the ground and the warming of the air in early spring. The roots absorb water supplied to the soil by the thawing of the frozen ground, the melting of snows, and the falling of spring rains. The sap currents rise, gathering on their way to the leaves rich food materials stored during the previous summer. Because they have these resources, the swelling elm buds cast their protecting scales, throw out their blossoms, mature their fruit, and unfold their leafy shoots—all with a rapidity that is incredible. Without stored food it would be impossible for the leaves to open, for by the leaves the sap is made; ready for use. Leaves take charge of the nourishment of the tree as soon as they open. As soon as it is supplied with foliage, the tree finds its growing season is fully inaugurated.

The growing season for most trees ends before mid-summer. The leaves are battered and eaten by insects. The summer droughts cut off the supply of water. The buds are to be prepared for winter, the shoots must be hardened; the new wood must be ripened.

Preparation for winter takes the place of further thickening of trunk or lengthening of limb. Twigs and stems and roots are stored with food, the tree tries to take in all the nutritious parts of each leaf before it casts it off. When winter comes it generally finds the tree ready.

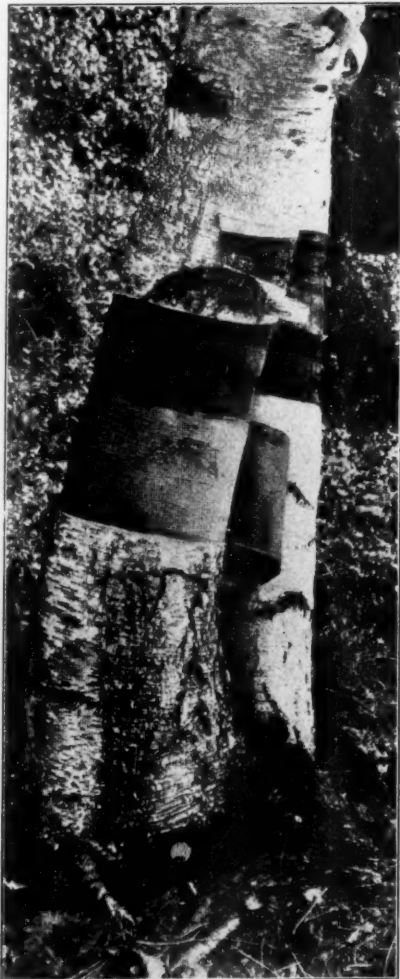
WHY TREES DIE

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten." What a trifle seems the span of human life when we compare it with the age of trees! We have seen in the East remnants of our primeval forests—trees that measure one hundred feet and more in height, with a circumference to correspond. Stumps of these giant trees record from two to four thousand

years of growth, and the estimated age of some living specimens is five thousand years.

Why, indeed; should a tree die at all? Each successive year renews the organs by which life is maintained. The division of each *cam-bium* cell renews the youth of that cell. Each year multiplies the number of new feeding roots and extends new shoots, which are clothed with fresh leaves. Why, then, should not a tree live forever?

Theoretically, a tree may taste immortality. Practically, it accumulates infirmities with years, and death sooner or later overtakes it. A tree is a dependent creature. It may starve or die of thirst if the soil is hard or dry or impoverished under it. Caterpillars may eat its foliage. Plant lice and scale bugs may suck its juices. Beetles may tunnel under the bark and into the wood. Moreover, the air is laden with the germs of tree diseases. The wind, too, is an enemy of the tree, because every broken limb offers a lodging-place for spores of fungi which may by slow degrees reduce it to a hollow shell.



CANOE BIRCH TRUNKS

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

THE MYSTERY OF RADIUM

The glamour and mystery concerning that wonderful metal, radium, still continue, but experiments are each day discovering new properties and uses. Practical use has already been made in Paris to test diamonds. It has been discovered that a genuine diamond will phosphoresce in the presence of radium while the imitation stone will not. As a consequence some jewelers are utilizing it for this purpose. Some use, too, has been made of the metal in the practise of medicine and it has been found efficacious in treatment of skin diseases and cases of lupus. Whether or not, however, this miniature sun will be used for heating purposes, or motive power, or to replace the common X-ray apparatus, depends upon the fact whether it can be discovered in sufficient quantity to make it reasonable in price.

Mr. Frederick Collins writing in the New York World claims that a Buffalo firm is producing this rare product and that in Utah there are large deposits of radio-active uranium ores and compounds that are about to be opened up, and by analysis it has been shown that the radium contents of these ores are about one gram for each ton of ore. The details for the chemical reduction of these ores are being perfected, when metallic uranium will be produced and radium as a by-product at a very slight increase in the first cost of reduction.

If this be true, then we have a future source of power and wealth that is to mean much.

All this, however, is not solving the real nature of radium, but rather adapting it. When Professor Curie announced some time ago that it had the power of continuously emitting heat without combustion, and that it gave out sufficient heat energy to melt half its own weight of ice per hour, the lay mind stood aghast at the news. But the scientist not to be duped asked: "What is the source of this energy?" The best answers so far to this question have come from two eminent sources, Sir William Crookes and Prof. J. J. Thomson. Both men are of the highest reputation in the field of science.

Sir William Crookes in a letter to the London Times writes as follows:

In the presence of a mystery like that of radium any reasonable attempt at explanation will be welcome, so I will ask your permission to revive a hypothesis I ventured to submit to the British Association in my presidential address in 1898.

Speaking of the radio-active bodies then just discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, I drew attention to the large amount of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air at ordinary pressure and temperature, which, according to some calculations by Dr. Johnstone Stoney, amounts to about 140,000 foot pounds in each cubic yard of air; and I conjectured that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight might draw upon this store of energy in somewhat the same manner as Maxwell imagined when he invented his celebrated "Demons" to explain a similar problem. I said it was not difficult so to modify this hypothesis as to reduce it to the level of an inflexible law, and thus bring it within the ken of a philosopher in search of a new tool. I suggested that the atomic structure of radio-active bodies was such as to enable them to throw off the slow-moving molecules of the air with little exchange of energy, while the quick-moving missiles would be arrested, with their energy reduced and that of the target correspondingly increased. (A similar sifting of the swift-moving molecules is common enough, and is effected by liquids whenever they evaporate into free air.) The energy thus gained by the radio-active body would raise its temperature, while the surrounding air would get cooler. I suggested that the energy thus gained by the radio-active body was employed partly in dissociating some of the gaseous molecules (or inducing some other condition which would have the effect of rendering the neighboring air a conductor of electricity) and partly in originating undulations through the ether, which, as they take their rise in phenomena so disconnected as the impacts of molecules, must furnish a large contingent of Stokesian pulses of short wave-length. The shortness in the case of these waves appears to approach, without attaining, the extreme shortness of ordinary Röntgen rays.

Although the fact of emission of heat by radium is in itself sufficiently remarkable, this heat is probably only a small portion of the energy radium is constantly sending into space. It is at the same time hurling off material particles which reveal their impact on a screen by luminous scintillations. Stop these by a glass or mica screen, and torrents of Röntgen rays still pour out from a few milligrams of radium salt, in quantity sufficient to exhibit to a company all the phenomena of Röntgen rays, and with energy enough to produce a nasty blister on the flesh, if kept near it for an hour.

* * * *

According to the hypothesis I ventured to formulate, I have little doubt that radium would cease to show its peculiar properties in a perfect vacuum. But such experiments at present are impossible of performance. What we call a "high vacuum" is only a vacuum by courtesy.

Professor Thomson, in his article, not only contradicts Sir William Crookes, and others, but gives a new theory which seems so far the most probable. The New York Tribune thus sum-

marizes and comments upon Professor Thomson's deductions:

Prof. J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge University, gives reasons for not accepting certain possible explanations of the heat thrown off by radium. One of these hypotheses is that the warmth is derived from the surrounding air. Inasmuch as a bit of this wonderful substance behaves in the same way if imbedded in a block of ice, it looks as if the atmosphere took no part in the phenomenon. It has also been suggested that the thermal effect was produced by a penetrating variety of Becquerel radiation, the emanation which acts on photographic plates like light or X-rays. While that supposition is not yet absolutely precluded, it is rendered incredible by analogy. Other metals absorb Becquerel rays, but they do so only in proportion to their density. If that law holds in the case of radium, as it does for lead or gold, it is inadequate to account for the effects.

The view which suggests itself to the Cambridge physicist is based on the modern conception of the atom as a complicated structure, attended by, if not made up of, much smaller bodies. In a given specimen of radium he thinks that there will always be some atoms in a condition of instability, and liable on slight provocation to undergo a change in configuration. Such a change would liberate energy originally stored there. Since the alteration is of a different kind from that which takes place in chemical compounds, conformity to the rules of heat emission which control the latter would not apply. Professor Thomson inclines to believe that radiation is more active for a short time after the newly discovered element is separated from its usual habitat, pitchblende, than it is later; yet he estimates that under certain conditions it might continue for 30,000 years.

If the positive portions of this argument are more obscure and less convincing than the negative, at least to the lay mind, both will be received with peculiar respect by the initiated. Professor Thomson is not the discoverer of radium, and yet his interpretation of its characteristics will carry greater weight than that of M. and Mme. Curie. He is a philosopher, while they are scarcely more than observers. The distinction is a wide one, and must be remembered in the study of all classes of phenomena. Of course, the opinions which he has expressed are provisional, and not final.

LIGHT FROM THE HUMAN BODY

In a lecture before the American Philosophical Society, Professor Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania, stated the discovery of radiant energy similar to the X-ray, but hitherto unknown, which emanates from the human body. He also announced that he had succeeded in taking photographs by this light. Professor Goodspeed's words are as follows:

All matter absorbs radio-active energy in waves of varying lengths and gives off the same energy in waves of changed and definite length. The energy that has been thus transformed is characteristic of the matter that gives it forth. The human body gives out the rays or waves of this energy with comparative freedom and force. It is to be presumed

that the character of the human rays vary in an infinitesimal degree with the person, and that each man, woman and child gives forth not merely the characteristic human light, but a light that is absolutely unique and identifying.

These rays from the human body are not sufficient to be appreciated by the human eye. It may be that they are seen by the eyes of certain of the smaller animals. For instance, a mouse probably sees a man in a dark room by the light of the man himself.

Since that time the newspapers have been full of glowing accounts of this and its probable results. One of the most enthusiastic of these appeared in *The New York World*:

If there is any way of making luminous to the human eye the rays that are constantly being thrown off by the human body, the time may be coming when each person can light his own way without recourse to artificial illuminants. It has made a remarkable sensation, this discovery made by Prof. Arthur W. Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania, that human beings diffuse rays of sufficient intensity to make a photograph by them.

It seems almost unbelievable that human beings are storage batteries, so to speak, of light and power but Professor Goodspeed has proved it. Incidentally, his discovery emphasizes how painfully inferior are certain faculties of human beings to those of lower animals.

Professor Goodspeed looks upon the fact that human beings shed rays as being but a small part of his discovery. The important thing, to his mind, is the fact that metals and other substances have the same characteristic.

It must not be supposed that anyone can take a photograph by the rays that emanate from the human body simply by holding one's hand or standing before a camera in a dark room. These new rays are absolutely invisible, just as are chemical or actinic rays in the spectrum, and which have proved such a valuable aid to medicine, and they have to be excited by X-rays. Just as electricity and a Crookes tube produced the X-rays, so do the action of X-rays on the human body produce the Goodspeed rays, if those which have been proved to come from the human body may be so called.

Professor Goodspeed's experiments were made in a room absolutely dark, so far as the human eye is concerned. He placed his Crookes tube in a box which effectually cut off the optical efflorescence which always accompanies the X-rays. He cut off the photographic plates by means of lead sheets, which the X-rays cannot penetrate. The X-rays agitated the rays in the human body and caused them to radiate with sufficient energy from his hand, which he held over the plate, to make a radiograph, such as is made directly with an X-ray.

Professor Goodspeed is one of the foremost living authorities on the X-ray. He is the President of the American Röntgen Ray Society, and he is an officer and a member of a dozen other prominent scientific bodies, both in this country and abroad. He was one of the first to produce X-rays in America, and he has devoted much attention to experimenting with them. His discoveries have been of benefit to the medical profession and to science in general.

He has been an instructor and professor in the

University of Pennsylvania since he was graduated from Harvard in 1884, receiving his degree of Ph.D. from "Penn." in 1889. He is assistant professor of physics of the university, and for four years he has been the acting head of the department.

Professor Goodspeed's own account, advance proofs of which were recently shown of his discovery, was written for the Old Penn, a university publication, in response to inquiries made by undergraduates and members of the alumni.

It is too early as yet to judge this new discovery. It is manifestly unfair to Professor Goodspeed to do so before he has more amply explained. All that can be said at present is that Professor Goodspeed's scientific reputation is high, and that he is an acknowledged authority on the Röntgen ray. Certainly the theory will not be accepted without a great deal of discussion, the first echo of which is already heard from Paris. In a dispatch to The New York Herald, Dr. G. Le Bon is quoted as follows:

All the experiments made regarding this subject both by Colonel de Rochas and myself have given no result.

Colonel de Rochas did for a moment believe in the possibility of luminous radiations being emitted by the human body. A hand placed on a sensitive plate after a certain duration of time seemed to have influenced the sensitive plate. Here and there shapeless marks were visible upon it, but it is necessary to add that the same result was obtained by means of a glove filled with sand heated to the same temperature as the body. It could therefore only be inferred from these experiments that the marks on the plate were caused solely by heat.

THE SECRET OF PHOSPHORESCENCE

Scientists in America are turning their attention toward the practical possibilities of phosphorescence. The researches of Professor McKissick of the Auburn (Alabama) Polytechnic Institute, Professor Hallock of Columbia, and others, prove that darkness is, after all, only a relative term; that most, if not all, common substances store up sunlight during the day and emit it in the form of more or less powerful rays during the night. Harper's Weekly says:

Professor McKissick has been able to discern the emission of rays from over a dozen well-known chemicals which had previously been exposed to sunlight, and from such common substances as chalk, glucose, and sugar; sugar of the common brown variety was found to yield the most light. Not only was Professor McKissick able to take photographs by means of this light, but its quality was so similar to that of the X-ray that it affected a sensitive plate through an intervening thickness of two and a half inches of wood. Professor Hallock is of the opinion that some practical use might be made of the properties of phosphorescence, and

points to the way in which nature lights the ocean depths, and to the light of the firefly, as examples of what can be done. He thinks that much practical utility might be gained from the universal use of luminous paints which could be spread in dark hallways and on the walls and ceilings of office buildings to help out the twilight. In fact, it would seem that we are near to the secret of phosphorescence. When such common substances as sugar, glucose, and chalk are found to absorb sunlight all day and to give it off in rays during the night, the discovery of some means for rendering those rays visible does not seem like a very far cry into the future.

A NEW STORAGE BATTERY

Mr. Miller Reese Hutchison, inventor of the acousticon, has again come forward with a new invention in the shape of a dry storage battery of practical size.

The great advantage of Mr. Hutchison's battery, says The Mail and Express, is its small size in proportion to the work it will do. From one of the new batteries measuring only three inches high by two and a half wide and one-half an inch thick a current of thirty-five amperes and six volts can be secured on a short circuit. By a special device also the battery can be recharged from an ordinary electric lighting circuit or from the regulation bluestone cells.

It is of especial use to physicians, Mr. Hutchison claims, for all cases where electricity is employed and particularly for cauterizing work. Another claim for it is its adaptability for blasting work where the blasts are ignited by an electric spark. The batteries now used for such purposes are nearly ten times as large and very heavy. The Hutchison battery weighs but six ounces and can be carried in the pocket like a cigarette case to be used at any time by the blast foreman. With one charging it will run a miner's lamp twelve hours. In the latter instance it obviates the danger of fire damp explosions and gives a cheaper and better light. Among the possibilities of the invention is the application of the battery in larger sizes to automobiles.

NEW STATISTICS ON THE HUMAN BRAIN

Professor Marchand, of Marburg, publishes the statistics of the largest number of brain weights so far collected. His analysis includes 1,169 cases. The average weight of the brain at the birth of a male child, according to Professor Marchand, is 360 grams; of that of a female child 353 grams. He concludes that the lesser weight of a woman's brain is not alone dependent on her smaller stature, for a comparison of both sexes of the same height shows that the male brain is invariably heavier. In a growing child, until it reaches a height of 70 centimeters, the brain weight increases proportionately with the body length, regardless of age or sex. After this the male brain begins to outstrip the female. The maximum weight is attained about the twentieth year, at which age that of the male averages about

1,400 grams. The female maximum is usually reached about the seventeenth year, when the average is 1,275 grams.

MILNE'S SEISMOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

Prof. John Milne, the well-known seismological specialist, recently delivered an interesting lecture before the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain upon "Seismological Observations and Earth Physics," apropos of the various volcanic disturbances in various parts of the world. The *Scientific American* says:

Professor Milne pointed out the distinction which exists between macroseisms, or large earthquakes, and microseisms, or small earthquakes. The former he described as world-shaking disturbances, while as regarded the latter, there were about thirty thousand such disturbances every year, each of which disturbs from ten up to several hundreds of square miles of the earth's surface. All earthquakes belong either to the upper or the lower class. When a world-shaking earthquake takes place, and its origin is sub-oceanic, evidence is occasionally obtained showing that this has been accompanied by the bodily displacement of very large masses of material. For example, sea waves may be created which will cause an ocean like the Pacific to pulsate for many hours. The dimension of the mass which was moved—and inasmuch as the displacement was beneath the surface of the ocean, must have been moved suddenly to create an effect of this description—is not known. The observations made by cable engineers, which have shown that in the vicinity of the origin of such earthquakes depths have been greatly increased, and this over a considerable area, enable rough approximations to be made respecting these dimensions. When the effect has extended to shore lines, it is possible to measure definite currents of elevation or depression. With large earthquakes which have originated on land surfaces, the accompanying displacements are visible, and their magnitudes are, to a certain extent, measurable.

Nearly all active volcanoes occur along the ridges of rock folds which are in proximity to oceanic waters. By the percolation of this water to the foundations of these folds, where it comes into contact with a heated magma, extraordinary pressures are developed, the sudden relief of which results in a volcanic outburst. If we accepted a theory of this description, it was easy to imagine a stage when volcanic strain due to an increasing internal pressure was in a critical condition, and therefore likely to be destroyed by any movement in the rock fold where it existed. A good illustration of this relationship between sudden movements in rock folds and displays of volcanic activity was presented by the eruptions in the West Indies and the large earthquakes which have occurred there or in adjacent countries. From the recent geological history of the region it is shown that the Antilles once connected North and South America, while the Isthmus of Panama was submerged, the present Caribbean Sea being therefore a gulf of the Pacific. In Lower or Middle Miocene times, according to Dr. J. W. Gregory, Antillia itself was submerged and abyssal oozes were deposited, which are now elevated in

the Barbadoes to a height of 1,095 feet above sea level. In fact, the elevations and depressions of this region had been so great and performed with such rapidity that they had frequently been referred to by the opponents to the theory of the permanence of oceanic basins and continental masses. The most recent movements in the Antilles, as indicated by raised sea beaches, etc., had been upward. The inference to be drawn from the geological history of this region was that the Antillan ridge is one of unusual instability, and it was likely that in consequence of this characteristic it was so responsive to adjustments in neighboring folds.

It is in connection with such regions that seismograms are so valuable, since from these records of earth vibration obtained in epipocal areas, measures of earthquake energy expressed in mechanical units have been obtained. One result of this had been that engineers and builders in earthquake-shaken countries now built to withstand known forces. In Japan it has been repeatedly shown that bridges and buildings constructed according to European practices were unable to withstand the severe shakings which so frequently occur in that country, and, therefore, as opportunity presented itself, the old types of structure were being replaced by forms which experience had proved were not so readily disturbed. The importance of seismology was so far recognized by the Japanese Government that at its university are a professor and assistant professor of this subject, whose duties in part consist in giving to students of engineering and architecture, a course of instruction bearing on their future profession. The government also supports a bureau controlling about one thousand stations, and in addition to this they grant an annual subsidy to a committee, consisting largely of practical men, whose duty consists in making investigations which would lead to the mitigation of earthquake effects. Not only does this body investigate destruction which from time to time occurs in Japan, but should a disaster take place in Manila, India, or some distant country, a commission is dispatched to report on that which fell and that which remained intact. By this means Japan has become a repository for almost all that is known about applied seismology, which has already been the means of saving life and property. Seismograms of unfelt earthquakes not only explain certain irregularities in magnetograms, but they also throw light on abnormal movements in the records from electrometers and barometers. Apparent changes in the rates of timekeepers have frequently been traced to earth movements the occurrence of which could not be suspected without the aid of seismograms. It has often happened that cables have been destroyed by submarine earthquakes, and to know the causes of such interruptions is of great importance, especially to communities who have by such occurrences been suddenly isolated from the outer world. The breaking of cables in certain instances has been regarded as an operation of war, with the result that military and naval preparations have been made, expenses of various descriptions incurred, and naturally much alarm caused, all of which would have been avoided by the inspection of a seismogram. These records enable us to locate submarine sites where it would be rash to lay a cable. Lastly, they enable us to confirm, correct, extend, and occasionally to disprove messages that have been received by cable describing seismic catastrophes in distant countries.

A Side Light on American Greatness: Some of Our "Infant Industries"

AMERICAN SUCCESS....JOHN FRASER....NINETEENTH CENTURY

I have returned from a mission of inquiry into industrial conditions prevailing in the United States.

As the result of my investigations two things came out most prominently: first, that the British artisan is superior to the American workman; and, secondly, that the American manufacturer, the employer, the director of labor, is infinitely superior to his British prototype. The chief reason America is bounding ahead as an industrial nation is not excellence of workmanship, but ability in administration, in control, in being adaptable to the necessities of the day.

The American manufacturers of the present day are of the first generation. They are the kind of men, with differences, such as we had in England half a century ago creating mighty industrial concerns. Take up a catalogue of big American firms, and you will be surprised at the tiny percentage that did not start from practical nothings, and whose heads did not launch first into business with the proverbial shilling. Once I was talking to a millionaire, and in reply to an airy question of mine what was the first ingredient to make a man as wealthy as himself he replied, "Poverty!"

The American has had the best of incentives—"Had to"—and his brain has been strained, often to snapping, to gain all points that mean advantage. These men are often loud-mannered and bragging-tongued; they display a lack of refinement which makes a cold shiver run down one's back in talking to them. But probably the fathers and grandfathers of our present-day British manufacturers had like failings. The point, however, to be considered in this matter of comparison is that the Americans have been through the mill: their whole life is absorbed in their business; their conversation hardly ever gets beyond the radius of how more dollars can be made. You can never forget that here are men who give every moment of their life to their work. I do not put it forward as a noble life, but it is the life that makes successful business men.

Therefore, in considering America at work

there are these important factors not to be lost sight of: that the American is always enthusiastic; that he is the son of a virile race, with a quickness, an adroitness of intellect that is the result of mixed breeding; and that the heads of firms are mostly men who sprang from the people, are the makers of their own lives, and know their business through and through.

We, in this country, set much store by experience. The American sets more store by youthful enterprise. We think a man who has been in a business for thirty years is the one who ought to know most about it. The American thinks that a man who has been at it so long is certain to have fossilized ideas, and therefore not likely to keep abreast of the needs of the times. We think a youth thrown into responsibility will, likely as not, make a mess of things. The American thinks that responsibility brings ballast and with all the fire of his young manhood a youth will strive night and day to prove the confidence placed in him is well placed. And here the American is right. Time and time again, as I have gone through the workshops of the United States, I have almost been staggered at the mere boys who are managers and heads of departments; not the sons of proprietors, but young fellows who have started at the bottom, proved their grit, shown their energy, and been pushed on to high positions. It is not at all unusual to find a man of twenty-four years having the control of several thousand men. And the fact that a man is young and unmarried is no reason, in the employer's mind, why he should receive comparatively small salary. The question of how cheap you can get such men is not considered. No price is too big to give a lad who has brains and adaptiveness. It is recognized that by paying him well, appreciating him, you fire his enthusiasm.

The tendency within the next decade will be to pay lower wages in America for mere physical labor. The trend is to pay more, never mind what, for brains. Every young American knows this. That is why there is a positive rage for technical instruction and why the technical schools are ever crowded.

We have nothing like the same eagerness in Great Britain. After being in America, seeing young mechanics almost starve themselves to pay for a university course—filling in their vacations by acting as waiters in hotels, or tram conductors or bath-chairmen—it brings a chill to the heart of a Briton to come home and see hardly any such desire among the British youth, and to see our excellent technical schools appreciated only in a lukewarm way.

I readily recognize there is a stress and a strain in American industrial life which suggests the inquiry, whether, after all, the prize is worth the struggle? I have often shuddered at the thought of what is likely to be the effect on the race of making millions of workers little other than machines. Now and then I have been unable to restrain an open smile at the tremendous conceit of the American manufacturer and his colossal ignorance about things European. But it is not by pooh-poohing his braggadocio, nor by moralizing about the grinding conditions of labor, nor by complacently saying British ways are good enough for us, that British manufacturers will stem the tide of American industrial success, which is already more than threatening fields of commerce we had considered exclusively our own. It is not sufficient to point to the fact that British trade is increasing, and so dismiss foreign competition as the nightmare of pessimists. Increase of trade can only be considered comparatively. And while we crawl, America bounds.

OIL.....HARRY BEARDSLEY.....LESLIE'S WEEKLY

The oil industry of the United States had its inception only some forty-four years ago, but so great and rapid have been the strides it has made that to-day it ranks as one of the most important and profitable businesses in the country. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in its various branches, and it is giving employment to tens of thousands of workers. Last year 60,000,000 barrels of kerosene were produced in the Union, and it is reckoned that the proceeds from the sale of this and the various by-products obtained from crude petroleum aggregated nearly \$500,000,000. The use of oil for illuminating and heating purposes has been steadily extending. Although there has been of late years an enormous increase in the production, the latter has not more than kept pace with the consumption. There is no staple in connection with which there are brighter prospects of a large and continuous trade expansion.

Although petroleum has been discovered in many countries, nowhere have the processes of production been so highly perfected as in the United States. As a result of this, American machinery for the sinking of wells is in demand in all the principal foreign oil-fields. So great has been the progress here also in the art of refining that every constituent of the yield from the wells is now utilized, about one hundred by-products, including gasoline, naphtha, benzine, paraffine, etc., being extracted from it, with a total waste of not exceeding 1 per cent. American refined oil is so excellent and cheap that it is consumed abroad as well as at home, in yearly increasing quantities. The Standard Oil Company, which deserves the credit of creating the world-wide demand for kerosene, exported to the Orient alone last year, 3,000,000 cases of its refined product, and its shipments to Europe were larger still.

Petroleum was discovered, in a commercial sense, in this country in 1859, when the first wells were sunk in Pennsylvania. During the next few years many large fortunes were made by producers and speculators. Later, oil was found in abundance in New York and Ohio, and since that time West Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, Texas, California, Louisiana, and Colorado have become noted for their oil-fields. The actual production in Colorado has thus far been small, and the great expectations aroused by the Beaumont and other fields in Texas have been but partially realized. Petroleum has also been discovered in Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Oregon, and Alaska, but the developments in these localities have not as yet sufficed to test the value of the fields. The most promising oil-fields in North America at present appear to be those of California, and on these widespread interest is now being centered.

For about forty years oil has been known to exist in California, but development in earnest began only a few years ago. The oil business in this State, however, has already attained very large proportions, 14,000,000 barrels having been produced last year, and the outlook is for a progressive enlargement of the production for many years to come.

A BUDDING INDUSTRY: TEA CULTURE.....NEW YORK HERALD

The oldest and best known tea farm in the United States is that of Dr. Charles H. Shepard, at Summerville, S. C., who has been experimenting with the tea plant for fifteen years, and who has about one hundred acres set out to tea plants now.

During the season of 1902 the Pinehurst tea gardens produced more than eight thousand pounds of dry tea, almost doubling the crop of 1901. The average retail price of this tea is about \$1 a pound. The United States Government has of late years contributed toward the experiment work being done at Pinehurst, and Dr. Shepard is a special agent of the department. The department has purchased some rare and expensive seed, and also some improved machinery for use at the plantation. The fact that there is no duty imposed on tea imported into the United States now makes it impossible for the Pinehurst gardens to compete with the low-priced teas.

In the position which the United States takes in this matter it is almost alone among great nations. Great Britain imposes a tax of twelve cents a pound on tea, even if it comes from British colonies. In France the duty is more than twenty cents a pound. Dr. Shepard says that a duty of twelve to fifteen cents a pound on foreign teas would enable the American planter to meet all competition in the home market on favorable terms. This, he says, would exclude from the United States most of the "trashy" teas and enhance the cost of a pure medium grade only about one twenty-fifth of a cent per cup of the beverage.

That this American experiment is attracting world-wide interest may be seen from this item in the Colombo (Ceylon) Observer of December 23, 1902: "There is probably no more interesting tea-growing experiment in the world at the present moment than that of Mr. Shepard, at Pinehurst, S. C."

How profitable the growing of tea commercially may be in this country is yet largely a matter of experiment, but it seems altogether probable that it can be grown as a home product over a large portion of the South. The plant is an evergreen shrub, with beautifully glossy, dark green leaves. As an ornamental shrub, or set in hedges, or planted in otherwise unutilized corners around the house, it adds to the attractiveness of any home. The leaves can be cured at home, in small quantities, and, as Dr. Shepard says, they will furnish, free of expense, a wholesome beverage in the place of the too often questionable mixture bought as tea.

Tea culture cannot be undertaken safely except where the temperature rarely goes lower than 25 degrees Fahrenheit and where a plentiful supply of water can be depended

upon. In February of 1898, however, the mercury at Summerville went to one-half a degree below zero and the plants survived, although it was necessary to prune them to the ground afterward. There was five inches of snow on the ground at the time, and plants covered by the snow suffered the least.

So long ago as 1848 tea was successfully raised in Greenville, S. C., but the experiment was abandoned. Summerville is twenty miles inland from Charleston. Originally it was necessary to import all the seed. The Pinehurst gardens have tried seed from almost all available foreign gardens. Some of the most encouraging results have been obtained from seed brought from Ningpo, China, from a celebrated garden called Loong Tsin, which means "Dragon's Pool." The product of the Ningpo home garden is never exported. It sells for \$2 a pound in China. This is not by any means an exorbitant price. There are teas which sell regularly in Japan and China for from \$5 to \$50 a pound.

The tea seeds are planted in the fall and lie in the ground until the next spring. As the young plants are extremely sensitive to the sun it is necessary to erect a shelter over the nursery. At Pinehurst this is done by stretching coarse wire netting over posts high enough so that a person can work under the net. The wire is then covered with pine needles, sacking or boards.

During the last few years experiments have been conducted with a view to cultivating plants entirely under cover of this kind. This keeps the leaves green and tender, with the result that the dried tea made from them has a more delicate flavor. This is probably a return to the native conditions of the plant, as the trees in the Indian jungles are shaded by the dense forest growth, which towers above them.

SHADE-GROWN TOBACCO . . WALDON FAWCETT . . SCIEN. AMERICAN

One of the most interesting as well as most important of the new activities fostered by the United States Department of Agriculture is found in the growing of Sumatra tobacco under shade in the Connecticut Valley. The experiments in this field were the direct result of the investigation of the physical properties and composition of tobacco soils undertaken soon after the organization in 1891 of the Division of Soils of the Department of Agriculture. The similarity of the tobacco grown upon the

light sandy soil bordering on the Connecticut River to that produced in Sumatra was at once noted, but the American leaf was lacking in some respects, notably in uniformity of color, and it was to remedy this, as well as to improve the quality of the tobacco in other respects, that the government officials undertook the experimental work which has resulted so successfully.

The plan followed has been, in a sense, a coöperative one. The farmers pay the entire cost of the erection of the shade, cultivation of the crop, and the fermentation, grading and sorting of the leaf. The government furnishes the seeds and controls in every way the cultivation, preparation and selling of the product, the understanding being that the government derives no financial benefits from the transaction, but simply has the right to offer the crop for sale in order to determine the value placed upon it by the tobacco dealers and manufacturers.

The very light sand or sandy loam of the Connecticut Valley is admirably adapted to the cultivation of the Sumatra tobacco. In this connection it may be noted that, with the exception of a small area in Florida and southern Georgia and a narrow area in Pennsylvania, there are no other tracts, so far as at present known, where this type of tobacco can be successfully grown unless it be, perhaps, in some of the tobacco districts of New York and Wisconsin, where a thorough investigation has not yet been carried out.

The provision of the cheese-cloth shade constitutes one of the most distinctive features of the industry in the Connecticut Valley. The vast canopies are supported on frames of substantial construction. Chestnut posts, four inches in diameter and twelve feet in length, are set three feet in the ground, leaving nine feet for the height of the frame. The posts are placed sixteen and one-half feet apart and are connected one way by stringers, while across the other are run heavy cable wires stapled to each post and made secure at each end of the field by stakes driven well into the ground. Parallel with and between these cable wires are run wires of lighter weight to support the cloth. The entire structure is covered with a heavy tent cloth which comes to the ground on all sides. A gate is provided, covered with cloth, and in the case of a field of exceptional size a road is left lengthwise through the field.

Preparation of the seed beds begins in the fall when the ground is well plowed or spaded, and

divided into beds six feet wide and of any desired length, surrounded by boards. These beds are highly fertilized and covered with leaves to protect them from frosts during the winter season. About April 1 this top dressing is removed and the bed again spaded, after which there is sown the seed which has sprouted in jars or other receptacles kept in warm rooms, a preliminary treatment made necessary by the fact that the Sumatra seed requires an unusually high temperature for germination. If the soil is at all dry the beds are kept continuously moist, but not wet, until the plants are set out. The plants are set with a planter at a distance of twelve inches apart in rows three feet three inches apart. Inasmuch as the machine waters the plants when they are set, the transplanting can be done at any time, irrespective of weather conditions.

The curing is, of course, a very delicate operation, governed by the nature of the tobacco and the conditions of the weather, and consequently varying in almost every case. The object in all cases is to have the tobacco become fairly moist and fairly dried out once every twenty-four hours, and to accomplish this latter it is sometimes found necessary to have fires started in small charcoal heaters distributed throughout the barn. The average time for curing tobacco is from fourteen to eighteen days.

The next step is fermentation, which is carried on in the sweat room, where from five thousand to six thousand pounds of tobacco are placed in each bulk. When the tobacco has been thoroughly cured it is sized, assorted and baled. The bales measure thirty inches square and are pressed to a thickness of one foot—the exact size of the bales imported from Sumatra. A bale of these dimensions contains from 150 to 160 pounds. The covering used is matting imported from the island of Sumatra, and over this is put another covering of burlap. The total cost of producing shade-grown tobacco in Connecticut averages about \$657 per acre. The tobacco has already sold at prices ranging from \$1.40 to \$2.50 a pound, which is very significant in view of the fact that the Connecticut Havana tobacco, grown in the ordinary manner, but long recognized as the most desirable domestic tobacco for wrapper purposes, brings but eighteen or twenty cents a pound. The Sumatra tobacco imported exclusively for wrapper purposes pays a duty of \$1.85 per pound and sells on the market for from \$2.50 to \$3 per pound.

The Clepsydra

By Jerome Doucet *

In all Etruria, land of a beautiful race, one might have looked in vain for a man more sadly deformed than Milesias. His two scrawny arms were of unequal length, and swung loosely at his sides. His misshapen knees knocked together, and his body was so bent that his legs appeared to be suspended from his shoulders. His thick, bushy, black eyebrows met together on his forehead over a nose hooked like the beak of an owl, and his thin lips were tightly drawn against a row of short, strong, white teeth. But his eyes, very black and very small, twinkled with a strange vivacity in his wrinkled, sallow face, and his long, white supple fingers, dexterous and cunning, were constantly occupied.

The mockery of the children, and the disdain of the men, and the coldness of the women had exiled him from the city. A little way from the town on the edge of the road which skirted the mountain, where the clear springs which supplied the aqueduct had their source, he had built his strange abode. It was a light room, large and deep, and the roof supported

*From *Tales of the Spinner*. Jerome Doucet. Done into English by T. O. Guen. With illustrations by Alfred Garth Jones. N. Y. R. H. Russell.



a gigantic amphora. Its red earthen sides, decorated in black and yellow, depicted a fête in honor of Minerva, and the water from a purling stream kept it constantly filled.

There Milesias had built a great water-clock, faultless in construction, and when, with sneering disdain, he compared the exactness of his timepiece with the obscure records of the sun-dials of other houses, it was only to show the others that he knew the time of day as well as they. He even knew more about the time than they, for he could still read the hour when the sun no longer recorded the course of its irresistible march upon the burnished bronze plate of their sun-dials. He had arranged his clock so that the water which fell, drop by drop through each hour, was received in twelve small jars which he had carefully cut with great exactness to the precise size from stone of the color best suited to each hour—from jet black as midnight without a star in the heavens, to the white of a milky opal, from the lightest coral to a red as fiery as the mid-day sun.

Each of these twelve jars marked an hour,





and Milesias could, by looking at them, even at a distance, tell from the level of the falling water what moment of the day or night it was, even to the fraction of a minute.

Knowing the pride he took in his unique timepiece, the passers-by would ask of him, "Milesias, what is the hour?" And Milesias would respond, "By the time you have taken three more steps, the ninth hour will have passed." Little by little Milesias grew to consider himself the master of time, and it seemed to him that he alone could command the hours. He was overcome with a great pity for blind, unthinking humanity in general, and imagined that in time he could invade the sphere of the planets and govern the changes of the sun, so that he could control their destiny. And so for him, nothing in the world existed but his Clepsydra, until one morning a beautiful child stopped in front of his door.

"Milesias," asked the child in a soft, gentle voice, "tell me what hour does your Clepsydra indicate."

Hurriedly Milesias answered, "While you were speaking, I have made the third hour begin."

The child smiled; a warm breeze stirred among the trees as softly as a lullaby, opening the swelling buds with its soft breath.

Milesias thought that he was doubted. "Do you suppose, child, that I could be mistaken? Are you ignorant of the fact that it is I alone who govern

the hours, and that I allow no one to doubt my word?"

The child laughed, a low, rippling musical laugh that shook the golden arrows in his quiver until they gave forth a sound like a chime of kisses.

Milesias grew purple with anger, and turning, quickly seized a stick, for he suddenly perceived the two doves that a moment before had been resting on the shoulders of the child, drinking freely from the water-jars that told the hours. As he lifted his stick to strike, the beautiful white birds flew up suddenly, overturning his most precious clock, and in a moment the child was struggling among the debris of the twelve jars scattered on the ground. Then, with his bewildering laugh still ringing in the air, the beautiful child, in all his splendor, flew away, his rosy wings shimmering in the light, leaving Milesias gazing sadly at the broken fragments of his treasures strewn on the ground at his feet. Great tears, like the drops of the Clepsydra, rolled down his pale, wan cheeks.

His life's work was destroyed forever, and with it his reputation and power had, in one instant, disappeared beyond recall for all time. Nothing could ever restore it. He had expended all that he had possessed on his beloved water-clock. He had neither the strength nor the ambition to endeavor to rebuild his wonderful timepiece now that he realized how easily all his





work might be destroyed again. He who had for so long led others could not bear to be led now in his turn.

Milesias wept broken-heartedly without trying to restore the damage or even stopping to pick up the scattered bits of the broken jars. He wept out of pity for himself, and also from sympathy for the sorrows of mankind, who would no longer be able to distinguish the hours as they passed, and so would drift on in ignorance to veritable chaos. Milesias would no longer be at hand with his Clepsydra to guide the world on its way.

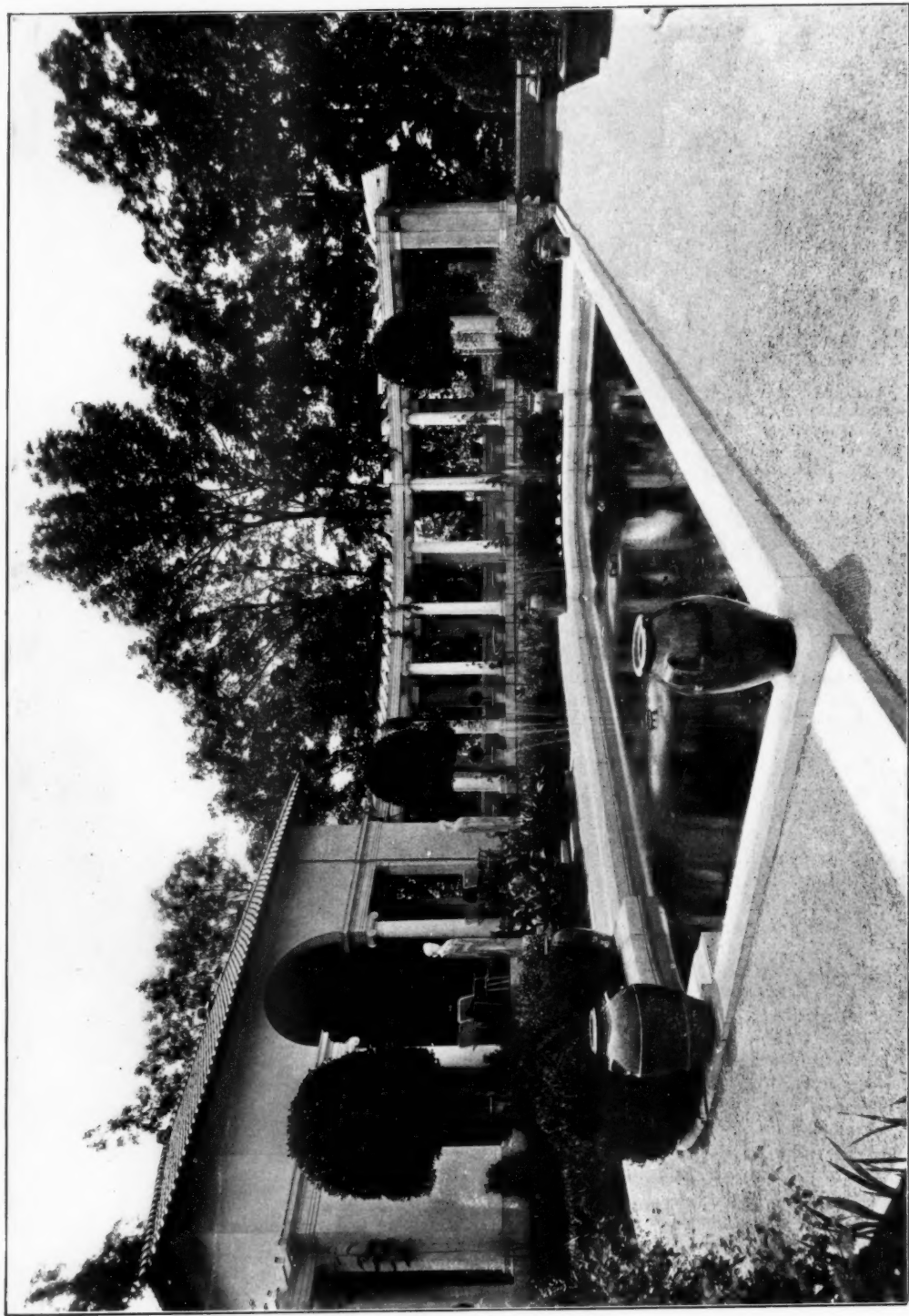
One summer evening he saw a group of reapers coming along the road toward his house. Leading the little procession was a tall figure carrying a scythe. When he saw the scythe, Milesias felt a pang of despair, for he thought it was the figure of death approaching, but he was soon reassured, for he saw it was a kindly looking old man, with a flowing white beard. And those who followed—twelve in number—seemed, for some mysterious reason, to have been gathered from all quarters of the earth. One was as dark as a night without a moon, with two brilliant eyes shining like stars. Another, Aurora, had a skin like milk, with pale, golden hair in a cloud about her head; while

others had braids of brilliant red, like the rays of the mid-day sun. The twelve followed one after another along the road. Milesias was still crying. The old man inquired of him the cause of his sorrows. As Milesias proceeded with his story, the reaper recognized, from his description, the culprit who had wrought the destruction. He then made a sign to his twelve companions, each one of whom gathered up the scattered fragments of a jar, and, putting the pieces carefully together, filled them with water to the proper level. Milesias was overcome with gratitude.

"It is only just," said the old man kindly, "that those whom you have served so long and faithfully should help you in your hour of need, and that I, their father, should lend you my protection in your trouble. But in the future," said he, looking at the poor, deformed Milesias, "be watchful lest he who not long ago came to your door should return, for remember, that Time cannot always heal the hurts which Love inflicts."

With these words he went on his way, taking with him the train of strange girls—the hours—destined always to be chained together like a convoy of slaves—chained for all time to travel the desert of eternity which has no limit but immortality.





Courtesy of Country Life in America

SPRAGUE ESTATE. "THE COOL DEPTHS OF THE CASINO WHERE YOU MAY WATCH THE FISH IN THE BASIN."

The Making Of A Garden

Interest in gardens and gardening has never been so pronounced as it is to-day. In this country the art of gardening has passed its embryonic stage, and is in a fair way soon to challenge comparison with that of those English and Italian gardens which so impress the American traveler during his rambles abroad. While gardens, beautiful in their design and scope, are usually associated with the estates of the wealthy, they are, nevertheless, on a smaller scale, within the reach of all who love the country and who have their residences there. In the June Outing, Charles W. Leavitt, Jr., writes upon The Garden of the Small Country Property as follows:

Since suburban life became popular and necessary, some thirty years ago, there seemed to be born in man a desire to have a house different from his neighbors, and the result is often startling. The authority for the architecture of these houses can rarely be found, as they are almost always original creations without any reference to precedent.

There is no doubt that lots should be distinct one from another, and be treated in as many different ways as possible. After the house has been designed, the matter of its location upon the lot is one for much study. For instance, if the land should rise very abruptly from the street, you would probably want to have the house set quite close to your rear line and all your garden in the front, as it would be very safe to assume that the neighbor in the rear would keep his house close to the street and have his garden in the rear. In choosing the lot a man should bear in mind that, if it is either above or below the street, he must make ample allowance for proper grading; otherwise I should advise his buying a lot on a level

with the street. I thoroughly believe in fencing a property. It should be done before the development of the ground is taken up. Of course, the most permanent and handsome division may be made with a stone or brick wall, over which vines will readily grow. This should be decorated on top with pots of plants. It should be borne in mind that paths are a matter of utility and necessity rather than one of beauty, and that, unless arranged in

the form of a little formal garden of some well-proportioned design, are rather objects to be obscured from view than brought into prominence. Inasmuch as houses built on small properties are generally of wood, I do not think it often advisable for a man to undertake architectural features in his gardens; still, if the house be a handsome one, and he has the means to introduce one or more objects of art, such as a sun-dial, a stone statue, a pergola, a stone seat, a good jardiniere or vase—either of stone or terra-cotta—the effect may be very good and quite appropriate.

The preparation of the ground for walks and planting is of great importance and should be done before any planting or finishing is attempted. The walks should have a foundation of stone or gravel to insure their being dry, and also to act as drains for the land to prevent its becoming wet and sour. We now come to the question of planting. This is a matter which everyone can readily become familiar with by study. It is, perhaps, as good a way as any for a layman to start his studies of



Courtesy of Country Life in America
HUNNEWELL ESTATE. "STONE STAIRCASES LEAD DOWN FROM ONE LEVEL TO ANOTHER"



Courtesy of Outing
AN ATTRACTIVE ENTRANCE. "ALONG THE STREET
FRONT AN AVENUE OF TREES"

plants by getting a number of nursery catalogues and reading them carefully. After one has advanced this far he may, with propriety, buy some books on gardening, of which he will understand enough to be intelligently interested.

Along the street front is usually to be found an avenue of trees. If it is not already there, it is pretty safe for the owner to put some shade trees in front of his lot, such as maples, lindens, Oriental plants, or horse chestnuts. This being done, it might be well to pick out several points on the lot, preferably a point to the west and one to the south, and put in some deciduous trees, such as magnolia (in varieties), pin oak, red oak, Kentucky coffee tree, liriiodendron, sweet gum, catalpa, and box elder. About these may be grouped some shrubs, such as Forsythia, barberry, spiraea (in variety), Japan quince, mock orange, lilac, snowballs (*Viburnum plicatum*); also *Viburnum opulus*, *Prunus pissardii*, and golden elder. On the north and east sides of the house I would suggest putting groups of evergreens, such as Colorado blue spruce, con-color spruce, hemlock, white pine, and Austrian pine for a background, with George Peabody, *Retinispora aurca*, *Retinispora mana*, *Pinus mughus*, and box in the foreground. In this group could be introduced some rhododendrons, *Andromeda floribunda*, and perhaps holly. These will form a shield from the north and east winds.

Very often a man is puzzled how to divide his vegetable garden from his

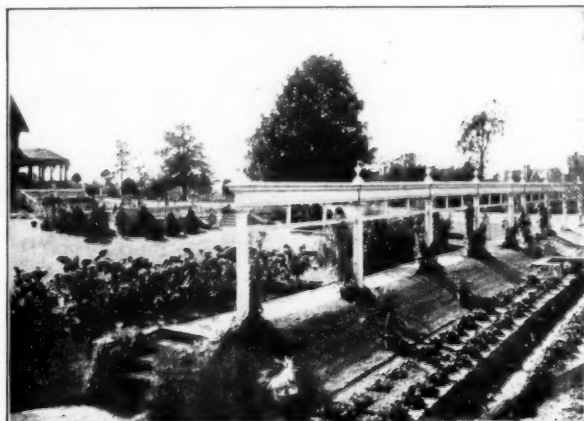
formal or flower garden. This problem has been solved in one instance by the construction of a peristyle, over which vines will eventually be grown.

It would seem apparent to almost every one that not only practical, but beautiful, results may be obtained on small country properties if a reasonable amount of thought be expended in the formation of a plan before the work is started, and if the plans are carried out conscientiously and not spoiled by a change of mind or lack of faith.

Formal gardens are more ambitious in design, are expensive to plan and cultivate, and are associated with the country villas of the wealthy. The planning and laying out of formal gardens is an art in itself, and demands much artistic and architectural ability. The following extract from *How to Make a Formal Garden at a Moderate Cost*, by Warren H. Manning, in *Country Life in America*, interestingly describes the problems in the design of a formal garden.

The successful plan for a formal garden must grow out of an independent study of conditions, not a study of ready-made plans. A good plan will be a reasonable thing; that is, there will be an obvious reason for every part of it. You will not put in walks, beds, dials, arbors, pools, etc., because they are pretty, or because you regard them as an essential part of the furnishings of such a garden, as you would regard a frying-pan an essential in the kitchen. Obviously, a pool or fountain without a constant and copious water supply would be unsatisfactory, and a sun-dial in constant shade would be quite absurd.

Above all, avoid the curious and the gro-



Courtesy of Outing
PERISTYLE DIVIDING FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDENS

tesque, unless you are ready frankly to accept the idea that the garden is to be a museum—a place for the display of freaks.

Neither should there be attempted in the flower gardens of small home grounds a pattern in walks and beds so complicated that it cannot be traced by the eye upon the ground, without the omission of flowers in variety. The very crooked walks and beds of such designs are difficult to care for.

In determining the location, the relative size of beds, walks and other features, it is the

or five feet wide; narrow walks in the center of beds should be from one and one-half to two feet wide. Walks made of a permanent material require less care and are more comfortable to travel, and occasional mud and dust need not seriously detract from your pleasure.

A low, true edge should be formed next to the bed to hold walks and earth in place; and in addition to this, a verdant edge of such plants as dwarf box ivy, or the dwarf high-bush cranberry—all of which can be held by trimming to a rigid line.



Courtesy of Country Life in America

"WATER IN BASINS ADDS MUCH TO THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF A FORMAL GARDEN"

harmony of good proportion and fitness which gives artistic merit to a good design.

In making the design for beds, bear in mind that it is difficult to cultivate from one walk a bed over four feet wide, or one over eight feet wide between two walks. If beds are to be wider, then narrow walks through the center will be needed. The width of walks is governed largely by usage. If a horse and cart are to be used, a walk should be six to eight feet wide; a wheelbarrow will require a walk three feet wide; if two persons are to walk abreast comfortably, the walk should be four

Water in basins and fountains adds much to the attractiveness of a formal garden, if it can be secured in sufficient quantity to be a permanent feature.

Even if you do not use water as a feature in the garden design, it is desirable, and in some places quite essential, that you have it from hose connections for watering beds. Where the water supply is limited, it can be used to make a wet spot for bog plants, or it can be used in a shallow basin as a water mirror, in which fishes, but not plants, can be kept, but in which plants grown along the side will be



Courtesy of Country Life in America

HUNNEWELL ESTATE. "THE GREAT OPEN LAWN ARTFULLY CONSTRUCTED"

reflected; or as a small stream running from a spouting head into a basin in a wall, from which it will drip to a lower basin with an outlet. If there be a column of water, it should be continuous and strong. In the construction of basins, cement is most serviceable and least expensive. Of course, in winter the water should be shut off; but if, in the construction of the basins, the sides are made flaring instead of perpendicular, the action of ice is not so likely to burst them.

A hedge as a boundary for a garden is appropriate; but, owing to the amount of space it will ultimately occupy, its interference with the growth of garden plots, the trouble of keeping it in good condition, and its lack of flowers, it is usually best to substitute substantial brick or stone walls, if the house be brick or stone, or wooden fences if the house be of wood.

An appropriate place for seats, arbors, sundials and other useful and attractive accessories will be found as the plan develops.

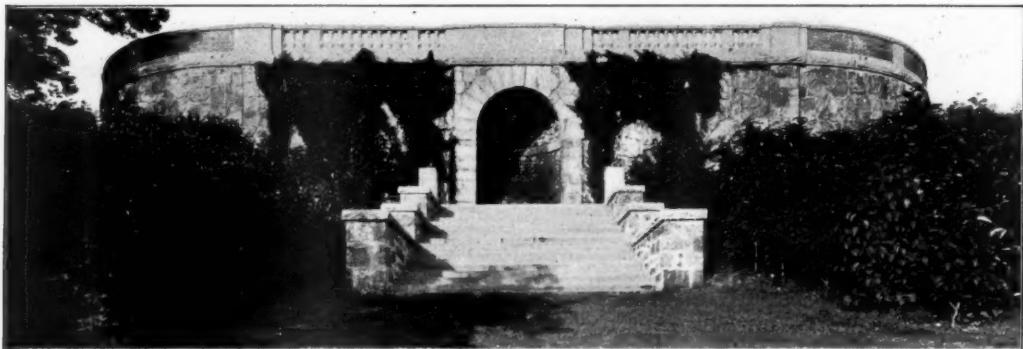
In planting, the purpose should be to establish an effective display of color in foliage, flowers, twigs or fruits in their season, rather

than a varied and interesting collection of plants—if it is a flower garden rather than a botanic garden that is to be created. This will be accomplished best by using in large quantities the few varieties that will give the best floral or other effects desired, rather than many varieties in small quantities.

A typical formal garden is that of the Sprague Estate in Brookline, Massachusetts, which is described as follows, by Jessie M. Good in an article entitled *The Art of Formal Gardening*, from *Country Life in America*:

Surrounding the house is a magnificent courtyard enclosed by brick walls and ornamental gates in wrought iron. From the courtyard ascends a fine stone stairway to a circular temple from which a view may be had of the entire estate.

On the west is a superb grassy terrace from which a famous view of the surrounding country may be seen; from this terrace the great stone stairway leads to a grotto below. Some very beautiful arches support this stairway, and from the grotto, out of which water trickles over mossy stones, refreshing sights



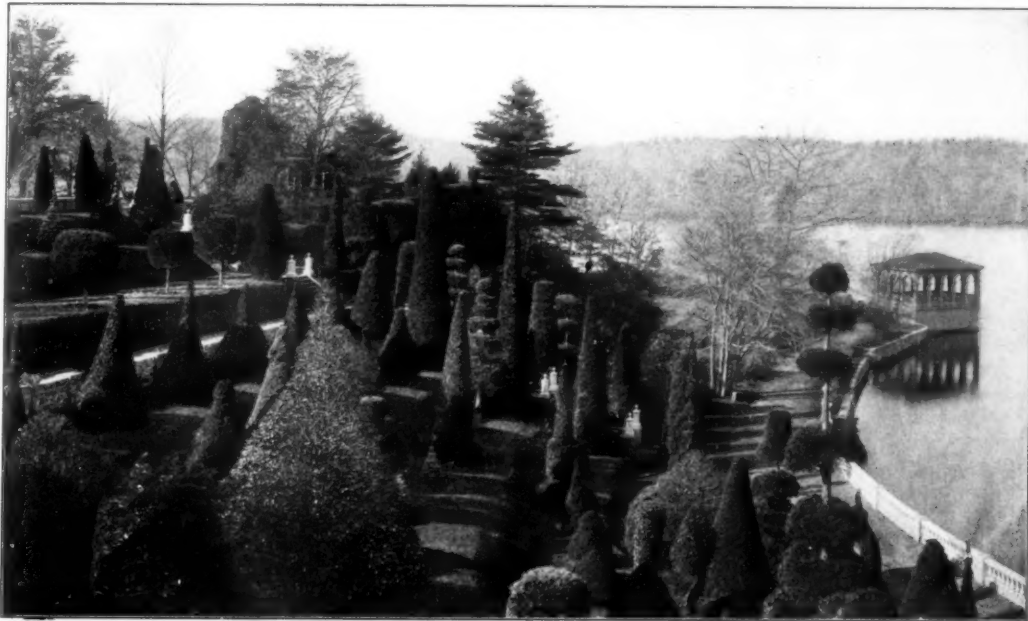
Courtesy of Country Life in America

SPRAGUE ESTATE. "A CIRCULAR TEMPLE FROM WHICH A VIEW MAY BE HAD"

and sounds are experienced on a warm day. From the southeast corner of the house leads a beautiful vine-covered trellis, where one may walk or sit in the shade and feast his eyes on the rich formal garden which lies to the south of the dwelling, with the casino at the end. The walls, walks, casino and curving pergolas, and clipped or pleached bay-trees, closely follow the best Italian models.

There are grassy terraces surrounding the house, and the garden upon the best side of the house. The regular walks and the flower beds, the latter only formal shape, are crowded with bloom, and not with formal set patterns in

one surprise to another, from statues gleaming from the background of green trees to the pergola, whose leafy shadows, dancing down between the pillars, invite you to follow and lead you into the cool depths of the casino, where, while you rest, you may watch the fish in the basin or revel in the wealth of color in the garden beyond. A tall, grilled iron gate in one of the walks seems to say that this part of the garden is private, but you find it only a device for adding beauty and variety to the scene and to tempt you to explore the glories which may lie behind it. Observe the details of the stone capped wall inclosing the garden



Courtesy of Country Life in America

HUNNEWELL ESTATE. "A DECIDED ITALIAN OR EVEN DUTCH FEELING TO THE LANDSCAPE"

flowers. At one side of the great area stands the mansion, with three terraces behind it, and a grotto still in the rear. At the left is the flower garden whose central walk leads to a luxurious basin and thence to a casino; this flower garden is connected with the residence by a pergola. Directly in front of the residence is the large graveled court. Looking outward from the house, down a straight walk, one sees the temple, and the right-angled walks lead through groves. The walks are pleached with bay-trees in the most approved fashion.

The details of this garden, terraces and groves are perfect, from the manner in which one is led from one beauty to another, from

and the ornamental tiles set in the base of the walls at the ends of the walks; also the pillared recesses which break the flat outlines of the wall, the statues, the vases, the urns, the walks, the marble stairs, the seats. Nothing seems to be forgotten that might add to the architectural, historical or landscape perfection of the whole.

Another well-known and beautiful formal garden is to be found on the Hunnewell Estate, a New England home famous for its Italian garden. It is an object lesson in horticulture. The following description is from the pen of Bryant Fleming, and is also taken from *Country Life in America*:

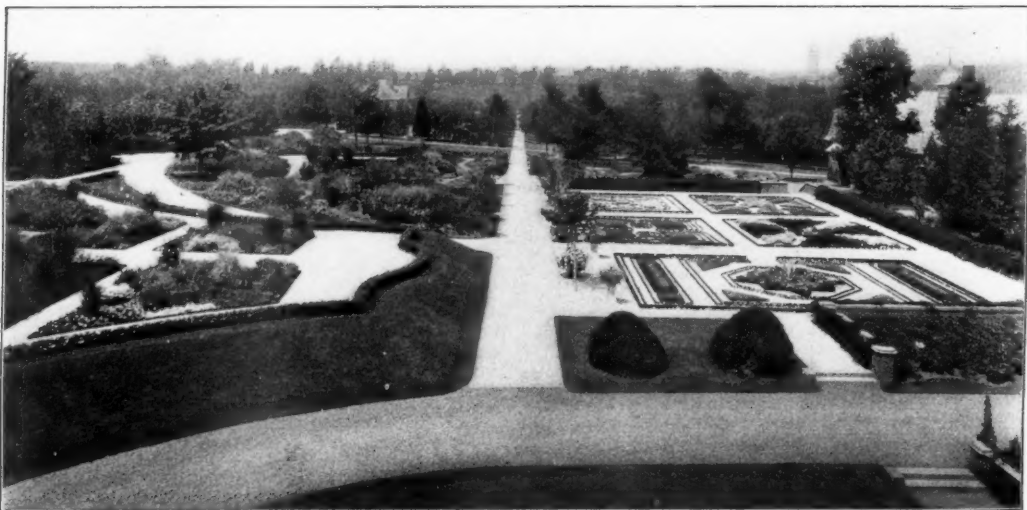
The Hunnewell estate shows an entire mastery of true English garden design. This

is thoroughly evidenced by the great open lawn so artfully constructed before his house. In extent and completeness of its garden inclosures it also bears a close resemblance to European gardens. In the rear of the house, overlooking the lake, the parterre leads off from the verandas and conservatory, giving a hint of Le Nôtre and the French, while beyond, and more immediately upon the shore of the lake, the terrace gardens give a decided Italian or even Dutch feeling to the landscape. From these gardens there is an unobstructed view across the lake to the wooded shores beyond, upon which the buildings of Wellesley College are the only conspicuous architectural feature in the landscape. Fortunately they add more to, rather than detract from, the view. Relieved against the lake, the trimmed trees of this garden and the fine specimens of the pinetum beyond gain greater interest and dignity from their reflection in the quiet surface of the water. The formality of these terrace garden trees upon the shore is, to an extent, justified by their close proximity to the collection of conifers serving as their background, to many of which nature has given quite as rigid a formality. Stone staircases lead down from one level to another; at the base a carriage drive is separated from the water by a white balustrade; and overlooking all is a well-designed casino or shelter, entered from the main entrance drive to the property, and affording an unrivaled view across the lake to the hills beyond.

Strolling along the terraces, one suddenly finds himself in a rustic garden, wild and in a natural confusion, where flowers creep in among the rocks, and ferns push up to unfold their croziers. A winding path leads down to a pavilion on the edge of the lake, and forms a convenient place where one may sit and look back upon the clipped vines masquerading as toadstools, junipers as pyramids, and cedars forming posts for walls of hemlock.

Beyond the entrance drive, and immediately opposite the pavilion overlooking the terrace gardens, a path leads up and through a small but delightful rockery, to what might be termed the azalea gardens, inclosed within a wall of trimmed arbor vitæ. The center of the inclosed garden is reserved for the more delicate plants, brought from the greenhouses at their time of flowering; while on the outskirts, massed against the hedge and large trees of the background, are permanently planted the hardier species. The main outline of the azalea garden is well defined by a tent-like framework of iron.

To the right of the house and, in a sense, balancing the terrace gardens, the pinetum and azalea gardens on the left, are greenhouses, the rhododendron garden, and the cut-flower or formal flower garden. In this portion of the estate one finds again a distinctly formal treatment. High walls of arbor vitæ, trimmed to a smooth surface, form what was once termed the holly walk, and also determine the boundaries of the several inclosures.



Courtesy of Country Life in America

TWO DISTINCT STYLES OF FORMAL GARDENING SIDE BY SIDE

"The Young Ravens That Call Upon Him"

By Charles G. D. Roberts *

It was just before dawn, and a grayness was beginning to trouble the dark about the top of the mountains. Even at that cold height there was no wind. The veil of cloud that hid the stars hung but a handbreadth above the naked summit. To eastward the peak broke away sheer, beetling in a perpetual menace to the valleys and the lower hills. Just under the brow, on a splintered and creviced ledge, was the nest of the eagles.

As the thick dark shrank down the steep like a receding tide, and the grayness reached the ragged heap of branches forming the nest, the young eagles stirred uneasily under the loose droop of the mother's wings. She raised her head and peered about her, slightly lifting her wings as she did so; and the nestlings, complaining at the chill air that came in upon their unfledged bodies, thrust themselves up amid the warm feathers of her thighs. The male bird, perched on a jutting fragment beside the nest, did not move. But he was awake. His white, narrow, flat-crowned head was turned to one side, and his yellow eye, under its straight, fierce lid, watched

the pale streak that was growing along the distant eastern sea-line.

The great birds were racked with hunger. Even the nestlings, to meet the petitions of whose gaping beaks they stinted themselves without mercy, felt meagre and uncomfortable. Day after day the parent birds had fished almost in vain; day after day their wide and tireless hunting had brought them scant reward. The schools of alewives, mackerel, and herring seemed to shun their shores that spring. The rabbits seemed to have fled from all the coverts about their mountain.

The mother eagle, larger and of mightier wing than her mate, looked as if she had met with misadventure. Her plumage was disordered. Her eyes, fiercely and restlessly anxious, at moments grew dull as if with exhaustion. On the day before, while circling at her viewless height above a lake far inland, she had marked a huge lake-trout, basking near the surface of



"THE LAMB HUNG LIMP FROM HIS TALONS"

the water. Dropping upon it with half-closed, hissing wings, she had fixed her talons in its back. But the fish had proved too powerful for her. Again and again it had dragged her under water and she had been almost drowned before she could unloose the terrible grip of

*From *Earth's Enigmas*. Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50. Copyright, 1903, by L. C. Page & Company (Incorporated). All rights reserved.

her claws. Hardly, and late, had she beaten her way back to the mountain-top.

And now the pale streak in the east grew ruddy. Rust-red stains and purple crawling fissures began to show on the rocky face of the peak. A piece of scarlet cloth, woven from among the fagots of the nest, glowed like new blood in the increasing light. And presently a wave of rose appeared to break and wash down over the summit, as the rim of the sun came above the horizon.

The male eagle stretched his head far out over the depth, lifted his wings and screamed harshly, as if in greeting of the day. He paused a moment in that position, rolling his eye upon the nest. Then his head went lower, his wings spread wider, and he launched himself smoothly and swiftly into the abyss of air, as a swimmer glides into the sea. The female watched him, a faint wraith of a bird darting through the gloom till presently, completing his mighty arc, he rose again into the full light of the morning. Then on level, all but the moveless wing, he sailed away toward the horizon.

As the sun rose higher and higher, the darkness began to melt on the tops of the lower hills and to diminish on the slopes of the upland pastures, lingering in the valleys as the snow delays there in the spring. As point by point the landscape uncovered to his view, the eagle shaped his flight into a vast circle, or rather into a series of stupendous loops. His neck was stretched toward the earth, in the intensity of his search for something to ease the bitter hunger of his nestlings and his mate.

Not far from the sea, and still in darkness, stood a low, round hill, or swelling upland. Bleak and shelterless, whipped by every wind that the heavens could let loose, it bore no bush but an occasional juniper scrub. It was covered with mossy hillocks, and with short grass, meagre but sweet. There in the chilly gloom, straining her ears to catch the lightest footfall of approaching peril, but hearing only the hushed thunder of the surf, stood a lonely ewe over the lamb to which she had given birth in the night.

Having lost the flock when the pangs of travail came upon her, the unwonted solitude filled her with apprehension. But as soon as the first feeble bleating of the lamb fell upon her ear, everything was changed. Her terrors all at once increased tenfold—but they were for her young, not for herself; and with them came a strange boldness such as her heart had never known before. As the little weakling slivered against her side, she uttered low,

short bleats and murmurs of tenderness. When an owl hooted in the woods across the valley, she raised her head angrily and faced the sound, suspecting a menace to her young. When a mouse scurried past her, with a small rustling noise amid the withered mosses of the hillock, she stamped fiercely, and would have charged had the intruder been a lion.

When the first gray of dawn descended over the pasture, the ewe feasted her eyes with the sight of the trembling little creature, as it lay on the wet grass. With gentle nose she coaxed it and caressed it, till presently it struggled to its feet, and, with its pathetically awkward legs spread wide apart to preserve its balance, it began to nurse. Turning her head as far around as she could, the ewe watched its every motion with soft murmurings of delight.

And now that wave of rose, which had long ago washed the mountain and waked the eagles, spread tenderly across the open pasture. The lamb stopped nursing and the ewe, moving forward two or three steps, tried to persuade it to follow her. She was anxious that it should, as soon as possible, learn to walk freely, so they might together rejoin the flock.

The lamb seemed afraid to take so many steps. The mother returned to its side, caressed it anew, pushed it with her nose, and again moved away a few feet, urging it to go with her. At this moment there came a terrible hissing rush out of the sky, and a great form fell upon the lamb. The ewe wheeled and charged madly, but at the same instant the eagle, with two mighty buffetings of his wings, rose beyond her reach and soared away toward the mountain. The lamb hung limp from his talons; and with piteous cries the ewe ran beneath, gazing upward, and stumbling over the hillocks and juniper bushes.

In the nest of the eagles there was content. The pain of their hunger appeased, the nestlings lay dozing in the sun, the neck of one resting across the back of the other. The triumphant male sat erect upon his perch, staring out over the splendid world that displayed itself beneath him. The mother bird, perched upon a limb on the edge of the nest, busily rearranged her plumage. At times she stooped her head into the nest to utter over her sleeping eaglets a soft, chuckling noise, which seemed to come from the bottom of her throat.

But hither and thither, over the bleak hill, wandered the ewe, calling for her lamb, unmindful of the flock, which had been moved to other pastures.

Pasha: The Son of Selim

By Sewell Ford*

Long, far too long, has the story of Pasha, son of Selim, remained untold.

The great Selim, you know, was brought from far across the seas, where he had been sold for a heavy purse by a venerable sheik, who tore his beard during the bargain, and swore by Allah that without Selim there would be for him no joy in life. Also he had wept quite convincingly on Selim's neck—but he finished by taking the heavy purse. That was how Selim, the great Selim, came to end his days in Fayette County, Kentucky. Of his many sons, Pasha was one.

In almost idyllic manner were spent the years of Pasha's colthood. They were years of pasture roaming and bluegrass cropping. When the time was ripe, began the hunting-lessons. Pasha came to know the feel of the saddle and the voice of the hounds. He was taught the long, easy lope. He learned how to gather himself for a sail through the air over a hurdle or a water-jump. Then, when he could take five bars clean, when he could clear an eight-foot ditch, when his wind was so sound that he could lead the chase from dawn until high noon, he was sent to the stables of a Virginia tobacco-planter who had need of a new hunter who could afford Arab blood.

*From *Horses Nine*, *Stories of Harness and Saddle*. Sewell Ford, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In the stalls at Gray Oaks stables were many good hunters, but none better than Pasha. Cream-white he was, from the tip of his splendid, yard-long tail to his pink-lipped muzzle. His coat was as silk plush, his neck as supple as a swan's, and out of his big, bright eyes there looked such intelligence that one half expected him to speak. His lines were all long, graceful curves, and when he

danced daintily on his slender legs one could see the muscles flex under the delicate skin.

Miss Lou claimed Pasha for her very own at first sight. As no one at Gray Oaks denied Miss Lou anything at all, to her he belonged from that instant. Of Miss Lou, Pasha approved thoroughly. She knew that bridle reins were for gentle guidance, not for sawing or jerking, and that a riding-crop was of no use whatever, save to unlatch a gate or to cut at an unruly hound. She knew



"BY ONE DESPERATE LEAP HE SHOOK HIMSELF CLEAR"

how to rise on the stirrup when Pasha lifted himself in his stride, and how to settle close to the pig-skin when his hoofs hit the ground. In other words, she had a good set, which means as much to the horse as it does to the rider.

Besides all this, it was Miss Lou who insisted that Pasha should have the best of grooming, and she never forgot to bring the dainties which Pasha loved, an apple or a carrot or a sugar-plum. It is something, too,

to have your nose patted by a soft gloved hand and to have such a person as Miss Lou put her arm around your neck and whisper in your ear. From no other than Miss Lou would Pasha permit such intimacy.

No paragon, however, was Pasha. He had a temper, and his whims were as many as those of a school-girl. He was particular as to who put on his bridle. He had notions concerning the manner in which a curry-comb should be used. A red ribbon or a bandana handkerchief put him in a rage, while green, the holy color of the Mohammedan, soothed his nerves. A lively pair of heels he had, and he knew how to use his teeth. The black stable boys found that out, and so did the stern-faced man who was known as "Mars" Clayton. This "Mars" Clayton had ridden Pasha once, had ridden him as he rode his big, ugly, hard-bitted roan hunter, and Pasha had not enjoyed the ride. Still, Miss Lou and Pasha often rode out with "Mars" Clayton and the parrot-nosed roan. That is, they did until the coming of Mr. Dave.

In Mr. Dave, Pasha found a new friend. From a far Northern State was Mr. Dave. He had come in a ship to buy tobacco, but after he had bought his cargo he still stayed at Gray Oaks, "to complete Pasha's education," so he said.

Many ways had Mr. Dave which Pasha liked. He had a gentle manner of talking to you, of smoothing your flanks and rubbing your ears, which gained your confidence and made you sure that he understood. He was firm and sure in giving demands, yet so patient in teaching one tricks, that it was a pleasure to learn.

So, almost before Pasha knew it, he could stand on his hind legs, could step around in a circle in time to a tune which Mr. Dave whistled, and could do other things which few horses ever learn to do. His chief accomplishment, however, was to kneel on his forelegs in the attitude of prayer. A long time it took Pasha to learn this, but Mr. Dave told him over and over again, by word and sign, until at last the son of the great Selim could strike a pose such as would have done credit to a Mecca pilgrim.

"It's simply wonderful!" declared Miss Lou.

But it was nothing of the sort. Mr. Dave had been teaching tricks to horses ever since he was a small boy, and never had he found such an apt pupil as Pasha.

Many a glorious gallop did Pasha and Miss Lou have while Mr. Dave stayed at Gray

Oaks, Dave riding the big bay gelding that Miss Lou, with all her daring, had never ventured to mount. It was not all galloping though, for Pasha and the big bay often walked for miles through the wood lanes, side by side and very close together, while Miss Lou and Mr. Dave talked, talked, talked. How they could ever find so much to say to each other Pasha wondered.

But at last Mr. Dave went away, and with his going ended good times for Pasha, at least for many months. There followed strange doings. There was much excitement among the stable-boys, much riding about, day and night, by the men of Gray Oaks, and no hunting at all. One day the stables were cleared of all horses save Pasha.

"Some time, if he is needed badly, you may have Pasha, but not now," Miss Lou had said. And then she had hidden her face in his cream-white mane and sobbed. Just what the trouble was Pasha did not understand, but he was certain "Mars" Clayton was at the bottom of it.

No longer did Miss Lou ride about the country. Occasionally she galloped up and down the highway, to the Pointdexters and back, just to let Pasha stretch his legs. Queer sights Pasha saw on these trips. Sometimes he would pass many men on horses riding close together in a pack, as the hounds run when they have the scent. They wore strange clothing, did these men, and they carried, instead of riding-crops, big shiny knives that swung at their sides. The sight of them set Pasha's nerves tingling. He would sniff curiously after them and then prick forward his ears and dance nervously.

Of course Pasha knew that something unusual was going on, but what it was he could not guess. There came a time, however, when he found out all about it. Months had passed, when, late one night, a hard-breathing, foam-splotched, mud-covered horse was ridden into the yard and taken into the almost deserted stable. Pasha heard the harsh voice of "Mars" Clayton swearing at the stable-boys. Pasha heard his own name spoken, and guessed that it was he who was wanted. Next came Miss Lou to the stable.

"I'm very sorry," he heard "Mars" Clayton say, "but I've got to get out of this. The Yanks are not more than five miles behind."

"But you'll take good care of him, won't you?" he heard Miss Lou ask eagerly.

"Oh, yes; of course," replied "Mars" Clayton, carelessly.

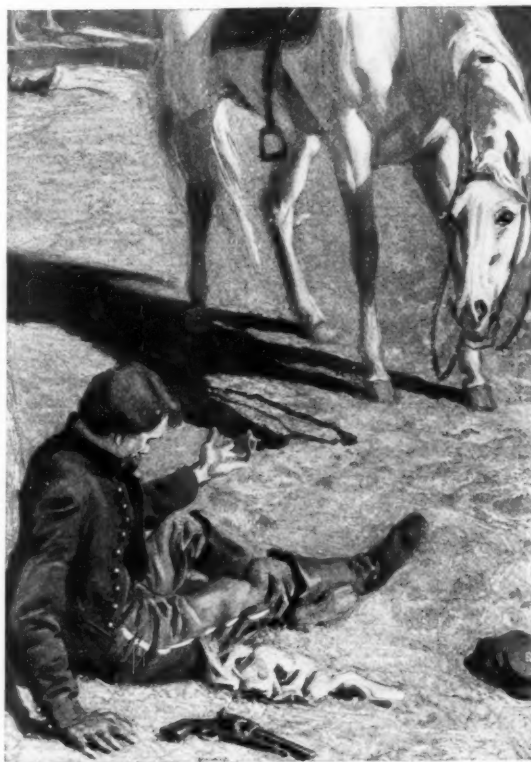
A heavy saddle was thrown on Pasha's back, the girths pulled cruelly tight, and in a moment "Mars" Clayton was on his back. They were barely clear of Gray Oaks driveway before Pasha felt something he had never known before. It was as if some one had jabbed a lot of little knives into his ribs. Roused by pain and fright, Pasha reared in a wild attempt to unseat this hateful rider. But "Mars" Clayton's knees seemed glued to Pasha's shoulders. Next Pasha tried to shake him off by sudden leaps, side-bolts, and stiff-legged jumps. These manœuvres brought vicious jerks on the wicked chain-bit that was cutting Pasha's tender mouth sorrowfully and more jabs from the little knives. In this way did Pasha fight until his sides ran with blood and his breast was plastered thick with reddened foam.

In the meantime he had covered miles of road, and at last, along in the cold gray of the morning, he was ridden into a field where were many tents and horses. Pasha was unsaddled and picketed to a stake. This latter indignity he was too much exhausted to resent. All he could do was to stand, shivering with cold, trembling from nervous excitement, and wait for what was to happen next.

It seemed ages before anything did happen. The beginning was a tripping bugle-blast. This was answered by the voice of other bugles blown here and there about the field. In a moment men began to tumble out of the white tents. They came by twos and threes and dozens, until the field was full of them. Fires were built on the ground, and soon Pasha could scent coffee boiling and bacon frying. Black boys began moving about among the

horses with hay and oats and water. One of them rubbed Pasha hurriedly with a wisp of straw. It was like the currying and rubbing with brush and comb and flannel to which he was accustomed, and which he needed just then, oh, how sadly. His strained muscles had stiffened so much that every movement gave him pain. So matted was his coat with sweat and foam and mud that it seemed as if half the pores of his skin were choked.

He had cooled his parched throat with a



"'COME, BOY. COME, PASHA,' INSISTED THE MAN ON THE GROUND"

long draught of somewhat muddy water, but he had eaten only half of the armful of hay when again the bugles sounded, and "Mars" Clayton appeared. Tightening the girths until they almost cut into Pasha's tender skin, he jumped into the saddle and rode off to where a lot of big black horses were being reined into line. In front of this line Pasha was wheeled. He heard the bugles sound once more, heard his rider shout something to the men behind, felt the wicked little knives in his sides, and then, in spite of aching legs, was forced into a sharp gallop. Although he knew it not, Pasha had joined the Black Horse Cavalry.

The months that followed were to Pasha one long, ugly dream. Not that he minded the hard riding by day and night. In time he became used to all that. He could even endure the irregular feeding, the sleeping in the open during all kinds of weather, and the lack of proper grooming. But the vicious jerks on the torture-provoking cavalry bit, the flat sabre blows on the flank which he not infrequently got from his ill-tempered master, and, above all, the cruel digs of the spur-wheels—these things he could not under-

stand. Such treatment he was sure he did not merit. "Mars" Clayton he came to hate more and more. Some day, Pasha told himself, he would take vengeance with teeth and heels, even if he died for it.

In the meantime he had learned the cavalry drill. He came to know the meaning of each varying bugle-call, from reveille, when one began to paw and stamp for breakfast, to mournful taps, when lights went out, and the tents became dark and silent.

No more was he terror-stricken, as he had been on his first day in the cavalry, at hearing behind him the thunder of many hoofs. Having once become used to the noise, he was even thrilled by the swinging meter of it. A kind of wild harmony was in it, something which made one forget everything else. At such times Pasha longed to break into his long, wind-splitting lope, but he learned that he must leave the others no more than a pace or two behind, although he could have easily outdistanced them all.

Also, Pasha learned to stand under fire. No more did he dance at the crack of carbines, or the zipp-zipp of bullets.

But all this experience could not prepare him for the happenings of that never-to-be-forgotten day in June. There had been a period full of hard riding and ending with a long halt. For several days hay and oats were brought with some regularity. Pasha was even provided with an apology for a stall. It was made by leaning two rails against a fence. Some hay was thrown between the rails. This was a sorry substitute for the roomy box-stall, filled with clean straw, which Pasha always had at Gray Oaks, but it was as



"MR. DAVE KEPT HIS SEAT IN THE SADDLE MORE BY FORCE OF MUSCULAR HABIT THAN ANYTHING ELSE"

good as any provided for the Black Horse Cavalry.

And how many, many horses there were! As far as Pasha could see in either direction the line extended. Never before had he seen so many horses at one time. And men! The fields and woods were full of them; some in brown butternut, some in homespun gray, and many in clothes having no uniformity of color at all. "Mars" Clayton was dressed better than most, for on his butternut coat were shiny shoulder-straps, and it was closed with shiny buttons. Pasha took little pride in this. He knew his master for a cruel and heartless rider, and for nothing more.

One day there was a great parade, when Pasha was carefully groomed for the first time in months. There were bands playing and flags flying. Pasha, forgetful of his ill-treatment and prancing

proudly at the head of a squadron of coal-black horses, passed in review before a big, bearded man wearing a slouch hat fantastically decorated with long plumes and sitting a great black horse in the midst of a little knot of officers.

Early next morning Pasha was awakened by the distant growl of heavy guns. By daylight he was on the move, thousands of other horses with him. Nearer and nearer they rode to the place where the guns were growling. Sometimes they were on roads, sometimes they crossed fields, and again they plunged into the woods where the low branches struck one's eyes and scratched one's flanks. At last they broke clear of the trees to come suddenly upon such a scene as Pasha had never before witnessed.

Far across the open field he could see troop

on troop of horses coming toward him. They seemed to be pouring over the crest of a low hill, as if driven onward by some unseen force behind. Instantly Pasha heard, rising from the throats of thousands of riders, on either side and behind him, that fierce, wild yell which he had come to know meant the approach of trouble. High and shrill and menacing it rang as it was taken up and repeated by those in the rear. Next the bugles began to sound, and in quick obedience the horses formed in line just on the edge of the woods, a line which stretched and stretched on either flank until one could hardly see where it ended.

From the distant line came no answering cry, but Pasha could hear the bugles blowing and he could see the fronts massing. Then came the order to charge at gallop. This set Pasha to tugging eagerly at the bit, but for what reason he did not know. He knew only that he was part of a great and solid line of men and horses sweeping furiously across a field toward that other line which he had seen pouring over the hill-crest.

He could scarcely see at all now. The thousands of hoofs had raised a cloud of dust that not only enveloped the onrushing line, but rolled before it. Nor could Pasha hear anything save the thunderous thud of many feet. Even the shrieking of the shells was drowned. But for the restraining bit Pasha would have leaped forward and cleared the line. Never had he been so stirred. The inherited memory of countless desert raids, made by his Arab ancestors, was doing its work. For what seemed a long time this continued, and then, in the midst of the blind and frenzied race, there loomed out of the thick air, as if it had appeared by magic, the opposing line.

Pasha caught a glimpse of something which seemed like a heaving wall of tossing heads and of foam-whitened necks and shoulders. Here and there gleamed red, distended nostrils and straining eyes. Bending above was another wall, a wall of dusty blue coats, of grim faces, and of dust-powdered hats. Bristling above all was a threatening crest of waving blades.

What would happen when the lines met? Almost before the query was thought, there came the answer. With an earth-jarring crash they came together. The lines wavered back from the shock of impact, and then the whole struggle appeared to Pasha to center about him. Of course this was not so. But

it was a fact that the most conspicuous figure in either line had been that of the cream-white charger in the very center of the Black Horse regiment.

For one confused moment Pasha heard about his ears the whistle and clash of sabres, the spiteful crackle of small arms, the snorting of horses, and the cries of men. For an instant he was wedged tightly in the frenzied mass, and then, by one desperate leap, such as he had learned on the hunting field, he shook himself clear.

Not until some minutes later did Pasha notice that the stirrups were dangling empty and that the bridle-rein hung loose on his neck. Then he knew that at last he was free from "Mars" Clayton. At the same time he felt himself seized by an overpowering dread. While conscious of a guiding hand on the reins, Pasha had abandoned himself to the fierce joy of the charge. But now, finding himself riderless in the midst of a horrid din, he knew not what to do, nor which way to turn. His only impulse was to escape. But where? Lifting high his fine head and snorting with terror, he rushed about, first this way and then that, frantically seeking a way out of this fog-field of dreadful pandemonium. Now he swerved in his course to avoid a charging squad, now he was turned aside by prone objects at sight of which he snorted fearfully. Although the blades still rang and the carbines still spoke, there were no more to be seen either lines or order. Here and there in the dust-clouds scurried horses, some with riders and some without, by twos, by fours, or in squads of twenty or more. The sound of shooting and slashing and shouting filled the air.

To Pasha it seemed an eternity that he had been tearing about the field, when he shied at the figure of a man sitting on the ground. Pasha was about to wheel and dash away when the man called to him. Surely the tones were familiar. With wide-open, sniffing nostrils and trembling knees, Pasha stopped and looked hard at the man on the ground.

"Pasha! Pasha!" the man called weakly. The voice sounded like that of Mr. Dave.

"Come boy! Come, boy!" said the man in a coaxing tone, which recalled to Pasha the lessons he had learned at Gray Oaks years before. Still Pasha sniffed and hesitated.

"Come here, Pasha, old fellow. For God's sake, come here!"

There was no resisting this appeal. Step

by step Pasha went nearer. He continued to tremble, for this man on the ground, although his voice was that of Mr. Dave, looked much different from the one who had taught him tricks. Besides, there was about him the scent of fresh blood. Pasha could see the stain of it on his blue trousers.

"Come boy. Come, Pasha!" insisted the man on the ground, holding out an encouraging hand. Slowly Pasha obeyed until he could sniff the man's fingers. Another step and the man was smoothing his nose, still speaking gently and coaxingly in a faint voice. In the end Pasha was assured that the man was really the Mr. Dave of old, and glad enough Pasha was to know it.

"Now, Pasha," said Mr. Dave, "we'll see if you've forgotten your tricks, and may the good Lord grant you haven't. Down, sir! Kneel, Pasha, kneel!"

It had been a long time since Pasha had been asked to do this; a very long time; but here was Mr. Dave asking him, in just the same tone as of old, and in just the same way. So Pasha, forgetting his terror under the soothing spell of Mr. Dave's voice, forgetting the fearful sights and sounds about him, remembering only that here was the Mr. Dave whom he loved, asking him to do his old trick—well, Pasha knelt.

"Easy now, boy; steady!" Pasha heard him say. Mr. Dave was dragging himself along the ground to Pasha's side. "Steady now, Pasha, steady, boy!" He felt Mr. Dave's hand on the pommel. "So-o-o, boy; so-o-o-o!" Slowly, oh, so slowly, he felt Mr. Dave crawling into the saddle, and although Pasha's knees ached from the unfamiliar strain, he stirred not a muscle until he got the command, "Up, Pasha, up!"

Then, with a trusted hand on the bridle-rein, Pasha joyfully bounded away through

the fog, until the battlefield was left behind. Of the long ride that ensued only Pasha knows, for Mr. Dave kept his seat in the saddle more by force of muscular habit than anything else. A man who has learned to sleep on horseback does not easily fall off, even though he has not the full command of his senses. Only for the first hour or so did Pasha's rider do much toward guiding their course. In hunting-horses, however, the sense of direction is strong. Pasha had it—especially for one point of the compass. This point was south. So, unknowing of the possible peril into which he might be taking his rider, south he went. How Pasha ever did it, as I have said only Pasha knows; but in the end he struck the Richmond Pike.

It was a pleading whinny which aroused Miss Lou at early daybreak. Under her window she saw Pasha, and on his back a limp figure in a blue, dust-covered, dark-stained uniform. And that was how Pasha's cavalry career came to an end. That one fierce charge was his last.

In the Washington home of a certain Maine Congressman, you may see, hung in a place of honor and lavishly framed, the picture of a horse. It is very creditably done in oils, in this picture. It is of a cream-white horse, with an arched neck, clean, slim legs, and a splendid flowing tail.

Should you have any favors of state to ask of this Maine Congressman, it would be the wise thing, before stating your request, to say something nice about the horse in the picture. Then the Congressman will probably say, looking fondly at the picture: "I must tell Lou—er—my wife, you know, what you have said. Yes, that was Pasha. He saved my neck at Brandy Station. He was one-half Arab, Pasha was, and the other half, sir, was human."



Evidence of Life on Mars

A recent dispatch from Professor Percival Lowell from Flagstaff, Ariz., stating that a large projection on Mars has been discovered, leads Prof. Garrett P. Serviss to declare that the planet is undoubtedly inhabited. On the other hand, Professor Flammarion of Paris declares that the projection is only an illumination of the clouds or lofty mountain summits in the setting sun and that many other analogous observations have already been made.

Professor Lowell and others have been at work for some years trying to prove the existence of life on Mars and the presence there of what they claim to be canals. The newspapers seeing the chance for sensational stories in such researches have printed highly colored and exaggerated reports, until the lay mind has assumed for granted things not yet proven. In view of this and the fact that this recent discovery is likely to evoke discussion, it is well to have the negative side of the question in mind before forming an opinion. Arthur R. Hinks writing in the *Monthly Review* takes exception to Professor Lowell as follows:

The recent discussion on man's place in the universe has raised once more an old controversy. The question whether other worlds are habitable was found long ago to be in the abstract an unprofitable matter for dispute. One might admit the possible existence of beings constituted to enjoy the fierce sunshine that beats on Mercury, or the dismal cold in which Neptune moves, and at the same time deny the probability that they would have developed on lines so nearly parallel to ours that we could form any conception of their life. Only by a glimpse of their works on a gigantic scale we might know that there are inhabitants on Mars, and at the best an argument based upon the interpretation of unnatural looking detail as artificial involves a conception of artificiality entirely our own. From admitting that a planet is habitable to proving that it is inhabited must, therefore, be a long step.

This step, however, Mr. Percival Lowell resolved to take. Determined to see for himself what could be done with the best telescopes under the best possible conditions, and grasping the all-important fact that in such an enterprise fine and steady air is the first necessity, he fitted out an observatory expedition to Flagstaff in Arizona, and delivered in Boston, before he started, a characteristic lecture, announcing that he was on the eve of pretty definite discovery in the matter of life on other worlds. Nor was Boston disappointed. Within a year, after one short season's observation, he wrote a very entertaining book, *Mars*, full of drawings of what he claims as intelligent design on the part of the

Martians; for they are a design whose meaning we can comprehend, of a purpose which we can assign to an intelligence not unlike our own. The Martians, he asserts, enjoy a climate not more unlike ours than ours is unlike itself in different parts of the earth; the air is thin and almost cloudless, and the country badly watered; the people must irrigate to live; and the complex system of Schiaparelli's "canali" is the evidence of their irrigation works.

He is not concerned with stating the bare facts that he has discovered—and this is why he sometimes seems to mistake well-known things for new—but he is engaged in constructing an argument from them to prove what he wants to prove, that Mars is inhabited by an intelligent race. Facts and theories are so tangled that it is impossible to judge how the facts would appear by themselves, before they were woven into the web of the argument.

The trouble about this Mars observation has always been that the detail of the planet is so hard to see. Very few people believed Schiaparelli at first, because no one else could see his canals. Now, as Mr. Lowell pleasantly observes, it is the fashion to see them.

And now to come to the explanation of this system, in which Mr. Lowell works out a suggestion made by Schiaparelli; they are irrigation canals, or rather, the tracts of vegetation on each side of the main canals. Mars, he says, is very badly off for water, "so badly off that the inhabitants of that other world would have to irrigate to live. As to the actual presence there of such folk, the broad physical features of the planet express an opinion beyond the silence of consent." Without venturing ourselves to interpret this eloquent silence in a manner so advantageous to any theory, we may even accept for the moment the notion that the canals are artificial, constructed by beings whose intelligence we can comprehend, and see how Mr. Lowell develops the working of this irrigation system, granting him the inhabitants and the drought. Although there is an apparent absence of water, and not much evidence of cloud in the atmosphere, at least over the equatorial regions, a large polar cap forms late every winter and rapidly melts. This polar cap has always been supposed to be snow, and it is made the reservoir to supply the water for the spring irrigation. The appearance round it of a belt of blue or green, which represents the water from the melting snow, is the beginning of a "wave of seasonal change," which in the hemisphere's spring sweeps down to the equator, and perhaps beyond it. At the end of the winter the canals are invisible; with the melting of the snow they appear progressively, and by the time the equatorial regions have been watered, the polar sea is dried up. The actual water in the canals is, of course, not seen; it is the burst of vegetation as the water is led over the land that makes them visible.

Having granted the drought and the need of irrigation, we may admit that the melting of a polar snow-cap, which forms quickly and must be thin, can supply water enough to irrigate many hundred thousand square miles of country; we may

grant everything that is demanded for the scheme to make it work, and yet find difficulties. A great deal has been made of the statement that the effects of the north polar flood extend beyond the equator to the south, and *vice versa*. If it is true, the canals would have to be constructed so that water would run both ways in them, which is a serious difficulty, even in a land where gravitation is so much less effective than it is with us. And it is awkward that there are canals in the seas. The dark areas to the south of the equator, the so-called seas, grow lighter in patches toward the end of the summer, and then it is seen that the dark canals which thread the land are continued uninterruptedly across the seas.

But it would be wasting words to insist further on a local difficulty when there is much in the whole irrigation theory that is hard to understand. In Mars' northern hemisphere there are about five million square miles to be supplied with water from the pole. How would an engineer proceed? We must admit many things in his favor which he would not find on earth. The country must be dead level, or the canals could not be driven straight.

Again, what explanation are we to find of the circular spots at all the more important junctions? Mr. Lowell has termed them "oases," with the suggestion of increased fertility at the meeting of many canals. He has even said that a circular spot is what we might expect; the greatest area could thus be irrigated from a given center with the least labor. But this argument would be correct only if the canals were employed to bring water to certain centers without distributing any *en route*; whereas the very visibility of the canals is explicable only on the supposition that they water fifty miles of country on each side. Nor is the difficulty lessened when we remember that many of the biggest "oasis" junctions lie on the edges of the dark areas, which, if they are not seas, are at least well watered; they are the ports of our railway simile.

There is something more, then, in this scheme of canals than a means of irrigating a maximum of country with a minimum of labor. The cross canals would be intelligible if the water supply were more abundant in some longitudes than in others, owing to differences of level; but this is negated by the straightness of the canals. They would be explicable if some regions were more fertile than others; but the uniform width of the canal belts of vegetation argues a uniform fertility. It is no help to understanding them to suppose that the oases represent centers of population, for again we are met by the difficulty that they are disposed eight or ten in a line. There is something underlying this arrangement which is neither natural nor intelligent, so far as our experience of nature or our measure of intelligence goes.

The manner in which Mr. Lowell's enterprise has been presented to the world is so curiously unnatural as to suggest artificiality in itself. His verdict was anticipated in the lecture which he gave before he looked through his telescope; he summed up the case from this point of view in the book *Mars*; then he published a volume of evidence, the first of the *Annals*. And when it came it proved to be but the evidence for the grand jury.

There remains the difficult question, How far is it possible to draw any conclusions at all from the apparent artificiality of the markings upon Mars,

in the absence of an intelligible explanation of what the artificiality may mean? So long as their purpose cannot be explained, we ought not to deny that they may be natural, even though nothing like them had ever been observed in nature. The essence of Mr. Lowell's argument is that nature is haphazard; a geometrical construction on a grand scale must be due to man's intelligence, because upon earth natural geometry is found only in small things, in the forms of crystals and the patterns on the scales of insects. But we need go no further than the moon to find an example of natural geometry on a scale as large as that of Mars. Any one who has looked through the smallest telescope is familiar with the bright streaks that radiate from Tycho and some other of the grander craters. They have precisely the more remarkable characteristics of Martian canals, radiating six or eight from a point, straight like the spokes of a wheel, regardless of the inequalities of the ground. There is no explanation of them, though we can examine the moon at close quarters. It is rash beyond legitimate scientific boldness to deny *in toto* a natural explanation for geometrical markings not unlike these on a world more than a hundred times as far away. We dare not assume in our dilemma that human knowledge covers the whole range of nature's operations.

The special question, How we are to recognize life on another world? is small compared with the general, what we are to recognize as life. But it is of more immediate interest to our limited powers of conception, because in asking it one tacitly assumes that the life is to be such as ours, recognizable by works which we can conceive ourselves constructing if we were placed in a similar position. And if evidence of what we may call human design is to be found anywhere outside our earth, we should look for it first upon Mars. The things that have been discovered in the last few years may even give rise to the hope that we are at last on the right track through the tangle, but it is a pity for people to shout as if they were already out of the wood.

In an extremely interesting paper in *The Nineteenth Century*, E. Ledger claims that there are no canals on Mars, and that optical delusions are responsible for the statements so current that Mars is covered by a network of water-ways evidently the work of human endeavor. In speaking of canals he first demands, "are they really there?" He answers it as follows:

In asking this question, however, I do not for a moment suggest that these numerous canals, both single and double, have not been repeatedly seen. There is no question as to the skill and competency of the observers, but the question really is: Where are they seen? Are they seen on Mars, or in the observer's eye or brain? Nor would I even deny that they may ultimately be proved to be upon Mars itself, for there are certainly extant drawings of a remarkably confirmatory character, which have been simultaneously made by observers situated far apart, as, for instance, in England, France, or Italy. But I maintain, as I began by saying, that the question needs much further study, such as may be greatly helped by medical and surgical science.

I will support this last statement by the quotation of a few remarks from various astronomical publica-

tions which have especial reference to it. For instance, Antoniadi says: "The linear markings are visible only by rare glimpses, each glimpse lasting scarcely as long as a second"; and again: "Wrong focussing plays an important rôle in the gemination of the Martian canals." Mr. Maunder remarks how the observer "has to study the planet at the telescope, to patiently trace out the different details, and then depict them, more or less, *from memory* in his sketch." This looking alternately through the instrument and then to the sketching paper must clearly involve special effects both upon eye and brain. Again we find Flammarion quoting with approval another remark of Mr. Maunder's: "We cannot assume that what we are able to discern is really the ultimate structure of the body which we are examining." In like manner, Mr. A. Stanley Williams, whose numerous drawings of the canals, single and double, are some of the most important and beautiful that have been published, has nevertheless expressed the belief that "if we could approach Mars to within a few miles, the appearance presented by these so-called canals would be so changed that we should not recognize them at all.

The following remarks by the same very successful observer are also very pertinent, in regard to the great difficulty involved in seeing them: "My eye invariably requires at least two months' continuous observation of a planet before it acquires its full sensitiveness to the most delicate details." "When the eye is not in perfect training, nearly all the canals have the aspect of broad diffuse streaks."

Schiaparelli has made mention, from his own experience, of the "variation of its focus owing to fatigue of the eye." Antoniadi, in a valuable memoir published in March, 1898, has referred to a remark of the great physicist, Helmholtz, the well-known inventor of the ophthalmoscope, that "the eye is far from being a perfect organ."

We find others referring to the optical illusion of a doubling caused by the passing of "air-waves," or by "a temporary alteration of the focus of the eye"; while several astronomers of high repute consider that the effect of contrast often causes the eye to see as a single-line canal what is really the outer boundary of a large and slightly shaded space. We may also notice that it has been of late supposed that canals are seen on Mercury and Venus, and on two of the satellites of Jupiter, especially at the Flagstaff Observatory; where those upon Venus have appeared astonishingly clear, in spite of its dense cloud canopy. It would therefore once more seem that those who are best able to see the canals on Mars may to some extent be subject to what has been termed the "canaliform illusion."

Various astronomers have also tested the effect of looking at dark lines on a brighter background when at such a distance as to be out of focus, and especially if seen by a short-sighted person. Under such circumstances they not only become broadened and fainter, but very often doubled.

A surgeon, with whom I recently tried this experiment, when looking at a single dark line, on going to a certain distance from it, suddenly exclaimed, "It looks like a tuning-fork." Two lines crossing each other at right angles, when seen at a distance such that they appear to be indistinct, but not doubled, also form at their intersection a spot which resembles one of Mr. Lowell's oases.

What, then, is the conclusion to be drawn? It is, I think, probable, that the so-called canals (with the

exception perhaps of a few of the darkest and most prominent seen with low telescopic power) may not really exist upon Mars; and also that the apparent doubling, seen in many of them, may be still more delusive. I think that what is seen may for the most part be an appearance produced by the observer's eye, when affected by the strain of long and earnest gazing through the telescope. I consider that this conclusion is supported by the experiments quoted, and by the physiology of accommodation, astigmatism, and diplopia in the human eye. And I believe that there is also a subtle influence which is often conjointly effective upon the brain and nerves of an observer.

When much has been seen, more is wished for, and then more is seen. Those who once begin to see canals generally go on to see an increasing number; and others may presently see what they have recorded. Even Antoniadi wrote in 1898 that "had it not been for Professor Schiaparelli's wonderful discoveries, and the foreknowledge that the canals are there, he would have missed at least three-fourths of those seen now." Many of the drawings of portions of the surface by Schiaparelli, which have been very often reproduced, easily impress themselves on the memory. They may therefore be the more likely to form imaginary cerebral images. It is certain that individual observers have occasionally drawn some features as they had previously been depicted in Schiaparelli's charts, when many other observers have testified that they could not be seen at that particular time.

I would that photography could come to our aid and definitely determine the mythical character, or otherwise, of the canals. A few photographs of Mars, it is true, have been secured, sufficient to show the white caps at its poles, and in one case to reveal a large, although very temporary, extension of such white surface. But the small amount of light in a sufficiently magnified image of the planet, as well as its comparatively rapid rotation on its own axis, and still more the extreme faintness and minute delineation of the canal markings, render it hopeless to appeal for the information required to any possible photographs.

Astronomers are no doubt very well acquainted with the laws of optics as applied to the eye. They have made, and may yet make, many experiments connected with their action. They are accustomed to allow for individual peculiarities in observation; as, for instance, when what is termed personal equation affects the rapidity with which different observers touch a key to record what they see. They may, therefore, very skilfully judge of the effect produced in observations of Mars by such processes of the eye, or brain, or nervous system, as I have referred to. Nevertheless, I strongly feel that it would be well, during the next few oppositions of Mars, if some skilful nerve specialists and oculists could work in conjunction with some of those practised observers who have seen the canals. They might both assist in observing, and, at the same time, carry out careful researches into the optical delusions which brain or eye may experience in connection with telescopic observation; especially as regards the seeing of fine lines near to the limit of distinct vision, and with reference to the results of the mental and ocular strain thereby involved. I believe that, in all probability, more progress would thus be made in the solution of the enigma of the canals than could be attained in any other way.

The Evolution of the Art of Beauty

By Austin M. Stevens*

When one considers the difficulties with which man has been beset from the very beginning, his progress has been truly marvelous; for not only has he had to contend with flood and tide and wind and climate and seasons; his womenfolk have proved a sore handful, for it took him between four and five thousand years to teach them the salutary and beautifying practice of washing their faces! Poets and satirists from Homer to Congreve have never for a moment ceased to firmly impress them with the necessity for this light and simple duty. And, singular to say, it was invariably the reigning beauty of her day and nation that proved the most reluctant to perform the matutinal ablution. And the most inveterate offender of all, perhaps, was the "stag-ey'd" Juno herself, as will be amply attested by the following excerpt from Lord Derby's translation of the Iliad:

Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,
The golden-thronèd Juno downward look'd,
And, busied in the glory-giving strife,
Her husband's brother and her own she saw,
Saw and rejoic'd; next, seated on the crest
Of spring-abounding Ida, Jove she saw,
Sight hateful in her eyes! then ponder'd deep
The stag-ey'd Queen, how best she might beguile
The wakeful mind of aegis-bearing Jove;
And, musing, this appear'd the readiest mode:
Herself with art adorning, to repair
To Ida: there with fondest blandishment
And female charm, her husband to enfold
In love's embrace; and gentle, careless sleep
Around his eyelids and his senses pour.
Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built,
Her son; by whom were to the door-posts hung
Close-fitting doors, with secret keys secur'd,
That, save herself, no god might enter in.
There enter'd she, and clos'd the shining doors;
And with ambrosia first her lovely skin
She purified, with fragrant oil anointing,
Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet,
That, wav'd above the brazen floor of Jove,
All earth and Heaven were with the fragrance fill'd:
O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread;
Comb'd out her flowing locks, and with her hand
Wreath'd the thick masses of the glossy hair,
Immortal bright that crown'd the imperial head.
A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought,
She donn'd, in many a curious pattern trac'd,
With golden brooch beneath her breast confin'd.
Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung,
She girt about her; and, in three bright drops,
Her glittering gems suspended from her ears.
Then o'er her head th' imperial goddess threw

A beauteous veil, new-wrought, as sunlight white;
And on her well-turn'd feet her sandals bound.
Her dress completed, from her chamber forth
She issued.

And she beguiled Jove to her heart's content.

Now, the point to be noted is that it was not the custom of the country for ladies—married ladies, at any rate—to bestow much attention on their appearance; if it were, Juno's artifice would have proved abortive. For it was the very novelty of the thing which appealed to her consort's imagination. The probability is that the poor man had seen nothing like it since the day she cast her wedding-shoon! About the success of Juno's device there can be no doubt, for a few pages subsequent to the above quotation a lady, one Thetis by name, is closeted with Jove some considerable time. On her leaving, Juno quietly questions her husband as to his visitor's errand, and Jove promptly tells her to hold her tongue and mind her own business; or, in the words of Simon Eyre to Firk, in Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, "Wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest." The altercation took place at the fireside, and no doubt Juno's slatternly aspect would account for her husband's high words and harsh treatment.

The lesson the ancient bard endeavored to inculcate here is obvious enough. If girls ever hoped to command the respect, much more the love and confidence, of the opposite sex, some slight attention to their toilette and attire would prove no hindrance to them. It is noteworthy that there is not a single instance in the Iliad where water is applied to the body, beyond the mere lavage of the hands before pouring out a libation.

Turning from profane to sacred history, we find the "gentle sex" in no better case. Her slovenly habits, it will be remembered, went perilously near costing the beautiful Esther her crown. Only after twelve months' probation to familiarize her with habits of cleanliness was she permitted into the royal presence. When King Ahasuerus first caught a glimpse of her, he would have none of her. Civil, but strange, would perhaps best describe his attitude toward her on that occasion.

Esther's rare beauty and charm of manner

*The Gentleman's Magazine.

would, of themselves, never have supplanted Queen Vashti in the affections of the king. Till Esther rid herself of her filthy habits her rival reigned supreme.

The centuries which have elapsed since Homer's day have not effected much improvement in the matter, for again we find that the counsel which Naomi offers Ruth in order to charm and captivate Boaz is:

Wash thyself, therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor; but make not thyself known unto the man until he shall have done eating and drinking.

It is perfectly plain here that the habit of washing themselves had not yet become a passion with womenfolk, else why are they so often reminded of the necessity of it? To her credit be it recorded, though, Ruth discovered at last the soothing and refreshing effect of soap and water. The Shulamite shepherdess sings about her hands dropping with myrrh, and her fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh; but of water never a word. That element did not as yet find much favor as an external application. If the young and beautiful girl whose thoughts are lightly turned to love is thus chary of making her toilette, what could be expected of her sister stricken in years and shaken by infirmities? Is it, after all, really very much to be marveled at that in times past many old women have been burned as witches?

Gliding down the stream of time, casting here and there a passing glance at the Miracle and the Moral Plays, till we come to the thrilling period of the Elizabethan drama, we discover that man has not yet succeeded in converting his helpmeet to his way of thinking. Mrs. Quickly, it will be remembered, has Falstaff arrested for debt—though it was not the money she yearned for; "but let that pass," as Margery Eyre says. Finding himself entangled in the meshes of the law, the amiable old rascal whispers the "easy yielding" widow into forgiveness, and, having soothed her resentment, observes: "Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face and draw thy action." Well did the nimble-witted knight know the effect a clean face would have upon the man of law. Now here we have a lady, the hostess of a far-famed hotel, patronized by royalty, abroad at midday with a dirty face, in London's busy streets; in the company, be it borne in mind, of law officers of the Crown, as well as of a Lord Chief Justice and his train; and, above all, in the presence of her lover! A woman, too, who aspired to be the lady-wife

of Sir John Falstaff, Knight. Clear proof that, that the Elizabethan womenfolk were not quite everything their best friends could wish them.

If stronger testimony of this were desired, it is forthcoming in Dekker's Play of Old Fortunatus.

Exeunt Fortune and the three Destinies.

Andelocia. Why the pox dost thou sweat so?

Shadow. For anger to see any of God's creatures have such filthy faces as these sempsters had that went nence.

Andel. Sempsters? Why, you ass, they are Destinies.

Shadow. Indeed, if it be one's destiny to have a filthy face, I know no remedy but to go masked and cry "Woe worth the Fates!"

Not, perhaps, in the whole range of the Elizabethan Drama is there a more pointed and direct piece of satire, and that it was neither uncalled for nor malicious may be gathered from the fact that the play in which it occurs was first performed at Court in the presence of Elizabeth herself, and most probably written for her instruction and delectation.

Now the Elizabethan dramatists succeeded in many things; but teaching the softer sex the use of soap and water was not one of them. For a century later we find Congreve takes up this good and holy work with as much spirit and decision as did his predecessors before him. Mark what follows from his play of *Love for Love*:

Scandal. What, is it bouncing Margery with my godson?

Jeremy. Yes, Sir.

Scandal. My blessing to the boy, with this token of my love—[*Gives money.*] And, d'ye hear, bid Margery put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a-week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.

Here again the satire, scathing as it is, is inspired by no scurvy or unworthy motive, and for two reasons: the tutelar deity of Will Congreve's genius was that "wealthy and haughty beauty," Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. He had a seat every day at her table, and assisted in the direction of her concerts and entertainments. Their friendship ended only with his death, at which he left her some £10,000, nearly the whole of his savings. His manuscripts would, no doubt, be submitted to her before they reached the hands of either player or publisher, and it may be safely assumed that, for the honor of womanhood, this great lady would jealously guard the interests of her sex.

Now, to assert that the ladies have acted upon Congreve's "gentle reproof" and restrained their nimble tongues, might only serve to excite the ready sneer of the cynic; but it

must be candidly conceded that they did not fail to take his other lesson to heart. For henceforward women put it out of the power of their most scurrilous and virulent satirist to taunt them with the neglect of their personal appearance. But the change was no sudden and violent one. Like every reform that is destined to be lasting and effective, it was gradual and gentle. Indeed, the Restoration may be regarded as a period of transition. And nowhere is this fact set forth so quaintly and so graphically as in the pages of Pepys's Diary. The Duchess of Albemarle, he tells us, was formerly known by the sobriquet of "dirty Bessie"; while the lady of Sir William Penn is depicted as "the sourest, dirty woman that ever she saw . . . a slattern with her stockings hanging about her heels." But it is in the person of Mrs. Pepys herself that our argument finds the most instructive and interesting exemplification. When first Pepys met his wife she was a comely, not to say beautiful, young girl. But in the early years of their married life he is frequently recording bickerings, strife and quarrels consequent upon his wife's failing, through neglect or ignorance, to make the most of her personal charms. In addition to her unkempt and untidy appearance, she persisted in wearing fair locks, which made her a fright, and him mad.

In these days Pepys never took his wife anywhere, though he himself lived every moment of his existence; saw everything from a puppet-show to a coronation. Mrs. Pepys scolds, and cries, and sulks, and mopes; but all availeth not; when straightway she takes to herself a maid—"exceeding well-bred as to her deportment, having been a scholar in a school at Bow these seven or eight years"—and mark the sequel.

My wife extraordinary fine to-day in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day; and everybody in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. I have paid the reckoning, which comes to about £4.

In another place he writes:

My wife tells me she hath bought a gown of 15s. per yard; the same before her face my Lady Castlemaine this day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her. And yet again, "When church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife making some clothes." She is now "very handsome and pretty and to my great liking." He takes her to the play. "And thence to the Duke's Playhouse and saw 'Macbeth,' the King and the Court there; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, some-

thing. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as I heard them say to one another." And he records with pride that the King and Duke of York smiled upon them. Nothing is now too good for her. "Up to my wife, and there she shews me her ring of a Turkey-stone, set with little sparks of dyamonds, which I am to give her as my Valentine, and am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5—she costing me little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend money upon her." On February 23, 1667-8, he writes: "This evening, my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with dyamonds; and with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells of one kind or another; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the poor wretch should have something to content herself with." And two days later: "My wife hath bought a dressing-box and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4." And next day: "At my bookseller's, and did buy 'L'illustre Bassi,' in four volumes, for my wife." He now gives up his "gadding abroad after beauties;" for the entries run, "So home to my poor wife," and "my wife reading to me." In fact, he becomes quite enthusiastic over her. He is perfectly happy, and does not care a rap how the world wags. "Thank God! I have enough of my own to buy a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife."

Coming to the age of Anne we discover that the art of beauty has been dignified into a Fine Art. In vain do you now search the pages of the satirists for a single allusion which would be calculated to cast a slur upon their womenfolk's inattention to their natural charms.

It is said that even to this day the celebrated beauties of Georgia, who find so much favor (qualified, of course) in a certain establishment romantically perched on the confines of Europe and Asia, are inhibited the royal presence till they are initiated into that use of the bath enjoined by the Prophet. These damsels are ready to anoint and besmear themselves from head to foot with olive oil, and cosmetics of all descriptions, followed by a liberal application of "sweet odors"; but, like their sisters of antiquity, they share the cat's antipathy for the touch of water! These, however, are but as the spots on the sun, and serve only to accentuate the progress made by the women of more enlightened nations.

Woman is proverbially slow to move in matters of reform; but, if slow, she is thorough. In two things only has she entered heartily into competition with her master, the art of beauty and the art of novel writing, and in both of them she has left him hopelessly lagging in the rear.

Animal Life:

Stories Studies and Sketches

STORIES OF BIRD INTELLIGENCE... P. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

The cow-bunting of New England is what in the vernacular you might call a first-rate "sucker." She never builds a nest. She knows too much. She doesn't have to. She simply lays her eggs in the nest of some bird whose young, like her own, are fed on insects, and then she decamps, leaving the hatching and the bringing up of her young ones to some "easy mark" of a mother.

A cow-bunting deposited her egg in the nest of a sparrow in which the latter already had deposited one of her own eggs. When the sparrow returned she saw the big, hated egg lying beside her own dainty one and felt disgusted. She understood perfectly what was expected of her, but she wasn't going to do it. Neither did she intend to desert the home she and her husband had spent so many days building for their babies. After consulting with her better half she fixed on her mode of procedure. Together the pair built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story to the house, and thus leaving the two eggs below out of reach of warmth of her body. In the upper story she deposited four eggs and reared her four children, and in the museum at Salem you can see that nest with the two imprisoned eggs to this day.

That incident doesn't seem to indicate that a sparrow is too stupid to bear watching, and here is a story of a thrush that built a nest in a blue-stone quarry and learned to evade the danger and annoyances of blasting, as soon as she learned that a steam whistle always gave warning of the event. The sweet singer, unfortunately, had located in the very heart of the quarry, where blasting went on at intervals every day. At first she was severely discomposed by the flying fragments and the loud reports of the exploding dynamite, but she would not quit her eggs for the best dynamite ever molded into cartridges.

Before long she observed that whenever a blast was to be fired a steam whistle would give warning and all the laborers would retreat to safe distances. In a few days it was noticed that as soon as the signal was "tooted" she

would quit her nest for the time, being and fly back to it right after the explosion.

From the workmen the story of the intelligent bird got to the owners of the quarry and to visitors, and several times the whistle warning was given just to illustrate the flight of the bird for the benefit of interested strangers. A number of times this false alarm worked like a charm, but the thrush soon perceived she was being trifled with thereafter, and unless she could see the workmen in retreat in answer to the whistle, she stayed where she was doing the most good, on her nest.

Some of the birds that have become almost proverbial for their stupidity often show remarkable intelligence. Sometimes this is to an extent that borders on the "fishy." A young woman summering in Sullivan County was sitting on a porch of a farmhouse one afternoon when a drake approached while she was busy reading and seized the bottom of her dress with his bill and tugged vigorously. Feeling startled, the young woman repulsed the bird with her foot, but he returned, and becoming interested by this time she decided the drake wanted to pull her out to a certain direction. She arose and the drake waddled ahead, leading the way to the side of a pond where a duck had been caught by the head in the opening of a sluice. The rescuer hastened to the relief of the poor duck and when set free both duck and drake quacked and flapped their wings in high glee at being reunited.

There are many examples that show birds can reason even to the extent of being deceived by some of the human devices which often deceive us ourselves. But here is a pretty story of a canary that thought he had found his mate. The bird was exceedingly tame and often the door of his cage was left open so he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to alight on the mantelshelf on which was a mirror. Here was a brand-new discovery. He hopped about in front of the glass and seeing himself reflected came to the conclusion he had found a mate. Flying back to his cage he selected a seed as an offering of courtship and tried to lure the stranger. He tried in vain to make the new friend join him in a luncheon and resolved

to try another ruse. Hopping back from the face of the mirror he began to sing his sweetest love song, pausing now and then for a reply even as all canaries do when courting their tiny, yellow mates. No reply came and the bird flew back to his cage, where he remained for the rest of the day despite the fact that the cage door was left open.

We are often astonished at the marvelous intelligence displayed by the big animals, say a hippopotamus, in the way they care for their young, but among all the animals none are better mothers than the birds. Take that lovely creature, the mocking-bird, and picture her in a fight with a six-foot black snake in defense of her young. Neither cat nor dog nor man can approach the nest of a mocking-bird without being attacked. But especially the snake, and, above all, the black snake, is the arch enemy who must be fought tooth and nail till one or the other of the combatants lies dead. It is the black snake that is the pilferer of birds' eggs and young birds, but let him pilfer and destroy elsewhere! When he nears the nest of a mocking-bird his troubles begin. The male bird is the one that darts to the charge. Dexterously the strong-winged flyer eludes the lightning thrusts of the snake, at the same time striking with his sharp bill behind the neck of the long one (where lies the tenderest part of the backbone), a well-aimed, mighty peck, which results in paralysis, after which a few pecks through the skull of the reptile end the fight.

Cuvier, the naturalist, became what he was simply through an incident in a wonderful fight which he saw for the possession of a nest. While Cuvier was a young man a pair of swallows built a nest of mud in one of the angles of the casement of his apartment. A pair of highwaymen in the form of sparrows visited the nest during the temporary absence of the swallows, liked the house first rate and decided to move in forthwith. When the owners returned they were told they were not "in it," and that they had been dispossessed. Every effort of the rightful owners the usurpers resisted successfully. But the wronged ones had planned vengeance.

After a time flocks of swallows began assembling on the neighboring roof. Great commotion and excitement had possession of the birds, among whom, Cuvier said, he recognized the exiled pair. Suddenly, before the future naturalist fairly realized what was taking place, each swallow of the gathered hundreds darted at the nest. Each had a small quantity

of mud in its bill and deposited it at the entrance, one bird making way for another, till the entrance was completely closed and the robbers were entombed.

Among extraordinarily interesting birds there is one known as the lamplighter, who lives on Cape Comorin and who lights up his habitation artificially every night. These sagacious little chaps fasten a pill of clay to the tops of their nests, catch one of the big glow-worms with which the country abounds, and stick it on the clay, just as if they were lighting up to receive company. At times only one glow-worm is used, but, frequently, three or four are captured and pressed into service. It is by this means that these birds outwit their enemy, the bat, whose eyes are dazzled by the light and who are therefore prevented from coming to rob the nest of its young at night.

HOW ANIMALS SLEEP.....FOREST AND STREAM

The writer, who received permission to visit the Central Park zoo late at night, in order to note the different positions in which animals and birds rest, observed some curious things. To anyone fond of natural history, such a visit is most interesting. In the lion-house the lioness was lying on her left side at full length, while the lion, couchant, rested his head on his crossed forepaws, his hindlegs being half drawn under him, and the tail curled in toward the body.

The pumas, tigers and leopards were all resting on their sides, in nearly every case lying on the right side. The hyenas—pariahs and scavengers of the forest—rested with their hindlegs drawn under them, the forelegs stretched out, with heads slightly bent to the right. Nearby the two-horned rhinoceros was lying at full length on his left side, gently snoring. The hippopotami showed only their heads and backs above the water.

No longer looking for peanuts, the elephants lay stretched out on the floor, their huge legs lying out at full length and the trunk curved under the body. They were all resting on their right side. Close by, in the deer-house, the different deer had all crouched low for their rest, with forelegs bent under them and the hind ones drawn up, while the head was turned to the right and rested on the side of the body.

The oryx, with its long horns, was resting with its head away from the body, the horns making an arch over the shoulders. The alpaca simply looked like a large ball of black wool. The camels lay on their stomachs with their

fore and hindlegs bent under them, while their heads and necks were stretched straight out.

The monkeys were squatting about their cages, their heads bowed down over their chests, the arms resting on the thighs of the hind ones. A baby monkey was sleeping, cuddled up in the arms of its mother, its little eyes peering out inquisitively at the midnight visitors. In the smaller animal-house, given up almost entirely to civet-cats, 'possums and such like, every animal had curled itself up into the smallest possible space, burying the nose under the stomach, with all the paws drawn up close to the body. The bears were resting in various positions, some lying out at full length, others curled up. The two polar bears were huddled up in a heap, with their noses buried deep in their white fur, and forepaws crossed over the eyes. The llamas, zebus and American buffalos were resting as cows rest, with their forelegs drawn under them and their hind ones drawn in. The porcupine was lying on its stomach, its head bent to the left, with the quills standing out in every direction. The emu was resting with the first joints of its legs on the ground, the body a short distance above and its head buried in the plumes.

Most of the birds were resting on their perches, their legs bent under them and their heads tucked under a wing—in every case the right one. The parrots had only drawn their necks in, while the pelicans slept squatting on the ground, their heads drawn well back and their ponderous bills resting on their breasts.

TRAINING AN ELEPHANT..... N. Y. EVENING POST

The training of an elephant is pretty much like the training of any other animal, human or otherwise. And the training of any animal depends almost wholly on the fact how well you can make it understand that you are the boss, and that as compared to yourself it isn't a flyspeck in the universe. You have got to make the brute understand several things very clearly. In the first place, that you are the master of pain—that, if you like, you can make life so unbearable for it that it would do anything rather than to annoy you or to disobey. In the second place, the animal is to understand that when it does what is expected, you are the master of its comfort and happiness, just as well as the author of its misery. In the third place, the brute must be made to understand that no ugliness will be overlooked without due punishment and that you are no more afraid of it than you would be of the straw under its feet.

The time required to tame an elephant varies from a week to three weeks or a month.

To begin with, only one man is detailed to each elephant. First of all, the beast must get used to the sight of a man. Like human creatures, the best way to reach this stage of the taming is through the stomach. Day for day, as the animal gets hungry, the same man comes to appease his wants.

When the time has come that man and animal are pretty well acquainted, the trainer, armed with an elephant hook, enters the cage to throw some of the chains off the beast. You will notice in the first place the animal has discovered that no harm will come to him and that the strange creature means only well. Now this same little person, not more than one-thirtieth or one-fortieth the weight of the big fellow, enters the stall and throws off the chains that bound him like a helpless baby. By that the animal gets a distorted idea of the power of the man. He feels that what he could not do the little creature has done.

If the elephant is a particularly treacherous brute the chances are he will break out right here. The instant the big head is freed from the martingale to which it was attached by iron chains running from the tusks between the forelegs, the trunk may be up to mischief, and then comes lesson three. The animal must be taught that if the friendly and harmless creature only will he can produce sensations that will make a goose skin creep over the thick hide. There is only one way of teaching an elephant a lesson while you are at it, and that is to give it to him unmercifully, driving the hook into the fat side, or anywhere else, and clawing six inches of hole into the flesh. To do less than to bring a squeal out of the fellow at this stage of the game would mean to forfeit all mastery.

And now the tamed elephant is brought in as a taskmaster. Within sight of the raw fellow the tame one picks up his keeper, sets him on his neck and walks back and forth in sight of the astounded stranger, being guided by the gentle prod of the hook. And if you ever doubted there was a language between animals, then, as a rule, comes an exhibition that will convince you otherwise. The wild animal is let loose in a corral along with tamed pachyderms, and the animal language begins. Tamer the new fellow becomes, until, after seeing the example of the trained brethren, he takes up his keeper at a word of command and sets him on the massive neck. From then on the animal is tamed.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

Much has been written about the pleasures and advantages of getting "close to Nature," and yet, how many opportunities of doing so are neglected! In these days of travel and excursions, when thousands of us visit regions which, a few years ago, would have been regarded as being as inaccessible to us as the very poles; in these days when thousands of us, who, a few years ago, would have been content to live the humdrum life of home from year's end to year's end, must have our annual "change," we have opportunities of observing faunas and floras of many districts and regions. How many, however, avail themselves of the privilege of familiarizing themselves with nature's varied processes and products, and of enriching the treasures of knowledge? The board walk and pavilion of the shore have more attractions than the pine groves and the sand dunes; the lawn tennis ground and golf links of the inland resort allure far more than a ramble through forest and field, in mountain glen and along lake shore. If it is true, as a certain wise man has said, that there is a time for everything, let us, in all fairness, give some time to the natural history ramble. It is certainly as refreshing, to say the least, as some other recreations. Read the following and judge:

PLANT-HUNTING. . J. H. McFARLAND. . COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

To me, no part of my longed-for vacation is so pleasant as the opportunities afforded to make new and renew old acquaintances among the flowers of the woods, the field and the lakeside. The very first sight of the red-flowering raspberry from the car window, before the actual climb to Eagle's Mere is begun, causes a shout of joy; and as the little narrow-gauge road winds in its upward climb among ferns and along the tumbling brook, memory prompts a watch for the wild bergamot that rivals in brilliance the cardinal flower I have seen along Muncy Creek. And then at last the rhododendrons along the lakeside—with what pleasure we find that here on the mountain top these regal flowers have waited for us until late July! I cannot resist the drawings of the camera, and although I have loudly declaimed against those who cut a single twig from these rare old plants hanging over the water's edge, I cautiously snip a half-dozen splendid bloom heads, and flee to the place where my lens may look at them. On the way there appears one in authority, who, pointing the finger of re-

proach, calls to mind my fulminations against the vandals who ruthlessly cut and slash. My beneficent purpose satisfies him, however, and I photograph in peace.

One day there comes a trip along a lovely fern-bordered road, four or miles down the mountain. By a roadside spring we stop all the family to drink the water and to get closer to a great bank of billowy ferns, worth a dozen greenhouses full of tender and pampered winter pets! It is on the way home that I first realize what a dainty little white bell precedes the aromatic red berries of the familiar wintergreen, and find close by a few belated flowers, just as dainty and most remarkably sweet, of the partridge vine, or Mitchella, with its scarlet fruits of last year close by and mingling with the fresh green berries of the season. Another delicate white blossom peeps out from the green moss, holding its fine flowers above the round leaves. A careful look, and it proves to be an additional new acquaintance—the daldar, without a common name.

The Eagles Mere woods show here and there a pair of shining flat leaves, prone on the ground; and these I am told are the great round-leaved habernaria, of which I may find a bloom—perhaps! Sure enough, one day I do find a great upshooting spike, crowned with odd greenish white flowers. A rush is made for the camera and, with tedious care, an "exposure" follows. Alas! when I develop, I find that in my excitement I have tried to get "all outdoors" on my plate, for also on the same piece of glass I have previously exposed for a landscape, but "the other way up," resulting in a grotesque disappointment.

MORE PLEASURES

This vacation seemed to gather pleasure all through August, as I found and enjoyed more plants in their haunts. There came into that enjoyment the Professor, the Editor and the Nature-study Teacher; and it was whispered that the Professor could be induced to show the way to a great and wonderful colony of another native orchid—*Goodyera pubescens*,

misnamed commonly as "Rattlesnake Plantain"—if we would promise not to tell any one who might dig up the plants. We promised, and were conducted covertly to a cunningly obscure but nearby place along the Lake Drive, where the ground was literally covered with the beautifully veined leaves, from which sprang countless spikes of characteristic flowers. It was a great sight, over which we gloated freely and with much loudly expressed pleasure.

It was the Editor who suggested a deeper plunge into the woods; wherefore, the Editor in advance, eyes on ground, we scattered and sought in pleasant converse of things botanical and woodsy. A great whoop from the man of shears and the blue pencil brought us all to him on the run, to find him executing a wild dance before a wonderful grouping of two peculiar plants—the Indian Pipe of tall and translucent whiteness, bursting up through the leaves of the forest floor, and its one and only sister, the Pine Sap, rare and dainty in its delicate yellow color. I suppose we were a company of lunatics, according to some standards, to go into ecstasies over a mere handful of plants; but that is one of the privileges of the plant-lover, who may not be denied the expression of his pleasure in finding these embroideries on Nature's robe. The cold-blooded botanist, with book and vasculum, often calmly finds and as calmly appropriates for his cemetery of plant-life, his herbarium, everything that makes the woods and the meadows beautiful. The real plant-lover, who is not disposed to pry too deeply into the intimate secrets of the flowers he finds, enjoys them in their haunts, and leaves them for others to enjoy; unless, indeed, he brings them away only by the camera's aid for the pleasures of many others.

But, with all due deference to Mr. McFarland, it is not the true botanist, any more than it is "the real plant-lover," who robs the woods and fields of their gems. It is those who flirt with flowers, those with whom it is "lightly come, lightly go." The love of flowers is pretty much the same as any other kind of love—it may be of the intellect or of the emotions. Love of the head is as likely to be as real as that of the heart, to say the very least. If the two are combined, as they are with those who have been comrades as well as "lovers," you get the highest of the sacred passion. This is the love of the botanist for the objects of his study and solicitude. The botanist will not only not destroy the plants, but he will not disclose their retreats for any amount of promises, unless you can give the grip and password of the confraternity—and then you are to be trusted. So we would urge every real plant-lover to become a

botanist—the more scientific the better. The study requires but little mechanical equipment; its interest is vast. It is well never to look at a flower without discovering its name, for the acquiring of the name makes a new acquaintance, and a little more knowledge makes the acquaintance a friend.

At first, the work will be general, but soon new points of interest will present themselves—types of flowers, alliances and the like; and then is the time to pay exclusive attention to some family or order. How interesting such a study becomes, let the following excerpt show. It is from an English journal, it is true, but, with the very few changes that have been made, it is quite applicable to our own flora:

THE UMBELLIFERÆ.....N. LLOYD PRAEGER....KNOWLEDGE

Among the larger wild flowers which one meets on a country ramble, none are more familiar than the members of the group which botanists call the *Umbelliferae*, or umbel-bearing plants. These plants are puzzling to the beginner on account of the strong family likeness which runs through the majority. In a large number of the common species we find the same strong, erect growth, hollow, branched stem, much-divided leaves triangular in outline, and flattish white or pink compound umbels formed of numerous small flowers. Indeed, were stem and leaf the only means of discrimination, identification would be difficult; and, if we had to rely on the flowers, wellnigh impossible. But the fruit of these plants, remarkable in structure, is also much varied in form. Here we have the key to their classification; and a study of the fruits of the umbelliferae will not only enable the beginner to name his plants, but will present to his view a large series of interesting and beautiful forms. Each fruit consists of two carpels (*mericarps*), often flattened, adhering by their face (commisures) to a common axis, from which they ultimately separate and become pendulous. Each carpel has usually five longitudinal ribs, and often four lesser ribs alternating with these; and in the substance of the wall of the fruit, either under the ribs or in the spaces between them, there are often canals (*vittæ*) filled with essential oil. The *mericarps* vary in shape, in the character of the ribs, and in the arrangement of the *vittæ*, and these variations generally render identification easy. If the fruit be cut across horizontally with a knife, its characters are seen to the best advantage.

ECONOMIC INTEREST

As a group, the umbelliferae are remarkable for the powerful secretions produced by

many species. They are a strong-smelling and strong-tasting order, some useful, many highly poisonous. Conspicuous among the noxious species is the hemlock (*Conium maculatum*). The poison is narcotico-acrid, producing delirium, palsy and asphyxia. The water-hemlock (*Cicuta maculata*) is equally dangerous, producing effects similar to those of prussic acid—tetanic convulsions, ending fatally. Some species lose their acidity by cultivation or bleaching. Thus we get our carrots and parsnips, the enlarged tap-roots of species of the genera *daucus* and *pastinaca*. The esculent celery is produced by bleaching the leaf-stems of *Apium graveolens*, a common inhabitant of salt-marshes. The parsley of our gardens is a curly-leaved form of *Carum Petroselinum*, a plant of unknown origin, which readily escapes and makes itself at home, as a coarse, strong-growing plant, on old walls and limestone rocks. The succulent roots of angelica are sometimes candied, and have medicinal properties. The well-known caraway seeds are the aromatic fruits of *Carum carui*, and the fruits of anise (*Pimpinella Anisum*), coriander (*Coriandrum sativum*), and others have similar properties.

The above extract is given to show how interesting may be the study of a single order. The next will afford evidence that a little botanical knowledge may be useful, for the plant referred to is probably *Ocimum sanctum*, an Indian and Ceylon species of basil. All the basils are aromatic. One of them, Sweet Basil (*Ocimum basilicum*), was well known to the Greeks and Romans, and is in common cultivation to this day. Hence, the aspiring botanist may experiment on the lines laid down in the passage, and, if he finds that a pot of basil in a room is a prophylactic against mosquitoes, he may become a public benefactor. The basils are members of the Labiate family, and two common American species of that family, although not of the genus *Ocimum*, have received the name—the mountain-mint and the basil-thyme. Both are aromatic, and it may be advisable to experiment with these. It is a very usual phenomenon that properties run through a whole alliance

THE MOSQUITO PLANT PHILADELPHIA RECORD

Sir George Birdwood, the distinguished physician, physiologist, botanist and Oriental authority, sends an interesting letter on the subject of the mosquito plant to the London Times. He says that this plant and allied basils have been known from time immemorial throughout India as a defense against mosquitoes and a prophylactic in malarial districts. The Hindus recognize several species, and one or other of these basils is found growing everywhere in India, especially about temples, and most of them

are grown in gardens; in farther India especially, they are planted upon and about graves, and a decoction of the stalks and leaves is a universal remedy in cases of malarial fever. Sir George Birdwood says that when the Victoria Gardens and Albert Museum were established in Bombay the men employed upon these works were at first pestered by mosquitoes and suffered so much from malarial fever that, on the recommendation of the Hindu manager, the whole boundary of the gardens was planted with holy basil and any other basil at hand, on which the plague of mosquitoes was at once abated and fever altogether disappeared from the resident gardeners and temporarily resident masons. The site of the gardens had before been one of the worst malaria-stricken spots on the Island of Bombay. No one in these days knew anything of the "mosquito-malaria theory." Sir George himself used myrrh as a protection against mosquitoes. "They never," he says, "came near any bed in which a little myrrh was burnt or a little tincture of myrrh sprinkled when retiring for the night."

One advantage of a little botany to season our love of plants is that it makes us take notice of features other than flowers. The following is an interesting illustration of the way in which a botanist regards things:

EGGENTRIC FRUITS H. W. PARKER AMERICAN INVENTOR

Fruits, in botany, include all the fructification of plants, the divisions being fleshy fruits, stone fruits, and dry fruits, the last being very various. Some of the forms are marvelous in their resemblance to animals, or in other devices that favor their protection or their dissemination. With seed carpels that get themselves distributed by means of hooks and barbs, we are all vexatiously familiar such as the great variety of "stick-seeds," chiefly the burdock burs and the two-barbed bidens of the small sunflower sort, of which there are many species. Two singular instances of this device are the *Harpagophytum* and our Western and Southern *Martynia*. The first has a number of species in Africa and Madagascar—notably *H. procumbens* of South Africa, a low whitish plant with axillary flowers; it is called the "grapple plant." Its peculiar fruit contains numerous seeds, and is armed with spines so strong that it firmly adheres to the nose or mouth of grazing animals, also to the lion, in whose efforts to remove it by the teeth it becomes fixed in the mouth and throat, sometimes causing death. The *Martynia proboscidea* is familiar to

many readers, being commonly cultivated, and is known as the unicorn plant, double claw; *ongle du diable*, etc., from the long beaked capsule. Bernadin de St. Pierre even saw in it a resemblance to a back-finned fish, with a tail shaped into two fish hooks. The two-celled woody pod contains numerous black seeds. It is an annual, very pubescent, much blanchied; the stem one to three feet long; the large leaves heart shaped; the funnel-form flowers yellowish mottled with purple, one or two inches long. The fruit is four to six inches in length. Several species occur in the Southwest, and as many as eight in the Americas. The pod of *M. proboscidea* can be mounted on artificial legs, so as to resemble a bird with long recurved tail.

SOME RESEMBLE ANIMALS

Of fruits that resemble animals, the buffalo-headed nut, *Trapa bicornis* of China, is perhaps the most astonishing. It is sold in our city streets. Nothing is more curious than its resemblance to a buffalo—head, horns, eyes and nose. It is an aquatic plant, with dissected submerged leaves and a tuft of aerial broad leaves. The nut contains a sweet edible kernel, and a species in Cashmere is a staple food. One species, ranging from Africa and Central Asia to Central Europe, named *T. natans*, has been naturalized in our Concord River. These nuts are also known as water caltrops, in allusion to the spiked balls, formerly used to impede cavalry. The imitative shape has no supposable use, except as the horns may hinder animals from swallowing it. Some seeds resemble insects. Thus, the husk of *Biserrula pelecinus* suggests a caterpillar or a centipede; the seed of the castor-oil plant a beetle, and, still more, a *Jatropha* would easily be mistaken for a beetle, showing thorax and two elytra with their lines of oramentation. There are many species of this last, which is of the family Euphorbiaceæ, some of them furnishing materia medica. A low leguminous plant of the Mediterranean region, *Scorpiurus subvillosa*, has a pod that resembles a worm or a serpent more than a scorpion's tail, which is the meaning of the generic name; but in *Scorpiurus vermiculata* the likeness to a caterpillar is so striking that the pods are sometimes laid upon salads to test the nerves of guests; the latter is called the caterpillar plant. It has been explained that imitation of insects may promote the distribution of seeds by deceiving insectivorous birds, or may protect by warning off the seed-eaters.

PLUME-LIKE APPENDAGES

Examples of plume-like appendages are many, such as the epiphyte *Myzodendron*, which is blown about by the wind until its vicious fruit clings to a branch, and is held there by its coiling plumes; also, some remarkable grasses, such as *Stipa pennata*, the plume of which revolves the seed by the force of the wind, so that the arrow-like seed pierces the ground like an awl or gimlet. Our American species of *Stipa* are not feathered; but one of them, *S. spartea*, porcupine grass, of the prairie region, is very noticeable for the long tail (awn) of its seed, from four to eight inches in length. This is closely twisted in its lower and middle part. All the species have conspicuous awns, like tails from the seed, and doubtless of use in the dispersion and rooting of the grass.

With regard to *Myzodendron*, a few additional words may be interesting. The plant is a near relative of the mistletoe, and is found parasitic upon beeches in Tierra del Fuego and Antarctic America. The feathery bristles are viscid when fresh, and serve the purpose of attaching the seed to the bark of the tree, but they also probably serve the purpose of transporting the seed by adhering to the plumage of birds. And upon the subject of eccentric seeds it will not be out of place to revive a passage from Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves, by Sir John Lubbock, before he became a peer:

Dr. Watt has described a curious peculiarity of another species of the same family. The fruit, like that of the mistletoe, consists of a mass of viscid pulp surrounding a single seed, and when detached from the parent plant it adheres to whatever it may fall on. There it germinates. The radicle when it has grown to about an inch in length develops on its extremity a flattened disc, and then curves about until the disc is applied to some neighboring object. If the spot to which the disc has fastened is suitable, the development of the plant proceeds there. If, on the contrary, the spot be not suitable, the radicle straightens itself, tears the viscid berry away from whatever it has adhered to, and raises it in the air. The radicle then curves again, and the berry, is carried by it to another spot, where it again adheres. The disc then detaches itself, and by the curving of the radicle is advanced to another spot where it again fixes itself. Dr. Watt says that he has seen this happen several times, and thus the young plant seems to select certain places in preference to others. They have been observed, for instance, to quit the leaves, on which they must often alight and move on to the stem.

I n ✎ ✎ D i a l e c t : S e l e c t i o n s o f C h a r a c t e r V e r s e

THE MODERN PIANO CHICAGO INTER OCEAN

I love to sit at my snide pianner
And play Gregorian chants,
And have fine thoughts and dream of Hannah,
And cuss my cousins and aunts,
And e'en as I wallop the swelling chords
In minor or maybe major,
There comes the solace abstraction affords
To the one wrought old stages.

I murder a passage of Meyerbeer—
Some staves of his march from The Prophet—
I verge to Verdi for saccharine cheer—
From that to Strauss—and scoff it;
I drift to De Koven and wonder how
He managed so much to win,
With ne'er an original thought in his brow—
And from that to Lohengrin.

Ah, there is the wizard that won us all
With his harmonies shrewd and adroit,
And holds us in ecstasy and in thrall—
The Master of old Bayreuth!
But soul music not forever will do,
It racks the mind too sore;
So back I go, for a minute or two,
To some measures of rag-time lore.

Then Grieg creeps in with his subtleties,
And Handel and Mendelssohn,
All ever aglow with melodies—
A poem in every tone!
A snatch of Sousa, a bridge of Bach
To cover the strenuous stream:
An Irish song and a sassenach
For variety and stream.

An Offenbach medley, a solemn strain
From some oratorio,
A polka, rattled with might and main,
A noble air of Gounod.
The terrible trio from William Tell,
A song of Ethelbert Nevin,
The Tannhäuser march—and I play that well—
But it doesn't sound like heaven.

So with these trifles my soul I soothe,
Whilst I mourn an absentee,
And the music, perchance, might be more smooth
If the absentee were with me.
But my heart goes out in the notes I produce,
And my neighbors swear like a tanner,
And no doubt wishes me at the deuce
As I smash on my snide pianner.

A SEA-SAW SONG ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

When it ain't meltin' it's rainin'—
When it ain't rainin', it's hot;
An' so, we are mostly complainin'
And raisin' a row with our lot;
When a little storm blows
Brings a deluge of woes,
And you can't see the rainbow, an' won't see the rose!

When we ain't fryin', we're freezin'—
When we ain't freezin', we fry;
An' so, there is nothing like pleasin'
The people here—under the sky!
When a little storm blow
Makes a world full of woes
And you can't find the rainbow, an' won't find th
rose!

RIDING HERD AT NIGHT DENVER POST

Lots o' time to think, you bet,
Underneath the watchin' stars
Jest the very time to let
Down the past's moss-covered bars.
Gives the soul a pious tone,
See things in a solemn light,
When a feller's all alone
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Gits a thinkin' o' the days
When his life was in its morn,
Of the sports an' boyish plays
Round the home where he was born.
Picters o' the past he sees,
Some of shaddered, others bright
As a summer day, when he's
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Sees a mother bow her head
Pleadin' with the Lord above,
An' the tears she o' n shed—
Jewels of a mother's love.
Sees her glad, approvin' smile
When he tried to do the right—
Conscience welts it to him while
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Hears her voice in every breeze
Sweepin' o'er the moonlit plain,
An' in every cloud he sees
That dear sainted face again,
As the memories on him pile
Lots o' them have got a bite
Keener than a sarpint's while
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Ain't a preacher anywhere
That can make a feller fret,
That kin make him stop an' stare
At himself with keen regret,
Like ol' conscience when it jars
Up his sense o' wrong an' right
When alone beneath the stars
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

THE STUBBORN HEN S. F. BULLETIN

And a stubborn old hen I once mebt,
On a china door-knob tried to sebt;
"I'll never give up
Till I hatch a teacup!"
She said—and her ghost's setting yebt!

Educational Questions of the Day

A CHILDREN'S FARM

Last summer a children's school farm was opened in one of the most crowded districts of New York. An unimproved site on West Fifty-third Street, reserved for a future park and long used as a dumping-ground, was chosen for the experiment. The story of this farm is told by Miss Fannie G. Parsons in *The Outlook*.

The question of how to control an unruly mob of children of various ages promised difficulties, but as soon as the children ceased to be onlookers and became workers, there was no trouble. The park department gardeners who prepared the ground were Swedes, and as in their own country they had enjoyed school gardens, they entered into the spirit of the farm and let the children help.

"The farm grew to perfection from the suggestions of these men, the parents, and police; one of the latter saying, 'These children will never obey until the tent is made more beautiful than anything they have ever seen.' Following this suggestion, a floor was laid, and a box of blooming plants was placed around the whole tent, twenty-five feet by thirty-five feet. The effect was magical.

"Once a week in the tent a round tub was filled with water, on whose bosom floated a mass of water-lilies in all their rich, cool, native beauty. Their subtle influence seemed to reach all. Making a beautiful park or making a beautiful garden with the 'Don't touch' sign is like eating luscious fruit before hungry children; they want some too. So at stated times a basketful of cut flowers was distributed in the tent, so satisfying the wholesome longing aroused by the boxes of plants, which were to be respected."

These small farmers were drawn from the densely populated West Side, no distinction being made as to age or sex, those first applying being taken. Boys in their teens, employed as hall-boys, would work two consecutive Sundays in order to come for a few hours to the farm during the week. Others would come before their day began, help put up the flag or rake a path. Mothers would send notes saying, "Please drive my boy out of the farm. He must go to the factory. We need his earnings."

George T. Powell, Director of Briarcliff Agricultural College, says:

"If I could have the training of the city children on these vacant lots for a period of two months I could send out several thousand of the boys, rang-

ing from fifteen to eighteen years of age, upon farms throughout New York and other States."

The few weeks' work on the ground, planting seeds, caring for the growing plants, the responsibility and pride of individual plots, the having an object of personal interest to them, which gave to each something to do, has done much for these children. Their activity, once destructive, has been given a turn for construction and care. They have learned something of the fact that work can also be a pleasure, and they can now be guided into doing things useful where once they could hardly be controlled. The evolution from rudeness, nervous excitement, and "scatteration" to concentration, was daily perceptible.

They also made a great stride in "private care of public property." This, which was not believed of these children, has been proved. That this has been done in this district is good evidence that it can be done anywhere in Greater New York, and especially as it was accomplished when handicapped by lack of tools, very little money, only one teacher, and a late beginning. As in all experiments, an immense amount of detail work was done and many perplexing problems were faced. The experimental stage has passed. With the means at the disposition of the Board of Education, and with the co-operation of the Department of Parks, which showed such great willingness with this School Farm, the successful operation of others should be merely routine work.

It was a long time before proper implements were furnished, but clam-shells just fitted little hands and made an excellent substitute for hoes. City farming on poor soil, where the ground looked very much like concrete, is quite a different matter from the same work done in the country. Our wise foreman gardener from the Park, ever ready to give us advice and aid, said, "Water, water, water," instead of hoeing.

In a neighborhood where before only vandalism reigned, this miniature farm, lying in one of New York's most congested districts, awakened an almost forgotten feeling in the hearts of the people of the neighborhood, at the same time satisfying the active restlessness of the children. To the high-school girl Hiawatha and the waving corn became a reality. The crippled child, striving to get strong enough to be brought to this wonderful fairy-land that its little companions told so much about, drew deep breaths of satisfaction. The overtaxed, weary business man, the millionaire, the laborer, the teacher, minister, longshoreman, the mother from her pressing manifold duties in a home all too small, or a home too large with no childish voices, impelled by curiosity or courtesy, came for fifteen minutes, but forgot to leave until the lengthening shadows gave warning of the approach of night.

SOCIETY OF EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH

Recently a number of prominent school men formed an organization to be called the Society of Educational Research, which is

likely to be a most important step in the direction of scientific pedagogy. The chief duty of the bureau will be to gather data and prepare comparative tables concerning the results of experiments with special methods of teaching the individual branches of the curriculum, of special systems of supervision, examination, promotion, grading, etc. The permanent director of research, Dr. J. M. Rice, with the co-operation of a special committee of the society, will look personally, or through appointed assistants, into the merits of claims for superior results, and upon proof publish the deductions. Members of the society desirous of specific information concerning the published data have the privilege of consulting this bureau.

AVERAGE SCHOOL ATTENDANCE SINCE 1800.*

A careful estimate of the entire amount of schooling obtained by the average person in 1800 shows that it did not exceed 82 days of school instruction during his life. The vast majority of the people within the limits of the United States did not receive any school instruction at that time. In 1840, the year in which the United States census began to enumerate the number of persons that had attended school the previous year, the total amount of schooling for each inhabitant had risen to 208 days; and according to the census of 1850 the average amount of schooling had increased to 420 days, for this decade was a period of agitation on the part of Horace Mann and his disciples. A great revival in common-school interest extending through the thickly populated sections of the country had produced this great change in the ten years, 1840-1850. In 1860 the average amount of schooling had risen to 434 days, only 14 days more than it had been in 1850. But in 1870 the number had reached 672 days; in 1880, 792 days; in 1890, 892 days, and in 1900, 1,026 days.

WOMEN IN SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.*

There are at present 2 women holding the position of State superintendent of schools, 12 that of city superintendent, 284 that of county superintendent. The status of women in respect to directive influence in school affairs is tersely summarized as follows:

Women may hold any school office in Colorado, Kansas, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Minnesota, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming. They are eligible to all local school offices under the

*From the Annual Report of the United States Commissioners of Education.

general school laws in the following additional States and Territories: Arizona, California, Connecticut, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas (any position open to teachers), Vermont, and Wisconsin.

In several of the above-named States cities form districts under special school laws; where such is the case they are not included in the general provision. As a rule, however, women are eligible to the school boards of Northern and Western cities.

In the following additional States the relation of women to school administration appears to be restricted to the positions named: Alabama (county board), Kentucky (district school officer), Nevada and Oklahoma (district), Rhode Island (town), Washington (district).

A GIRLS' TECHNICAL SCHOOL

Last September there was opened in New York a Technical High School for Girls. As no appropriation for a suitable building had been made, it was necessary to use an old and undesirable high school building. In September the only courses offered were stenography and typewriting. Five hundred girls applied the first week. The equipment for sewing, dress-making and cooking classes was secured in time for the opening of the February term. The courses were not advertised because of the limitation of the building. Provision had been made for two hundred new pupils; eight hundred applied. Branch schools were opened and all applicants admitted.

The commercial course requires four years. At the end of that time the girls should be able to command positions as office assistants or secretaries. Besides stenography and typewriting, they are instructed in office work, business forms, commercial arithmetic, filing, cataloguing, care of stock and business ethics.

The sewing course will require two years. The girls furnish their own materials. They are not allowed to use lace or embroidery, but must devise trimmings of the material.

This, says The New York Evening Post, is done to discourage the tendency to use tawdry decoration, and that fine hand work, for which there is an increasing demand, may be taught.

For purposes of comparison the pupils are asked to bring any specimens of old embroidery or bits of costume which have descended to them. The cosmopolitan character of a New York public school is apparent in the collection gathered at the Technical High School. Some of the samples are especially interesting, and a set of examination pieces from a Prussian school are veritable works of art. The

girls bring fashion sheets, and have a criticism class, the object being to develop good taste.

The drawing classes will lead, it is hoped, to classes in designing, and other lines of art which women find profitable and congenial. This plan is one of many which is being left to the future. It is expected to add to the present work classes in book-binding, printing, millinery, and to establish a school for department-store clerks. A store in miniature will be fitted up in charge of an expert, and pupils will act as shoppers and clerks. Such classes are conducted in several of the larger stores. Principal McAndrews is assured that his pupils will have no difficulty in obtaining positions in the best stores.

ETHICAL INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS

"If there is to be ethical training," says Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of the New York City Schools, "the teacher must possess a strong personality and strong moral ability. The reverse of this statement would be: If the teacher is immoral in any way, given to lying or dishonesty of thought, impure in mind—no matter how good his mind may be, he will not exert an effective ethical influence. In short, the teacher's personality, mind and habit of thought constitute the most important elements in the entire problem.

"This you can see exemplified in any classroom. In the class where the highest ethical standard is reached you will find a teacher who practises those very qualities and is possessed of just those virtues. In another class where the teacher is mentally dishonest you will find the children trying to copy answers from each other and attempting to cheat in examinations. I have seen, not once, but many times, a teacher helping a child to cheat. Where such things exist you must not expect ethical training to be greatly emphasized, or of any practical value."

A FARMING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Wayward and homeless boys are taken care of in San Francisco by a society called the Youths' Directory. This society has recently established a farming school with the object of teaching boys to become trained farm workers. Because of the great scarcity of such workers, boys thus trained would have no difficulty in finding work. The farm, which is to be established near Rutherford, one of the most delightful settlements in Napa Valley, will comprise 1,021 acres of rolling and foothill land, suitable for grape growing, fruit-raising, dairying, and general farming. The course to graduation will require three years. At the end of that time a boy ought to be able to render efficient service in the vineyards, orchards and farms of the State.

LOCAL SCHOOL BOARDS IN NEW YORK

There are five members on each local board—three men and two women, and each of the forty-six school districts of Greater New York has its local board which looks after seven or eight schools.

The members of the board are required to visit at least once a quarter all the schools in their districts, find out about the regularity and punctuality of pupils in attendance, the progress they make, the fidelity of teachers, the discipline of pupils, the condition of the buildings from the standpoint of health and comfort.

When repairs are needed or additional accommodations required they are at liberty to say so, also to recommend the erection of new buildings and point out suitable sites. They are required to report any dereliction of duty discovered on the part of teachers, principals, superintendents, or their assistants. The local boards are also empowered to try and determine all questions relating to discipline, corporal punishment and other matters arising upon the complaints of pupils, parents, or guardians against teachers and principals, and impose penalties. In all cases, though, the decision of the local board must be passed upon by the Board of Education before it goes into effect.

A TOAST TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

William McAndrews tells in the *World's Work* the following pointed incident: A wealthy woman, who affects patronage of education, drove up one morning to the school of which she is a trustee and invited the teachers to spend the evening at her home. When the refreshments were served that night, one little cake, came into the hands of one of the guests and proved to have a curved omission, as if something had been bitten out. Annabel, who is a musical accompanist, whispered to the girls that this was the second successive evening she had attended a reception in this house, once as a hired entertainer and once as a guest. She suggested that the things to eat were what were left over by the "society people" of the night before. At this revelation there were indignant looks, but the teachers' inviolable safeguard, the sense of humor, came to the rescue, and the holder of the tell-tale wafer lifted it up and proposed, *sotto voce*: "Here's health to us: the rag-tag and bobtail of the learned professions; beloved by children; tolerated by youth; forgotten by maturity; considered municipally, financially and socially as good enough for what is left."

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

THE MALARIA MOSQUITO

At the Medical Congress recently held in Madrid, the section which discussed malaria was largely attended, as men of fame in the recent discoveries concerning the transmission of malaria by mosquitoes were present and spoke on the subject. The Medical News says:

Spanish physicians claim that Grassi, of Italy, and not Ronald Ross, of England, was the real discoverer of the fact that malaria was transmitted from one person to another by mosquitoes, which first bit a sufferer then developed in their own bodies a certain form of the parasite, which, upon biting a healthy person, would transmit the disease to him. They brought out the fact that the recurrence of malarial attacks at times when mosquitoes are not present to transmit the parasites is due to a continuous cycle of development of the germs in the human body, which bridges over successive epidemics. Certain forms of the parasite seek the internal organs during the disease, and, as it were, lie in wait for the young mosquitoes of the next season. These, as soon as they are infected, are ready to produce a crop of the estivo-autumnal parasite, as they call the fall malaria of the Roman Campagna and other countries subject to his particular form of the disease.

Dr. Ascoli, of Rome, reported that malaria in epidemic form often appeared in Italy in June, notwithstanding the fact that at this time there could be but few infected mosquitoes. Most of these patients showed, however, an antecedent malarial history, proving, he thought, the fact that the recurring attacks within the individual were what kept malaria in readiness to infect the young mosquitoes. The general consensus of opinion at the congress was that the wholesale slaughter of mosquitoes was a rather expensive and inefficient method of disposing of malaria, notwithstanding the fact that it might make life more tolerable to those who live in mosquito-infested countries. It was decided that the best way to eliminate malarial infection was to screen every patient by mosquito netting, in order to prevent the mosquitoes infecting themselves. Inasmuch as the individual cases suffering from malaria can be better looked after and taken care of than can the mosquitoes of the woods and streams, this method, if followed as thoroughly and carefully as isolation is observed in smallpox would soon limit the transmission of the disease and render epidemics in low mosquito-breeding lands almost unknown.

In this connection we print the following letter sent to the London Times by an English officer recently stationed in Northern Nigeria, Captain H. D. Larymore:

A growing specimen of the "mosquito plant" (*ocimum viride*), which I have just succeeded in bringing home alive from Northern Nigeria, has been accepted by the authorities at Kew, where it can now be seen.

I can personally testify to the extraordinary effect which is produced on mosquitoes by the pleasant

odor of its fresh leaves, and, by placing two or three growing pots of the plant in each room and along the windward veranda, a house can be kept practically free from these insects.

One of the malaria-giving specimens which I caught alive and tenderly inclosed within a leaf of the plant lost consciousness in a few seconds.

The scent of the bruised leaf partly resembles wild thyme and eucalyptus. The ordinary wild mint, the leaves of which are somewhat similar, should not be confounded with it. The natives where the plant is found prefer an infusion of its leaves to quinine in cases of malarial fever when they themselves or their children are attacked, and declare that, at any rate for them, the infusion invariably proves more efficacious than our antidote.

The schools of medicine which follow the modern mosquito-malaria theory might therefore give the matter some attention in the way of experiments on fever patients.

In India alone, where soldiers in barrack rooms are not supplied with mosquito nets, the use of the plant would prove an undoubted comfort, even if found wanting as a complete protection against malaria.

MALARIA IN THE SOUTH

Celli, the celebrated Italian authority on malaria, tells us that the mean mortality statistics give about 15,000 deaths yearly from malaria in Italy. He further says that, calculating from the number of deaths the number of patients, we arrive approximately at about two million cases a year. The loss of labor and of production, and the expenses entailed in dealing with this disease, consequently amount to several millions of francs. About five million acres of land go uncultivated or very improperly cultivated, which represents an enormous loss. One railway company spends on account of malaria one million fifty thousand francs (\$200,000) a year. He sums up by saying, one can positively assert that malaria annually costs Italy incalculable treasure.

Writing in the Popular Science Monthly on the relation of Malaria to Agriculture and Other Industries of the South, Professor Glenn W. Herrick states that:

The total number of deaths in Louisiana for the year ending May 31, 1900, was 20,955, of which 1,030, or very nearly one-twentieth, were from malaria fevers. In Mississippi for the same year there were 20,251 deaths, of which 983, or a trifle less than one-twentieth, were from malarial fevers. In Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, taking these three States as a whole, a trifle less than one-twenty-fifth of the whole number of deaths was due to malaria.

Taking Celli's basis of estimate, we will find

that there were in the five States mentioned, approximately, 635,000 cases of malaria in the year ending May 31, 1900, a factor truly appalling in its influence against the wealth-producing power of a people.

The South as a whole has given little thought to the tremendous rôle malaria plays in her industries, especially in agriculture. We have no idea of the loss occasioned by malaria in unfitting men for long or energetic hours of labor. The loss of energy and enthusiasm, the loss of interest in one's own efforts and successes, all of which contribute enormously to the inefficiency of labor and cause the wealth-producing power, especially in agriculture, to fall far short of its normal capacity, is due in a marvelous and undreamed-of degree to that life-sapping disease, malaria. The man that is just able to "crawl out of bed and drag around" is certainly not the man to accomplish an efficient and full day's labor. Because a man is at work is not necessarily a proof that he is actually adding to the sum total of his own wealth or to that of the State, and in a lesser degree does it prove that he is adding to the sum total of wealth, all of which he is capable. A man's general state of health has quite as much relation to his producing powers as the amount and kind of food he eats. And certainly there is no disease known to man that more insidiously undermines his constitution and lessens his ability to produce his full measure of wealth, than malaria.

AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION

Dr. Frank Billings in an address delivered before the American Medical Association made the following statistical statement to prove the overcrowding of the medical profession:

In 1867 there were 65 medical schools in the United States. In 1882 this number had increased to 89, and 1901-2 to 156. The enrollment of students and the number of graduates have also increased, in spite of the fact that the requirements for matriculation and graduation have been increased. In 1882 there were 14,934 matriculates, and this number was increased in 1901 to 26,417, and in 1902 to 27,501, an increase of about 100 per cent. in twenty years.

The number of graduates in 1882 was 4,115; in 1901, 5,444; in 1902, 5,002, an increase of about 25 per cent. in twenty years. If, in 1850, there were too many medical schools and too many students, what can we say of the condition to-day?

It has been estimated that there is an average of one physician to 600 of the population of the United States at the present time. The natural increase in the population of the country, and the deaths in the ranks of the profession, make room each year for about 3,000 physicians, based on the proportion of one physician to 600 of the population. With 5,000 or more graduates each year, a surplus of 2,000 physicians is thrown on the profession, overcrowding it, and steadily reducing the opportunities of those already in the profession to acquire a livelihood.

INSANITY AMONGST THE JEWS

The racial susceptibility to disease is a well-recognized phenomenon and is nowhere so well illustrated as in the susceptibility to nervous

affections. The Jews who have given to the world famous musicians, poets, novelists, philosophers, linguists, economists, jurists, financiers and physicians, are also, as a race, according to the Medical Record, more susceptible to insanity:

Jacobs found that, while among Englishmen the number of insane is 3,050 per million, and among Scotchmen 3,400, the number among the Jews equals 3,900. Servi found one lunatic to every 391 Jews in Italy. Mayr states that to each 10,000 Christians in Germany there are 8.6 insane, while among the Jews the number reaches 16.1. In Bavaria the proportion is still greater, 9.8 among Christians and 25.2 among Jews. Rjazansky (*Vratchebnaja Gazeta*, No. 19, 1902) gives his experience of 10 years' practise in a small town, Dagd, with a population made up of 1,014 Jews and 328 Christians. The Jews comprise 190 families, and among them he observed 47 cases of nervous and mental diseases, while, on the other hand, not a single case of mental unbalance occurred among the Christians. Of course, these statistics are too insignificant to enable us to generalize, but they strikingly corroborate the more extensive observations of other authors. There is every reason to believe that the nervous strain under which the Jews have lived and still live in European countries, aided by the intensification of predisposition by close intermarriage, is accountable for the prevalence of insanity in this race.

VERBAL DEAFNESS

A most interesting case of this rare affection is reported by van Gehuchten and Goris in the *Journal of Mental Pathology*. Pure verbal deafness is an affection in which the power to understand spoken language is lost, and the patient, of course, also loses the ability to repeat spoken language and to write on dictation. But spontaneous speech is not lost, nor the ability to write spontaneously and to read what is written. In other words, the affection is due to a lesion of the auditory center for language, and this center is believed on very good evidence to be located in the temporal lobe.

In the case reported by van Gehuchten and Goris the patient was suffering with symptoms of cerebral abscess due to suppurative otitis media. He presented a very pure type of verbal deafness—inability to understand what was said to him, and inability to repeat what was said. His hearing for ordinary sounds was normal on the right or unaffected side, and he could talk spontaneously and write. The patient was trephined, and a large abscess in the temporal lobe was evacuated. In due time the man entirely recovered. The case, unfortunately, has no marked localizing value, for the obvious reason that accurate studies could not be made of the brain area involved.

Van Gehuchten and Goris discuss the whole subject in a highly instructive way. They claim that there are only six cases of pure verbal deafness recorded in medical literature. Unfortunately, these six cases have led to much controversy and diversity of conclusions. The moot points are with respect to the pureness of the verbal deafness and, secondly, the location of the lesion. The subject is obscured by too much theorizing and too many fine-spun distinctions. For instance, much time has been wasted over the question whether the lesion is cortical or subcortical. The case here referred to proves probably that it may be both. It also proves, contrary to Dèjerine, that the lesion is not necessarily bilateral. Paraphasia, or confusion of speech, and peragraphia, or confusion of writing, may occur simply as consequences of pure verbal deafness, and do not seem to call for the exercise of such transcendent localizing genius as has been devoted to them.

REMODELING THE NOSE

Some four years ago Dr. Gersuny of Vienna invented the injection of paraffin as a substitute for fibrous tissue in the living body. He performed a number of remarkable operations, but unfortunately an accident occurred that brought the treatment for a time into discredit. But in 1901 Dr. Moskowitz, Dr. Gersuny's assistant, published the history of more than thirty reasonably successful cases. "Clefts and fistulae were narrowed, cavities here and there were filled up, prolapses and herniae were kept back, smallpox marks were taken out, sunken noses were remodeled, the falling in of the cheek after removal of the upper jaw was repaired, and a nerve divided for the relief of neuralgia was prevented from growing together again. Though in some instances there was a lack of discretion in the use of paraffin, the successes were many."

Dr. Stephen Paget, the eminent English surgeon, in an address* delivered at the Medical Graduates' College and Polyclinic, gave a most interesting account of his own work with paraffin:

As for me, I published two cases last September in the *British Medical Journal* and to my amazement they were copied into the *Daily Mail* as a wonderful new discovery, and from the *Daily Mail* into all sorts of papers, including *Tit-Bits* and the *Woman's World*. The immediate result was that a great many cases of sunken nose came to me for treatment with paraffin; and I have already operated on forty-three cases of sunken nose and three prolapses. Let me say, once and for all,

that it is not so easy as it sounds, and that nobody ought to begin remodeling noses and bolstering up prolapses till he has thoroughly rehearsed the whole performance and has learned all the tricks of the materials that he is working with. Again and again something goes wrong just at the last moment; a syringe leaks or cracks, or the paraffin sets in the needle, or escapes above the piston, or oozes out again at the point where the needle went in or fails to do what it ought.

The method of injection is much the same whether a sunken nose is to be remodeled or a sinus is to have its walls brought into apposition or a prolapse is to be held up. You melt the paraffin by putting it in water that is well above its melting-point but not hot enough to crack the bottle. You sterilize your needles and cleanse your syringes and test them carefully. I say syringes because it is well to have two in case of accidents. Then you put your melted paraffin and your syringes in a water bath at a temperature five or six degrees above the melting-point of the paraffin. An ordinary sterilizer makes a good water bath and you must secure your bottle of paraffin with a loop of wire or some such contrivance to keep it from toppling over. Everything being ready you draw up four or five cubic centimetres of paraffin; then you hold the syringe under water while you adjust the screw-nut and press out a drop or two of paraffin to make sure that it is all right; then you dip your needle for six or eight seconds into water that is boiling or just off the boil, and then you make the injection.

I have now remodeled forty-three noses. There have been no death, no embolism, no sloughing of the skin, and no wandering of paraffin into the eyelids, and the results are permanent and they are good. In some cases the improvement is really excellent, in some it is fairly good, and in some I have failed to do much good. In a very few I am sorry that I ever meddled with the case. In more than one case a good result ought to have been obtained but was not for want of more skill and better judgment. Some cases that seemed hopeless have done very well and some that looked very easy were found to be insuperably hard. It is anxious work and heavy responsibility altering the shape of people's noses, and the more I see of these cases the more certain I am that you cannot manufacture perfect Greek noses out of nothing, and that the surgeon must be content if he succeeds in making a nose that shall be merely unnoticeable. But do not think that it is a small matter to accomplish this much. You can enable a man to get work and to get a girl to marry him and to go through life without the incessant staring and chaffing that made him always unhappy and self-conscious. I will not take up your time by repeating the miserable stories that some of these patients have told me—how they are out of work and badgered and ridiculed everywhere because they are so ugly. And it is even harder for the women. Of course, in some of these nose cases one may find something to laugh at; all the same it is a tragedy and the comic element, after all, is a part of the tragedy. So one has to take these cases seriously and in the treatment of them it is wisest not to promise too much, but to say that you will do your best to improve them so far that they shall be able to go through life unnoticed and free from contempt and chaff.

*Published in the *London Lancet*.

The Dangers in Middle Life

By Floyd M. Crandall, M. D.

Dr. Floyd M. Crandall in *How to Keep Well**—an explanation of modern methods of preventing disease—summarized in popular form what everyone should know in regard to modern medicine and surgery, bacteria, the management and control of infectious and contagious diseases, antitoxins, the regulations of daily life with a view to health and years. Dr. Crandall states in his preface that his object was to give in language that all could understand and profit by the knowledge accumulated during long years of patient toil by medical workers in the laboratory, the post-mortem room, and the hospital. Our reading is from one of the chapters dealing with the regimen of adult life.

Every man ought to understand, that when he has reached the age of forty-five he has entered upon a period of life in which certain accidents are common. They are not inevitable, and he will be unwise to allow himself to become morbid upon the subject, and be worried by a dread of what may never come. He ought, however, to recognize the fact that this period, like every other stage of life, has its particular dangers, and not run blindly into them. Although he feels and looks young, he should not forget that he is a "middle-aged man."

Certain retrograde changes begin about that time of life, and the fact should not be ignored. The time at which these changes begin varies greatly in different individuals and in different families. It depends much upon the earlier life and inherited tendency. In most men of fifty, who have lived an intense life with its cares and responsibilities, in some of the organs there is what Dr. Holmes would call a "general flavor of mild decay."

General nervous breakdown, like the organic diseases, usually shows its danger signals some time in advance. Persistent insomnia in one who has been a good sleeper, unwonted irritability, worry over details of business, loss of power of concentration, prolonged lack of energy, and a dread of grappling with business problems, are warning signals. Occurring for limited periods, they mean little or nothing, and may depend upon some temporary ailment. Any one or two alone may indicate little. Their importance may be easily exaggerated and cause unnecessary alarm. But several of them occurring in conjunction and

persisting, are danger signals which should not be ignored.

Many Americans maintain a higher tension of life than is necessary. The delirious style of doing business is partly habit, and in some cases is done for effect. Men often keep themselves in a nervous state and do more rushing about than there is any necessity for. They keep themselves keyed up to such a pitch that they use up as much vital force in doing routine work and unimportant details as in negotiating great transactions. Men permit themselves to become excited over trifles, and fly into passions of temper over trivial shortcomings of subordinates or at fancied insults. They do not put sufficient control upon their nerves, but allow themselves to be continually annoyed and excited. They get into a combative state, and are continually looking for trouble. They come to live in a tremor, and are irritable and unhappy. All this impairs their judgment, and renders them capable of making mistakes and incapable of doing good work. It is a tremendous drain upon the vital power. Many a man helps to bring on a breakdown by living a life of unnecessary tension and using up his vital power through failure to control himself. It is unwise for a man to assume so much business that he will be obliged to labor up to the full extent of his powers. There should be some allowance made for emergencies when the business will suddenly be increased. Anxiety and worry are more exhausting to the physical powers than actual labor. They cause rapid anemia, and loss of flesh. It is a common experience of the physician to see business men go on without apparent difficulty until a period of panic and financial depression comes, and then break down at the time it is most important for them to be on duty with clear heads.

A well-known New York physician used to say that he could do a year's work in eleven months, but could not do it in twelve. The annual vacation is one of the most efficient defensive weapons against breakdown for those who live the intense modern life. If it be a sedentary one, the necessity of the vacation is the greater. It is greater still if it be like that of the busy doctor, which knows

*From *How to Keep Well*. Floyd M. Crandall, M.D. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50. Copyright, 1903.

neither evenings nor nights, Sundays nor holidays, but is an unrelenting grind, month after month. The vacation is one of the most potent aids in helping to keep out of the rut into which the daily routine of life tends to force one. One or two days a week during the summer do not afford sufficient rest for the hard-working business man. They are very beneficial, but do not permit him to really step from beneath his burdens and feel that he is free from care. I appreciate fully that it is very difficult for many men, and absolutely impossible for others, to escape from their responsibilities for more than a day or two at a time. It could often be done, however, if its importance were appreciated. Many a man has learned a lesson from an illness. After years of closest application to business he has been forced by disease to remain away from business, and has been surprised and a little annoyed to find that affairs moved on pretty well without him. It is the duty of every man to attempt to arrange his affairs so that he may leave them to others if it is necessary. Accident or illness may come to any man without warning, and they are rendered far more serious by worry over business.

There is another important class of workers whose members need vacations but seldom get them. They are the wives of well-to-do business and professional men, and women of the wealthier classes, who do not belong to the ultra society set. They live in private houses or expensive apartments, and have most of the things they wish for in life except rest. The routine of their lives consists in supervising their households, managing the servants, planning the meals, caring for the children, keeping their wardrobes up to date, and performing more or less exacting social duties. In the summer the household is transferred bodily to a "cottage" or "camp." It must be supervised as in the city, the servants must be managed; the endless routine of meals can never be forgotten; the children cannot be neglected; the social duties, though different, are always present, for a series of guests must be entertained. And so this woman, fortunate in most things, is a prisoner to routine summer and winter alike. One of these women recently told me that in nine years of married life she had had but a month's freedom from this routine. And yet people wonder that these women have nervous prostration or some other form of breakdown.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

"A national problem of gigantic proportions and extreme difficulty, the future of the negro, depends first on the creation of a national sentiment in favor of wiser and juster treatment, and then in the energy and ability with which that sentiment is translated into the practical task of elevating the black race." With these words Archibald R. Colquhoun concludes an article on the future of the negro in the North American Review.

Mr. Colquhoun points out forcibly the great mistake made when the negro was taught he was the white man's equal—a theoretical assertion of right to which the white man has never given individual assent. The negro requires discipline, and that discipline must be enforced by the white man. Left to himself, the negro's "constitutional enemies—sloth, emotionalism and vanity—and his inherited lack of mechanical capacity," forever drag him back. Slavery gave the

negro the necessary discipline and the race advanced; since the abolition "it is allowed by many, including the best amongst themselves, that they have in many respects retrograded."

Under present conditions the only way in which the negro can obtain the necessary discipline is through education. But of our system of negro education Mr. Colquhoun has not a high opinion:

The American's idea of education is curiously inelastic. He thinks it well to adopt the same methods with the Filipino, for instance, as with the boy from Ohio or the negro from Georgia. The American negro is pitchforked into a machine little adapted for his mental or moral needs and he suffers accordingly. The tendency is to condense and compress, to force the bright intellects at the expense of the dull ones, and to make the discipline as light as possible. The negro who goes to a mixed school in the North has to keep pace with children of a very different mental caliber, or to drop hopelessly behind. In the colored schools of the South, taught by colored teachers, he has still to contend with a false standard—false, because it aims at making him the equal

in mental attainment of white children, instead of endeavoring to bring out the best sides of his own character. Too often, indeed, the elaborate method of teaching involved by the American system breaks down utterly and becomes a farce, because of inefficient equipment of country schools and the superficial attainments of teachers. In this case the last state of that negro is worse than the first, and he would have been far better off in an old-fashioned village school, where the acquisition of a little reading and writing would not have prevented him from realizing his ignorance, and a frequent application of the stick might have improved his manners.

Mr. Colquhoun advises Americans interested in the future of the negro carefully to study the relations of the whites to the negroes in the island of Jamaica.

The conditions of life there were very similar to those in the South in the ante-bellum days. Since that time there has been no industrial development, and there is still no white competition; but still the parallel is sufficiently close to be very instructive. The commercial depression of the West Indies was unfavorable to the development of the negro, but in spite of it he has made strides. In morality, for instance, there is a remarkable improvement; crime is comparatively rare and trivial. An instructive anecdote which illustrates this was told me recently of a lady who lived in the island alone on her plantation, many miles from any other white people. "Are you not afraid?" she was asked, and she replied: "Oh, no! We have plenty of black men about the place!" It is no exaggeration to say that a woman can go from one end of the island to the other in perfect safety. In industry a great advance has been made. The roads and public works are all the fruit of native labor, many of the foremen and overseers being also colored men. In Central America, in developing the coast lands, the Jamaican negroes are in great request and are practically indispensable in that region; nor would it be possible to construct a Trans-Isthmian canal without them. Large employers of Jamaica laborers, who have experience of negroes in the Southern States, speak of the superior docility and industry of the former.

This fortunate state, Mr. Colquhoun believes, is due to the fact that the Jamaican negro has never been taught to consider himself the equal of the white man, but knows that if he rises above the level of his race his merits will be recognized by both black and white and he will be treated according to his deserts.

The black race in America is already segregating, and this has happened under a system which was supposed to take them bodily into the nation. A course such as that adopted in Jamaica, while it gives far fewer rights nominally, gives far more in reality, and creates a *modus vivendi* under which the two races can live amicably together. Results such as this are brought about less by legislation than by public sentiment. Education is necessary, but not any kind of education. Discipline is essential, and should be enforced by white teachers, preachers and controllers in every department to induce steadiness and thoroughness and discourage emotionalism. Above all the white

man must be prepared to treat with sympathy and respect any negro who by his life and ability has earned those sentiments, and he must strive to open to such the doors of political and social advancement instead of slamming them in his face.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM

Crime as a "profession" is said to be decreasing as the result of modern methods of detection. The criminal when once his physical description has been filed in the department of identification finds it almost impossible to evade recognition. The pioneer in modern methods of identification was M. Bertillon. Since the introduction of his system twenty thousand persons who had committed crimes and were concealing their identity have been brought to punishment. M. Bertillon began life as an ethnologist. He published several books on the characteristics of the different races and finally brought out his system for the identification of criminals. Twenty-one years ago he was attached to the Paris police. From Paris his system spread over France and to other parts of the world. Harry Beardsley thus describes the system in *Leslie's Weekly*:

The Bertillon system is very simple. It is based on two fundamental assumptions—that the human frame undergoes no perceptible change after the age of twenty years; and that nature has no duplicates. The measurement depends upon the bones of the body, the instruments of measurement being very exact and devices being used to prevent the subject from distorting his body so that the measurements made would be inaccurate.

The height is first taken. This is the most susceptible of variation; for a person by drawing himself up to the utmost or by relaxing his muscles when standing can produce an apparent difference in height of one to two inches. The next measurement is the "stretch," commonly called the "reach," the distance from the finger-tips of one hand to the finger-tips of the other, when both arms are stretched out horizontally at the sides of the body. The length of the trunk is taken—in other words, the height of the subject sitting. The head-length is a measurement which the prisoner cannot vary. This is found with an instrument like a compass, which tells the distance from a point at the root of the nose to the back of the head. With the same instrument the head-width is taken, being the greatest width of the head, usually between two points just above the ears. The breadth of the face, from the outside of the cheek bones is found, and then the right ear is measured, which concludes the record of measurements for the head. The length of the left foot is taken, and the middle finger and little finger on the left hand and the left "cubit." This last is the distance from the bend of the elbow to the tip of the outstretched fingers. These shorter measurements do not vary, and in no two men, it seems, are they exactly similar and corresponding.

But the description of the subject goes further. All the unusual marks of the body—moles, warts, scars, tattooing—and all deformities are noted; and

finally there is what is called the descriptive signalment, the mental and moral traits apparent being noted, and the characteristic features, the forehead, the nose, color of hair and beard, the complexion, the teeth, chin, and the ear, all being described. The subject is weighed and his general physical make-up observed. The ear is the most important feature for detection and identification.

M. Bertillon has a school for detectives at the Paris bureau of identification. One of the most important branches of the course that is given to students of this school is that called "mental photography" or "spoken photographs." The detectives are taught by M. Bertillon a system for fixing in their own minds the features of any one whom they wish particularly to remember. It is important for a detective to know a "professional" criminal at a glance when he sees him on the street. And the feature which is given particular attention in this course is the ear. There are no two persons of all the millions of the earth whose ears are exactly alike.

In the school for detectives the student is shown the photograph of some one of the clerks in the many offices and departments of the building where the identification bureau is located. Then he is sent out for practice, to find the subject of the photograph. The beginner will return in nearly every instance with the wrong person; but before he has finished the course and when he has learned "mental photography" the detective will return in nearly every case with the right person. Two photographs are a part of the Bertillon description. One is the direct front view, the other profile. From these a good mental photograph may be made.

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN ROME

Grace Ellery Channing contributes the following picturesque description of the general strike in Rome, to the New York Evening Post:

Up to Tuesday night nobody believed in it; Wednesday morning Rome woke to the accomplished fact. Putting one's head out of the window, not a cab, not a bus was to be seen. Shutters were up; a few doleful pedestrians strolled aimlessly about; most significant of all, piles of paper and dust filled the immaculate gutters of the most-swept city on earth. A new and dreadful kind of Sunday, strangely reminiscent of home, brooded in the air. The "general strike" was here, and it was according to one's point of view "a superb exhibition of solidarity," or "a most colossal cutting off of one's nose to spite one's face."

There was bread—the familiar Vienna roll—on the breakfast table, and the meat shop opposite was open. This seemed in defiance of the first number of the program, which had announced: "Rome is to be left without bread and meat!" We hurried forth to consult the flaring manifesto on the corner wall (Romans simply cannot conduct their business, be it a strike or a funeral, without "manifesting" early and late), and here we had our first perception of the advantage of a government which can, on emergency, govern. The placard called attention to the existing police regulations, under which bakers, meat merchants, and other dealers in *comestibili* are obliged to keep their shops open "at least until two o'clock in the afternoon," and any

one wishing to retire from business is equally obliged to give "not less than fifteen days' notice" to the authorities; anyone found in contravention of these regulations would be proceeded against without further warning. This was signed by the Sindaco, Prince Colonna. Bakeries and markets, therefore, remained open, as best they could, of necessity. Meantime, bakers and butchers from all the armies of Italy were on their way to Rome; three hundred head of cattle were requisitioned by the government, and hundreds of quintals of bread ordered from all the neighboring cities. Frascati and Civita Vecchia alone failed to respond. By evening mountains of bread began to arrive, and were stacked in the great *caserna* in Via Genova. Four hundred and eighty bakers and seventy-six butchers likewise arrived, and were distributed throughout the city. Evidently a city of half a million was not to be left hungry.

In a few hours the city had changed character totally. It was a *Città Morta* except in the centers, where mounted *carabinieri* sat motionless as statues, drawn up across Piazza Colonna or the Corso. From time to time these charged forward, scattering the gathered thousands like chickens, while simultaneously the foot carabinieri marched diagonally across, breaking the mass into a helpless confusion of small groups. Innocent-looking palace doors burst open and let out files of infantry, musket in hand. With all this, a perfect good nature—the crowd laughed as it ran, and the *carabinieri* smiled sedately beneath their correct mustaches. Only over toward Ponte Garibaldi and Trastevere, as time wore on, a few of the populace threw down stones on the troops, or on Via Nazionale an abortive attempt was made to hold up the trams, running guarded by soldiers.

Placards, in the days that followed, took the place of newspapers, and blossomed out like "extras" on the walls. Appeals from the striking employees, appeals from the employers (as that you would not quarrel with your daily bread, whatever its quality), mandates from the Sindaco. Alone of the journals, the *Popolo Romano* pluckily got out an issue, and an attempt was made to mob the office, quickly frustrated by carabinieri. It was in nature for the newspaper employees to strike—this being primarily a typographical war—but things the most alien and remote "went out" right and left. In America a "general strike" means probably a strike of allied trades, but in Rome they do the thing more thoroughly—the barbers struck, and the excavators of the Roman Forum! This was one of the mournful humors of the situation. Occasionally, however, there was the purely humorous. By this time we were all walking, perforce—walking a good deal, for the great spectacular of holy week was being performed in all the churches; but there is one being who does not walk in Rome, and that is a Lord Prince Cardinal. Thus it came to pass that going to witness a Cardinal Penitentiary fulfill his annual rite of touching heads with a golden fishpole, and confessing his people, one met with the surprising information that "because of the strike," the Lord Prince Cardinal could not come! Thousands were waiting, the basilica blazed with lights, rang with music, and glowed with incense—but no Lord Prince Cardinal. His coachman could not drive him with safety, and so his Eminence was actually worse off than a tourist, for such tourist as remained appeared for once abnormally divorced from his other half—the cab.

Matters Musical and Dramatic

THE END OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON

The dramatic season of 1902-03 is practically over. The few comic operas and farce comedies that remain on the boards are but the dust still remaining on the battlefield. Soon we will be in the midst of the roof-gardens and concert halls, and gossip concerning the coming year will each day fill the newspaper columns. Many a managerial bubble will be blown these summer days, and the fond public will grasp at them only to find them break in the hands.

WHAT THE SEASON HAS BROUGHT

The season just past has hardly been a highly successful one from the standpoint of pure drama; while from the special standpoint of the American drama it has been most disappointing. Mr. De Voe recently published in the New York World a list of sixty-four original plays produced during the season. Of these thirty-six, or almost three-fifths, were of American origin. In the mere matter of quantity it would therefore seem that we of America have everything to be proud of; but a nearer view shows a state far from encouraging.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA

Through the entire list one searches and looks in vain for what might be called the literary drama, or the lasting masterpiece. Theatricality, clap-trap melodrama, guised into tragedy by scenic effects or accessories, mechanical trickery—these are characteristic of, alas! many. With few exceptions they have been "plays built to order" to meet the personality of a "star." Where among the American products, is the play of profound character and vital truth? Where is there such a study, serious and worthy, as Mr. Pinero, or Sudermann, or any of the first-class foreign dramatists offer? We are confronted by a mass of conglomerate theatric decoctions which approach real drama as the arc light does the sun. Some successful farces and comedies we have had. One or two of these still linger with us, but in the serious drama, we see, with few exceptions, almost nothing.

MR. FITCH AND MR. BELASCO

Mr. Fitch is a great exception to the ordinary. He has evolved a form of drama

which is distinctive and original. To say that he is a master, to place him in comparison with the foremost continental dramatists would be an injustice. But he has produced a type and has brought living people into his plays. It must be confessed that his plays are not all of equal merit. But he has wit, and his people belong to this age and this world, not to a "Bohemia, a desert country by the sea."

Mr. Belasco stands at the opposite antipode. His work is of the romantic, the emotional and the intense as opposed to Mr. Fitch, who is realistic, at times almost platitudinous. Both are, however, in their methods theatric and write with their audience in mind. Mr. Belasco uses scenery and elaborated stage accessories to make his effects. Mr. Fitch is more subtle. But the debt that the American stage owes to Mr. Belasco is as great as the one it owes to Mr. Fitch. Mr. Belasco more than any other manager has taught the values of stage mechanism, the place that light and color and stage-craft have in the drama. More than this, he is to be thanked for two exquisite plays of Japanese life: *Madame Butterfly* last year, and this year that beautiful tragedy, the *Darling of the Gods*. Both Mr. Belasco and Mr. Fitch stand out from the ordinary dramatist in that they contribute.

THE FOREIGN PLAYS

Of foreign plays we have drawn from Italian, German, French and English sources. The Italian drama was represented in the main by D'Annunzio, a number of whose plays Duse produced here. They were literary enough; but there was a hot-house quality to them which will ever preclude their being a popular success in America. We did not receive as much from the French as in previous years. They numbered about six, with but one farce. So much at least we gained. The most notable were two little one-act plays, both from the Théâtre Antoine: *Carrots* an exquisite study, and *Au Téléphone*, a sensational, but intense psychological study. The *Resurrection*, too, was probably of French origin though it showed traces of the English hand at work. Two original German plays, and two adaptations, constitute the Germanic contribution. Mrs. Campbell, early in the season, produced Sudermann's *Es Lebe das Leben* (*The Joy*

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of Living), and Paul Heyse's Mary of Magdala, played by Mrs. Fiske, continued until the end of the season. Of the adapted plays, Mr. Fitch's *The Bird in the Cage*, and Aubrey Boucicault's *Old Heidelberg*, are the two examples. The first two of these plays were worthy serious efforts, and deserved the support they received. The other two were unfortunate, and ended in failure.

ENGLISH PLAYS

Among the English plays of the year, the standard has been lower than usual. Only a few of the better names were in evidence. Mr. Jones, Sydney Grundy, R. C. Cartoon, Stephen Phillips, Hadden Chambers, were all missing. *Iris*, by Mr. Pinero, was a remarkable play both in conception and execution, a play which will gain in reputation as the years go on. Both it and Mr. Esmond's *Imprudence*, however, met with censure, because of their themes. Other plays, such as *Mice and Men*, *The Mummy* and *the Humming Bird*, *The Altar of Friendship*, and *Unforeseen*, had a greater or less popularity, half of which was probably due to the actors playing them.

THE REVIVALS

There have been several interesting revivals. The Shakespearian revival has already been mentioned in these columns. The most interesting event of the whole season was probably the production of the old morality *Everyman*, which served to bring before the American public an interesting dramatic phenomenon, and an actress of great ability.

THE TAG END OF THE SEASON

There are but a few plays now remaining. *The Earl of Pawtucket*, a charming, delightful comedy, excellently produced, still draws large audiences. Henry E. Dixey and an unusual cast of characters are making a success of a rather funny farce, *Facing the Music*. Mr. Dan Daly is appearing in a dramatization of John Henry. This, together with the comic operas still running, are the only rivals to the roof gardens which are now open.

AN INTERESTING NOVELTY

One performance which came at the very end of the season proved something of a sensation. This was Mr. Jacob Adler's performance of *Shylock* in *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Adler has for years acted on the Bowery, in a Yiddish theater. He does not speak English, and was handicapped by having

a company of only mediocre ability. Moreover, his company spoke their lines in English while Mr. Adler spoke his in Yiddish. Yet, with all his against him, he achieved something akin to a triumph. His portrayal of the famous Jew was a wonderful bit of realistic acting and won him both recognition and praise, so lavish that it seemed in part hysterical.

THE RETROSPECT

Looking back, the vista is not one to evoke very fervid memories. Here and there a play comes out as unusual, but for the main part, a dead level of mediocrity seems the characteristic note. Old situations, old stage tricks, old sentimentality. It is the "star system" that has done the evil. People no longer go to see plays—they go to see actress or actor. "I didn't care so much for the play, but wasn't she lovely!" is the usual matinee girl's exclamation, and it is a fair index of the place in which the drama stands—a distinctly secondary place. Of course it is absurd to think that there will ever come a time when plays will not be written to fit an actor's personality. It is safe to say that such a time never was. But this mere "building" of a play about a character, the truckling of a drama to a personality, surely this could and should be stopped. If it continue, then, indeed, there is no hope for the rising dramatist, and he had better go back to law or journalism, or to whatever profession whence he strayed.

THE CASE OF COMIC OPERA

Much the same state exists in comic opera. One goes to the modern so-called comic opera and wonders, for surely what he sees is not comic opera, but a hodge-podge. There have been some rather pretty little operas this last season—that is, as operas now go. There was *the Country Girl*, and *The Mocking Bird*, and *The Chinese Honeymoon*. All these had "catchy" pretty music, which was in some cases above the average. *The Prince of Pilsen* and *the Wizard of Oz* are still running and are likely to last out the season. Mr. Ade's *Sultan of Sulu*, too, has met with a great deal of success, as have also many of the others. Comic opera seems to be a good financial undertaking; much is expended upon its production, but the returns are also big.

THE COMING SEASON

Judging from present announcements, the coming season is likely to be a most interesting one. A number of plays by dramatists of

repute are already in view. Several of these will be of unusual merit. More plays by little-known American writers are also promised, and there is much hope in this. In comic opera, great strides will probably be made. Several singers well known on the grand opera stage are to appear next season in the lighter medium. On the whole, the outlook seems very favorable.

NEW THEATERS

That the season has not been a failure is seen in the fact that six or eight new theaters are going up in New York City. They are to be devoted to entertainments of all sorts and character. One being erected by Mr. Hammerstein is to rival his famous Olympia. Its capacity will be 4,500 persons, and it is designed for immense spectacular productions and melodrama. Its name, The Drury Lane, is well chosen. Other prominent theaters now building are the Lyceum, Hudson, New Amsterdam, Lyric, and Royal. Daniel Frohman is building the Lyceum, the Henry P. Harris Company the Hudson, Klaw & Erlanger the New Amsterdam, Reginald De-Koven, backed by some capitalists, the Lyric, and the Sires, the Royal. The builders of these theaters say that they will surpass in every way any of the present playhouses. The Drury Lane will be a remarkable structure, because it will be the largest theater in this country, and probably in the world.

THE BACH FESTIVAL AT BETHLEHEM

Unique in the musical events of America is the Bach Festival held each year in the little town of Bethlehem, Pa. This year was the third festival held. It was on a larger scale and lasted a whole week. This peculiar characteristic of the little town is due to the Moravian element in its population, who have fostered music and made it part of their religion. Mr. W. J. Henderson in *The New York Sun* gives a good description of this quaint festival, which is held in the church:

The announcement of the hour of the concert is made by the playing of a chorale by the trombone choir in the belfry of the church. The majestic harmonies float down to the earth like the call of the muezzin from the Oriental minaret. People are standing about the street in summer dress, the women in filmy gowns and bareheaded. It is like a day at Baireuth. All move toward the church. There you find the congregation sitting as at a church service with backs to the choir gallery, where assemble the chorus and orchestra, the conductor and the soloists. On the pulpit platform are seats facing the gallery. The performance begins. Mr. Wollé plays the chords for the recitatives on a piano. He conducts with his hands, having no time to pick up and lay down a baton. His orchestra, mostly amateurs, with a few professionals to play

the rarer parts—the oboes and the clarinets—is filled with enthusiasm.

But the central power is the chorus, which has rehearsed four times a week for a year. And when the chorales are reached which are scattered through these works of Bach, the audience arises and, facing around toward the gallery, joins in singing them, just as congregations did in the old St. Thomas Church of Leipzig. And there is no applause. Soloists do not rise and bow. Choruses are not repeated in answer to the imperious demand of a delighted public. All is conducted as it was in Bach's day, as if it were a service of the church, and you feel that for once in your life you are hearing these things in some such manner as their creator intended them to be heard. For two hours, beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, you sit and listen to Bach. Then you go home to dinner, loitering for a few minutes among the groups of bare-headed women to hear their pretty chatter about the music.

At 8 you go back to the church, again summoned by the trombones in the belfry, and hear the rest of the work. And then you come away, not wearied, but refreshed and filled with the conviction that this is a new world of art. You are forced to assume a new attitude. The critical pose is entirely out of place. The elements of the festival which force themselves upon your attention are the singularity of the conditions surrounding the ebullition of Bach worship, and the perfect sympathy of the congregation, for it cannot be called an audience, with the services. The performances are not concerts in the usual sense of that word. They are religious functions in music, and the singing of the familiar chorales, so intimately associated with the daily life of the people of the town, is singularly touching. One feels that something is being done to revivify the creations of a mighty master, who labored in retirement and humility, and who builded better than he knew.

The performance of this year, while much more elaborate than those of preceding years, seems to have been somewhat less successful and has called forth no little amount of discussion, both because of technical faults and influence. The spirit of the production this year was less pious and had a tendency toward professionalism, which if not checked may destroy the beauty and significance of these festivals. However, the Bach Festival still remains unique in the musical productions of the country.

THE DEATH OF SIBYL SANDERSON

The recent death of Sibyl Sanderson in Paris brought to an end a distinguished operatic career. Although an American, her greatest triumphs were won abroad, at Paris, the Hague, Brussels, Milan and St. Petersburg. Her favorite rôle was Manon. Other successes were won in Esclarmonde, Lakmé, Thaïs (written especially for her by Massenet), Romeo and Juliet, Phryné, and Faust. Her American debut was made at New York in 1895. Her death was a great shock to her friends and admirers.

Art and Archaeology

THE NEW OIL COLORS

M. J. F. Raffaëlli, the well-known French artist, has recently invented paint sticks or pastels obviating the use of brushes and palette by artists. By this invention it is claimed that there is no loss of individuality in painting and that the mechanical part of it is much simplified. Many artists have experimented with these pastels and with much success. The London correspondent of *The Evening Post* writes of the invention as follows:

By this time, I fancy, everyone concerned knows that what M. Raffaëlli has invented is a preparation of oil colors in solid form, like pastels. He has taken some two hundred pure or mixed tints, and compressed them with a waxy medium into sticks. These are soft internally, but, applied to canvas, paper, or any other surface, they dry like ordinary oil colors in about the same time. The skin that forms over them, a protection really, can be rubbed off in the working, and without trouble even, it is asserted, if the colors have been laid aside for some time. These sticks can be used like colored chalks or like pastels; and they can be put on the canvas more or less solidly, worked over and into each other with a brush by means of any of the usual mediums, and, when dry, gone over again with the point of the brush. In fact, almost anything can be done with them. M. Raffaëlli's theory is that the accepted method of painting in oils with a brush is a barbarism; between the artist and the expression of his ideas, or rather of the beauty which he sees and wishes to express, there is ever a difficult technical process, sometimes so all-engrossing as to demand his entire attention. And then there is the palette to be prepared, and, afterwards, brushes to be cleaned, and work is involved with useless mechanical details, tedious and distracting. The less that comes between the artist and his picture, the more rapidly and directly he can say what he has to say, the greater freshness and spontaneity will he retain in the record of his impressions.

Besides, to do M. Raffaëlli justice, all he has argued in favor of his colors is that the increased facility they bring means increased freedom in the artist's powers of expression, and it is toward this freedom that the development of art has ever tended. He seems to think he has but accomplished that which was dimly foreseen in Leonardo's question, "Why should we not paint with colors held in our fingers?" As to the other point, the effect the substitution of a stick of color for a brush charged with color will have in modifying or changing the style of the artist, it is settled very conclusively by the show just opened.

A painter's individuality expresses itself despite his medium, not because of it. Improvement in technical processes never yet created the genius, however much it may have lightened his labors. But, anyway, the advantages of the solid colors are many enough, even if one does not go quite to the

same lengths in their praise as M. Raffaëlli. Their great merit is, that they make for simplicity. Whether artists adopt them or not will be, I think, wholly a matter of personal liking—a question of preferring a stick to a brush; but those who do will find them of immense convenience, for they simplify all the mechanical part of painting. For sketching out of doors especially will the difference be felt when a piece of paper and a selection of the little sticks take the place of the old elaborate paraphernalia. The question still to be settled is, whether the colors are permanent. There has not been time as yet to see. If they are, then I should say, and I know many painters agree with me, that M. Raffaëlli has contributed a genuine service to art and artists.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE

The numerous magazine articles appearing at present on American sculpture and sculptors and dealing with the present aspects and tendencies of this art prove conclusively that the public is beginning to take more interest in sculpture. The following extract from a long paper by Cyrus Edwin Dallin, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, shows the position of the art in this country at the present time and what it offers to the young man who contemplates embracing the career of a sculptor.

In the limited field in which American sculptors have worked they have attained a high degree of excellence. Work like that of Mr. Saint-Gaudens, including portrait statues such as the Abraham Lincoln at Chicago, with its conscientious, sound technique, its masterly revelation of character, and its overpowering and compelling sense of personality; the rugged Puritan epitomizing Puritanism; the commanding and courageous Farragut; and his delicately sensitive bas-relief portraits; the graceful, charming, well-achieved groups of Mr. French; the sturdy realistic statues of J. Q. A. Ward; the decorative, picturesque and buoyant compositions of Frederick MacMonnies, reveal the power and possibilities in American sculpture.

In speaking of American sculpture we must confess that it is preëminently a reflection of the sculpture of France, and that it has not yet acquired a national character. As a recent writer has said, it is but natural that as the French school is the only living school of sculpture in Europe, its influence should be controlling. The natural aptitude of the American student is recognized in France, and his great powers of assimilation and quick, ready intelligence enable him to advance at almost phenomenal speed. Unfortunately this has not proved in many cases an unmixed good, for often a student does not fulfill his brilliant promises, and after returning to America, away from the active art life of France, his work becomes mediocre and timid.

The famous French sculptor, M. Fremiet, said to me one day, when we were talking of America and its future possibilities, that the French were looking to America to develop a national art destined not only to equal but to surpass their own. He claimed that we, untrammelled by traditions, with our youth and our buoyant strength, could develop the artistic spirit to a degree impossible for the French, "for," he exclaimed, "we are old and tried, we are hemmed in on all sides by hostile forces, our strength is sapped, and our courage gone." This gloomy picture is painted in too dark colors, it seems to me, but it is interesting as a prophecy of an artist who looks at the possibilities of a young country and contrasts them with the achievements of an older civilization.

What, then, does the sculptor's profession offer to attract young men to enter it? As in every profession, there is always room at the top, and I know of no profession that offers more than sculpture does to the successful man. There is a steadily increasing demand for good sculpture for architectural and decorative purposes, while patriotism and civic pride more and more tend to express themselves in monuments and statues. The field is a large one, and this in itself is an attraction.

The young man who contemplates studying sculpture and devoting his energies to it must bear in mind that of all professional men the sculptor probably finds it most difficult to win immediate recognition, and he must wait long for financial success. Let none enter the profession who are not willing to wait and to sacrifice the immediate for the future good. The prizes, however, are many, and the joy in the work is one of the greatest of them; but in order to succeed, one must have a stout heart, a fearless determination not to be daunted by disappointments, and a sustaining belief in his own powers of ultimate achievement. The student should realize from the beginning that a work of art has little or no value unless it reveals something finer and more distinguished than is apparent to the ordinary observer—something that does not merely reveal what we already know, but that possesses a subtle quality of elevation and style that stimulates the imagination and carries us into a realm outside of the commonplace.

FREE ART

The tariff on art works has been a subject for much annoyance among art dealers and collectors who desire to bring into this country the great art products of the old world. Galleries, public and private, have suffered much from this law. A bill is to be introduced shortly into the House of Representatives for the free importation of works of art created within fifty years prior to the date of their admission into this country. A writer in *The Outlook* discusses as follows the restriction the present tariff entails:

Another bill is to be introduced into the House of Representatives during the present session for the free importation of works of art created within fifty years prior to the date of their entry into this country; and strong influences of the best kind will be brought to bear to secure a modification of our tariff system which is essential to the free artistic

development of the country and to the reputation of the American as a man of sense and intelligence. The tariff on works of art is peculiarly exasperating because it protects nobody and because it has exposed us to a fire of well-grounded criticism. So long as it remains, we officially declare ourselves to be a provincial people, whose fear of competition in a field which is open to the whole world, and in which excellence alone determines value, leads us to attempt ignorantly to foster by law that which laws cannot reach or affect—the development of the spirit of beauty and the creative spirit in art. There are rational grounds for the protection of the artisan in all the crafts against the free competition of men whose conditions of life are far less wholesome than his own; but to endeavor to protect the poet, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, or the orator is, on the face of it, an absurdity. To state the proposition that art can be protected is to refute it. One of the conditions which will greatly foster the development of the art spirit in this country is familiarity with the best examples of art in all departments. It is this familiarity which the present tariff largely prevents. There are, at this moment, a number of important paintings and works of art of various descriptions purchased by Americans which are stored in England and on the Continent because of the burden of the existing tariff. No one is benefited by the exclusion of these works; and the country loses, not only in educational opportunity, but in reputation, every day that they are allowed to remain abroad because they are so heavily taxed at home. The tax on art is a tax on education. The American artist does not want it, and has again and again declared that he does not want it. The people do not want it; no class of workmen need it; why should it remain on our statute books? It is not only a reproach to American civilization, but it is a covert insult to the American artist because it implies that he fears competition from foreign sources.

AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY

Through the munificence of the Duc de Loubat, the establishment of a chair of American archæology has been made possible at Columbia University. Hitherto, among American universities, the University of Pennsylvania has been distinguished in this field. Universities in this country have not endowed research in America to any great extent, and this recent gift will probably be a stimulus in this direction. The American Inventor discusses the movement in this line in the following manner:

The field is a very large one, and too much cannot be done to develop it in a scientific way. Surely nothing can be more fitting than that American universities should train up a group of specialists thoroughly qualified for the work of exploration and discovery in a sphere of learning so peculiarly American. Our Indian tribes are fast melting away, or are becoming so imbued with our own civilization as to make it likely that in a short time the anthropologist cannot study them at first hand. Even now much of the research relating to tribal customs, language and folk lore has to be based upon the records made by scholars of an earlier

generation. Then there is the whole subject of the true aborigines of this continent, the mysterious peoples who preceded the red man by some thousands of years, and who have left the marks of partially developed civilization in their cairns and tumuli and rock inscriptions. The question also of a pre-Columbian discovery of this continent still remains unsolved, though material is undoubtedly available for its further investigation. The surface, indeed, of this whole field of American antiquities has as yet been little more than scratched, and it is not until our universities shall have given to this sort of work the recognition which it so well deserves that the mystery of the western hemisphere and its primitive peoples can receive anything like the proper amount of scientific attention.

CODE OF KHAMMURABI

The discovery of the code enacted by Khammurabi, the ancient king of Babylon, is the most important event for many years in the historical research for primitive institutions. Besides having an important bearing on biblical studies, the discovery is so important that the whole history of early law will have to be rewritten. A writer in *The London Times* thus describes the monument and the circumstances of its discovery:

The monument itself is a pillar of black diorite, eight feet high, was found by M. de Morgan at Susa, in the Acropolis mound, in December and January, 1901-2, and the whole has been carefully photographed and published, with a translation by Father V. Schiel, O. P., the Assyriologist of the expedition, by order of the French Minister of Public Instruction, by Messrs. E. Leroux et Cie.

The inscription which covers this stately monolith is the longest Babylonian record ever discovered. It contained originally about three thousand lines of writing, divided into forty-nine columns; but five columns on the front have been erased by some Elamite king, probably Sutrak Nakhunt, who served the stele of Naram-Sin in a similar manner. The inscription opens with a long enumeration of the king's titles, of his installation as king by the gods, and of the elevation of Babylon to the position of capital. This portion of the inscription, if not eclipsed by the code, which follows it, would be regarded as one of the most important historical records ever discovered, for it abounds in references to public works and historical events of the period.

We now pass to the code, which occupied nineteen columns, and is divided into about 280 clauses, and which is introduced by the words, "Law and justice I established in the land; I made happy the human race in those days." The remarkably simple wording of the text, the purest language—freedom from ideograms—show how it was evidently intended to be consulted by all who were "poor and afflicted." Surely such a monarch has a just title to use the remarkable words: "I was a master who was unto my people as the father who had begotten them."

The code is a remarkable document; it shows a most careful and systematic order, beginning with witchcraft, which, perhaps, connects it with a religious code; it passes through all grades of social

and domestic life, ending with a scale of official wages for all classes of workmen, even the lowest in the scale.

The three essential features of the code may be clearly defined. First it is based on personal responsibility and the *jus talionis*, and tempered with the law of ransom; next the belief in the sanctity of the oath before God, as in the Hebrew code, and also the absolute necessity of written evidence in all legal matters, as became a nation of scribes. Judgments in the law courts required a "sealed" document; an agent must take and give receipts for all money or goods intrusted to him; bonded goods required a deposit note. One of the most interesting series of clauses relates to officers or constables employed on active service; the estate of such a person could be intrusted to management, must not be sold or mortgaged, but he must depute a representative, or three years' absence and neglect forfeited his office. Substituted service was not allowed. As might be expected in a land so rich in cultivation, the agricultural laws are most explicit. Land must be cultivated, and if neglected the owner had to pay the same as neighboring land. Damage to crop by storm excused the payment of interest on loan. There are very stringent laws as to the tending of the irrigation canals and ditches, and any damage to adjacent land by neglect had to be made good. The commercial laws are extremely important, as showing a highly developed system, such as we might expect from the trade activity of the Babylonians. Especially curious are the clauses relating to agents or peddlers, commercial travelers of the period.

We now come to the important question of the relation of this code to the Law of the Covenant and the Deuteronomy Laws of the Hebrews. At once we find an astonishing agreement.

The Hebrews punished an assault on the father by death, the Babylonians by loss of the hands.

The most striking example, and an almost undoubted proof of connection, is found in the clauses relating to goring by an ox. "If a man has a savage ox in his charge and it has gored a man and caused him to die, there is no claim." So also the Hebrew law (Exodus xxi., 28.) But if the ox has pushed a man, and by pushing him has made known his vice, and he has not blunted his horn, has not shut up his ox, and the ox has gored a free man and caused him to die, he shall pay half a mana of silver (30 shekels). The Hebrew penalty was death, or a redemption at a fixed penalty, fixed by the judge. It is curious to find doctors coming under a penalty of *jus talionis*—an unsuccessful operation was drastically punished by cutting of the hands. We find also the barber surgeon practising chiefly for the branding of slaves.

One last remark. This code shows the wonderful organizing faculty of these ancient Arab rulers of Babylon, who laid the foundations on a basis which endured, we might say, to all time—for their work is with us unto this day, and the words which occur in the opening column are, after all, no vain boast—"Of Babylon they proclaimed its noble name and exalted it among the nations; within it he established an everlasting dynasty, which like heaven and earth is its throne." And no one did more to exalt the name of Babylon than this mighty king law-giver, the father of his people, who but a few years ago was unknown to us even by name.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

THE POPPY-WITCH EDITH M. THOMAS CENTURY

She gave me bread wherein was blent
The poppy's ivory seed;
She gave me wine, of deep content—
The poppy-laden mead.

I sought but sleep—she gave a dream,
A dream so passing fair,
It makes the shadow substance seem,
And substance empty air!

THE CHOICE CLINTON SCOLLARD MUNSEY'S

Morn of the orient eyes,
The broad-browed noon—
These do I prize,
But for the dearest boon
Give me the eve,
When the long shadows weave!

The eve, and one fair star—
Love's own!—within the west;
And from afar
A wood-bird's hymn of rest,
Low note on note
Slipped from a mellow throat!

Breeze-whispers drifting bland;
Leaf-vows of tender tone;
And Love's warm hand
Close-nestling in my own—
Herein for me
Lieth eve's raptury!

SONG CHARLES H. CRANDALL AINSLEE'S

Breathe it, exult in it,
All the day long,
Glide in it, leap in it,
Thrill it with song.
Boundless it clings to thee—
Life-giver rare—
Kind nurse that wearies not—
Such is the Air.

Wake to it smilingly;
Greeting thy eyes,
Comes the day's miracle,
Fresh with surprise.
Nature's revealer
At morning or night—
Hail to the Cheerer!
Such is the Light.

Lave in it, sport in it,
Dream on its breast,
Lulled by the infinite
Sweetly to rest.
Still it will bear thee
To windward or lee—
Trust to its strong arms!
Such is the Sea.

Dearest, one element
Waiteth for thee;
Far it surpasseth
Air, light and sea.
Come and find rest in it,
All else above;
Come, and be blest in it!
Such is my Love.

TEARS WILL H. OGILVIE LONDON SPECTATOR

These are the blown spindrift that is lashed from the
face of the waters
That cover the Soul with Care;
These are the Children of Sorrow, these are the sons
and the daughters
Sped forth from thy house, Despair!

Spray that is flung on the desolate cliffs from the
deeps of sea-sources
To lie, like a veil, on our biers;
Children that follow the plumes and the step of the
stately black horses;
Slow mourners, sure comforters—Tears!

A PARABLE CAROLINE STERN COSMOPOLITAN

The trodden path was sunny smooth,
And many thousands journeyed there.
He asked them why, and they, good sooth,
With curling lip, or stony stare,
Transfixed with scorn the hapless youth—
Had not their fathers worn it bare?

And when he tried—the erring wight—
To turn him from the ways of men,
To cut his rough way to the height
(Be his the toil and theirs the gain),
Perchance his way might prove the right—
Why, then—? Oh! then—they stoned him then.

LUTE-SONG MADISON CAWEIN HARPER'S

What will you send her,
What will you tell her,
That shall unbend her,
That shall compel her?

Love, that shall fold her
So naught can sever;
Truth, that shall hold her
Ever and ever.

What will you do then
So she'll ne'er grieve you?
Knowing you true then,
Never will leave you?

I'll lay before her,
There in her bower,
Aye to adore her,
My heart like a flower.

CHÂTEAU EN ESPAGNE...MARIE VAN VORST...LIPPINCOTT'S

I build my castle in the air:
Why build upon a dreary ground,
With sharp destruction everywhere,
And evil mists to cloud around?

I build it in a heavenly blue,
A bird-filled, rosy atmosphere,
Where all day long, where all night through,
My dear dreams, tangible, appear.

With twisted turrets to the clouds,
With azure bastions, cloud-impearled,
Fair mantled in aerial shrouds,
It dominates a weary world.

And pain and grief are far away,
And word unkind, and cruel calls;
From day to night, where all night through,
No care can climb my castle walls.

And when, serene, I enter here,
You know, I never lonely move,
I build my castle for you, dear,
I share my house with you, my love!

My choice in these gray days, how wise!
I hold a dream of love—and you.
Look, Sweetheart, when those towers rise
Our fluttering pennants cleave the blue!

ON HEART-BREAK ROAD.....EMERY POTTLE.....SMART SET

"Oh, the road is hard," laughed one,
"Bitter the weather;
Let's bide at the inn of Forgetfulness,
Drunken together—
Heigho, heigho!
Drunken together!"

"Oh, the road is hard," wept one,
"Sorry the trying;
Let's lie 'neath the walls of our Hearts' Desire,
Wretchedly dying—
Alas, alas!
Wretchedly dying!"

"Oh, the road is hard," prayed one;
"Grant us to-morrow
To knock at the gates of thy Perfect Peace,
Purged by our sorrow—
Spare us, good Lord,
Purged by our sorrow."

THE COUNTRY OF SPRING. HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE. .OUTLOOK

Tell me, O Life, where a man may be gay,
Wishing life longer and longer the day,
Where are the dawns most seraphic of wing,
Evenings least gray?

—In the country of Spring.

Say to me, Love, where a beggar may find
Love, and O Love! where art thou the least blind,
Where are the songs that the lost sirens sing
Blown on the wind?

—In the country of Spring.

Death! in what land do the primroses blow
Over the women men loved long ago,
Where o'er their graves bloom the lilies, O king!
Whiter than snow?

—In the country of Spring.

THE RAVENSJOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY....SCRIBNER'S

My eyes are blind with dust,
My limbs are dull with pain;
But my body must go and after me,
Again—again—again.

They hover and wheel above;
Where I creep on, they fly;
And with their raucous vaunt of life
They tempt my soul to die.

For the numbness of my heart
And the length I have to go,
The dimness of my starving sight,
They know—they know—they know.

But the little spark I hold
Shall light me farther on,
After that gleam like a far-off stream
Until that, too, is gone.

Mirage, mirage, mirage!
But I say I will not die
For the hoarse despairs that wait and poise
And I crept while they do fly.

No wonder they stoop so low;
No wonder they should scoff
With—Ah and Ah! and beak and claw,
As they let me beat them off.

For there is no path to see;
But after the vanished flag
My soul must go, and after me,
My body strive and lag.

Up with you, fellow—come,
Whither my face is set,
They would have us dead, but I have said
Not yet—not yet—not yet!

MORNING PIECE.....ISRAEL ZANGWILL*

(Sea of Marmora, 1897.)

A scarlet glory burned fantastically splendid
In the sky of dawn,
Like a vision of the Apocalypse.
The sea stretched blue and stainless,
The wind blew fresh across the great spaces.
The white ship glided across the morning waters
Live a living thing rejoicing in its grace.
A sense of largeness, freedom, purity, infinity,
Breathed from all things.

And, huddled like animals in the hold of the ship.
And packed on the fore-deck,
And swarming on the hatches,
And coiled in the ropes,
And seething beneath the awnings,
Hundreds and hundreds of Greek refugees
In their grimy clothes
Lay or sat or crouched.

And the miasma of their breathing
And of the odors of the night
Rose toward the radiant
And impassive heaven.

*From Blind Children. Israel Zangwill. Funk & Wagnalls.

The Sketch Book

Character in Outline

THE ULTIMATE ACT OF LYMAN ODAFFER. . F. P. MORGAN. . SMARTSET

"Now, for instance, there was the case of Lyman Odaffer," said the loquacious landlord of the Pettyville tavern. "He had nine children and the asthma, four sons and five daughters, and could hardly sleep at night, in consequence.

"He was pretty well to do, financially, and had a big house, and all that; and all his sons married girls with elocutionary, or musical, or executive ability, and fetched them home to live; and all his daughters wedded talented men, of one sort or another, and brought them home for him to support. One was a horse-doctor and a piano-tuner, another was poetical and had spells, the third was a natural-born bone-setter, and a chronic and perpetual chair-setter; and so on through the list; and every one of them was too intellectual, or something of the kind, to work, and each of them felt himself entitled to be called "professor," and contemptuously denied the right of all the rest to that honor.

"Even this far along, you can see that Odaffer had plenty of material for a gaudy time of it, with those professors all contending for their rights, and the daughters-in-law practising their several specialties, and their husbands and wives taking sides, and nobody unanimous on anything except eating—but all of them mighty able at that. And then, in due time, sundry grandchildren appeared on the scene, with two pairs of twins among them, and one bunch of triplets, and debates arose as to whom they took their eyes and noses and talents from; and there were names to be selected, and one child won a first prize at a baby show, and three of them had their little pictures in the papers, for surviving three different brands of infant food; and, all the time along, Odaffer had to keep building on rooms and ells and additions, to accommodate the rush; and his asthma kept getting worse and worse, till he couldn't lie down at all, and took to going down-town and dozing standing up; till, one day, a stranger put the hitch-strap of a nervous horse into his hand, with a request that he hold the animal just for a minute, and something scared the horse, and it ran away; and poor Odaffer was

so sleepy he couldn't let go, and was strewed down the street for about three blocks, and—well, anyhow, he went right home and up garret, and calmly and deliberately took down several bags of dried sage and liver-wort from a rafter, and hung himself in their place.

"The coroner's jury scratched their heads, and brought in a verdict of justifiable suicide; and nobody never denied it. That's the whole story, except that I forgot to say that his middle initial was 'J.'"

CONFIDENCE..... LONDON ACADEMY

I wound up my watch, noticed that the hour was near midnight, and glanced significantly at the bed that the guard had prepared. But my companion who had joined the train at Dijon still talked. This stranger had come through from some outlying part of France; he sat on the edge of the couch; his fur rug was tucked around his knees, his voice came from the depths of his fur coat. He talked easily, as those do who have been profoundly moved, and who remember.

"I can hardly believe it only happened this afternoon," he said. "I was sitting in my bedroom writing, vaguely thinking that if it got much darker I should have to light up. I put on my glasses, then the lightning caught the metal, blazed round my eyes, and I was blind—stone blind. I sat quite still trying to realize it, looking ahead through the years and wondering if I should ever get used to not wanting to live. It was the grimmest hour of my life. Then suddenly I began to see. The glimmer grew brighter, and slowly my sight returned. I used to think I knew what happiness meant, but I didn't. To think that you are blind: then to begin to see! That's happiness! Nobody else in the world can have known happiness as I knew it this afternoon. Why doesn't it last? How do people make it last?"

Unable to answer his question, I climbed into my bunk and placed my head upon the pillow, but he would not let the subject lie. On he rambled:

"I once knew a man whose happiness lasted all day, and every day. He was a Roman Catholic priest who had a tiny flock, mostly

Irish visitors, up in a mountain health-resort. He dressed in broadcloth and wore snow boots; he was always busy and smiling, and he played the organ, I remember. He would come cheerfully into the hotel late at night, when we were all yawning, shake the snow off him, and go off to sit with one of the servants who was ill; then out again through the snow to his lodging. He was always smiling. I suppose he saw very clearly. Perhaps he never thought about being happy. I don't know. When he had nothing else to do he searched for Alpine flowers, and made quite a fine collection of them. Once he asked me to call and see him. His study was a narrow room like a corridor, with windows all down the weather side. There were five glass frames on the wall containing his collection of Alpin flowers. In this corridor-room there was a press, too, and cocoanut matting on the floor. I wondered how he could sit there without a fire. Outside there was nothing but snow, white fields of it running down over so far. "It's a bitter outlook," I said. "But you should see it in the spring," he answered—"one mass of narcissus." Why did he look so happy when he spoke?"

My companion removed his glasses, and examined them. "Thought I was blind: then began to see. It's upset me, I suppose, or why should I mix up my happiness with that little priest's happiness! Fields of narcissus! They're not as white as snow!"

He tumbled into bed, then raised himself on his elbow to draw the shade over the lamp. The glass was half-darkened when he paused, "They're not the same kind of happiness. Mine comes to an end like this light, when I cover it up with a black shade. So! But his never stops. I believe his smiles when he's asleep."

THE PRODIGY.....LONDON OUTLOOK

"Yes," said Agnes, my sister-in-law, "the little darling is talking quite plainly now."

"Indeed!" I answered with an admirable display of enthusiasm. "He must be a smart boy. He'll be riding a bicycle immediately."

"As it happens," Agnes replied somewhat coldly, "he's a little girl."

"Stupid of me," I murmured. "Will you let me see her? She must be nearly a year old now."

"Twenty-two months," said Agnes, reproachfully. "Here's the darling."

So little Dora entered. Tripping over the mat, she staggered with a rolling gait towards

her mother, lurching dangerously towards the sharp corners of tables and the fireplace. Then she steadied herself at her mother's knee, and regarded me with a doubtful smile.

"Speak to your Uncle Jim, darling," said Agnes.

"Hug-goong-goong," said Dora. At least that is the closest I can come to the sound she made. Agnes was in raptures.

"Why don't you answer her?" she asked.

"What exactly is she saying?" I meant to imply that I had a fairly good idea of her meaning—which I had not—but didn't want to risk the wrong answer.

"How do you do?" of course," Agnes explained. "Didn't you, darling? You asked Unka Jim how he was, all by your own self."

Thus encouraged, Dora remarked, in an imperative tone.

"Doe waa udabaga."

"So you shall, ducky," said Agnes, ringing the bell. To the nurse, who came so quickly that she must have been waiting in the lobby, Agnes said, "Bring the big picture-book, please." Then to me, "Isn't she clever to ask for what she wants?"

"Doe waa ga a gow-wow," said the prodigy, firmly.

"No, darling, it's far too cold for Doe in the gow-wow," Agnes protested, beseechingly.

"What on earth is the gow-wow?"

"Drawing-room," said Agnes. "How stupid men are. You really ought to get married Jim." Mariage is with Agnes the remedy for every human weakness, or vice, or misfortune—even for dire poverty.

"Doe ky-ky," said the infant, threateningly.

"Doe no ky-ky," Agnes responded, very earnestly. "If Doe ky-ky Unka Jim be so sorry." It is highly probable I should have been.

"Man pee-a ha-an-boo," said the infant, regarding me with an expectant air.

"The darling," said Agnes. "She wants you to put on your hat and boots. She brings Tom his hat every morning after breakfast."

"Sounds rather rude doesn't it, when I've just come in?"

"Man pee-a ha-an-boo, way ka-ka," repeated Dora.

Then, as a piano-organ struck up in the street, her tone of command changed to a cry of ecstasy.

"Man-moo, man-moo, man-moo!"

"I suppose you can understand that at least?" Agnes asked, with thinly veiled contempt.

"Yes, she is a clever kiddy. I'll give that grinder sixpence for her as I go out."

"Come back soon," said Agnes, hospitably. "The little pet is picking up new words every day."

It seems probable that the new words, picked up daily by the little pet, must have been dropped from a considerable height, with nothing to break their fall. But I should be the last man to impugn the unanimous verdict of two grandmothers, two parents, and a serried cohort of devoted aunts, to the effect that no child was ever known to speak so plainly at the age of twenty-two months.

THE EMANCIPATION . . . MARGUERITE STABLER . . . S. F. ARGONAUT

In his own country, Huie Kee would not have dared to raise his low-born eyes even so high as Toy Duk's little crippled feet, but in this country, where everything is possible, he promptly fell in love with her on the approved American plan.

And Toy, also imbued with the spirit of American independence, had so far declared her emancipation from Oriental custom as to return his glances from behind her shutters. To be sure the slats were scarcely turned, and she peeped through her sleeve, but to her it was a mad flirtation, and she trembled at her audacity. The doughty Chew Bang, her father, not only kept his balcony latticed more securely than those of his neighbors, but the lattice-work was of iron bars, which made the little balcony strikingly like a prison.

And now, after three hundred and sixty-five long, monotonous, colorless days, another Dragon-day had rolled around—the only day in all the stupid year worth living, as poor little Toy thought.

On this eventful day the Chinese women are driven up and down the long streets. Toy Duk sat rigidly upright in a carriage as she endeavored to balance a two-story headdress of fearful and wonderful construction, while the layers of rice powder on her cheeks fell into cracks as she babbled and laughed in her enjoyment of this unusual excitement. She was a beautiful little yellow lady, whose slippers were scarcely larger than an oyster shell, and, alas, almost as shapeless, who hobbled about gracefully with the help of an attendant, or squatted on a mat, a marvel of elegance and dignity. And, as she sat in her gayly bedizened carriage, her little almond eyes dancing with

merriment, many foreign eyes were turned admiringly in her direction.

At last, however, it was all over, and Toy Duk's holiday was drawing to a close, too, for she was kept almost as securely packed away as the dragon. From her latticed balcony she had often watched the American girls walking about freely at all hours of the day, independent and happy, and had asked herself what, after all, was the great advantage of being a "little-foot" woman anyway. Old Bang's iron grating, notwithstanding all his precaution, was not high enough or strong enough to keep out the microbes of discontent that filled the air. Two months of an American girl's year would represent a whole lifetime to her, for just to be out in the sunlight, to feel free to come and go as she chose, to know what was around the corners of the streets below, was all her hungry little soul craved.

Thus she mused as her carriage slowly moved along. Then she raised her eyes in response to a steady look fixed upon her from the opposite side of the street, and through a mist of rebellious tears saw Kee. In an instant the clouds of discontent were cleared away, and in defiance of the stupid custom that had hedged her so closely about all her life, she frankly returned his look. At this sign of encouragement, Mr. Kee walked straight up to the carriage, raised his hat, and extending his hand, took hers in the American way he had often seen people do, but the look that went with the act was original, and had neither to be learned nor copied.

This was bold emancipation. Toy felt the eyes of the world must be upon her, but was not dismayed in the least; she quite enjoyed it. So she laughed and chatted with Huie Kee in a pretty little Cantonese sing-song, as she had seen the American girls do, while the "eagle-bird" screeched loudly over her head.

Then, when his dragonship was lost to view, the crowds began to move toward the scene of the bomb-casting. In an incredibly short time the streets were cleared, and the open between the joss house and the levee filled with a swarm of excited contestants.

Kee's soul was fired with a determination to catch one of the bombs, for that would insure the success of his every undertaking during the year. And poor Kee had dire need of all the help it could give him, for while he had stood chatting with the emancipated Toy her father, Chew Bang, as is often the way of fathers, had watched them from an opposite doorway. Such conduct on the part of his

carefully brought-up daughter was almost beyond belief, and as he watched her talking boldly to a man on the street, knowing the eyes of the world were upon her, in horrified surprise his little bias-cut eyes grew wicked looking.

When the bomb-castings began, Kee took a reluctant leave of Toy, and was soon lost in the crowd, but Bang followed him closely.

Chew Bang bided his time until Kee entered the lists, then took his place near him. He held his right arm very straight, and guarded it from being jostled by the scurrying crowd.

As the bomb rose in the air, and all eyes were riveted upon it, Bang edged up to Kee, and when the great scuffle began, hissed into his ear, with an ugly, yellow smile: "I have a score to settle with you. I'll teach you not to insult my daughter." The bomb had turned and was coming down. If Kee got out of range he knew he would lose his chance at it. "Get away!" he snapped at Bang. But the adored Toy's father pulled him by the sleeve to the edge of the mob. "If you touch me again I'll kick you out," Kee muttered, in desperation. But old Bang, with the agility of a cat, had caught the knife from his sleeve, and Kee felt his cold, sharp rejoinder penetrating between his ribs as he sank to the ground. By the time the bomb had descended and been caught, however, Chew Bang was standing on the other side of the crowd, an interested spectator.

Meanwhile the beautiful Toy was still smiling to herself and craning her neck to follow a certain tall contestant. When the report of the stabbing was passed through the crowd, she instantly got out of her carriage, and hobbled and bobbled along the sidewalk until she reached the spot where poor Kee lay prostrate on the ground. Her countrymen were too much excited to do anything but jabber and jostle one another, and because Toy was a woman they fell back, conscious of their inadequacy to the occasion, and glad to shift the responsibility to more capable shoulders. Tenderly she raised his head so he might breathe. This restored his consciousness sufficiently for him to speak, but when Toy bent low to catch his last word, she heard, not a loving farewell, but her father's name.

"Chew Bang did it," he faltered, "because—"

Toy understood only too well, and waved the bystanders into a wider circle so there might be no possibility of his words being overheard.

"Who did it?" several asked, seeing Kee

could still speak; "ask him before it is too late!"

Toy turned toward the crowd surging closer about her, and read their purpose in their faces. Then she glanced at the man on the ground, whose eyes still looked into hers with the meaning that had first stirred the revolt in her heart against the colorless life enforced upon her by the Oriental custom and her father's severity. But mingled with that other look was an appeal to her for vengeance, for to die with his blood unavenged is, to a Confucian, worse than for a Christian to die unshriven. And again she heard the name of her father repeated in a whisper as his murderer.

The nearest bystanders began to call to Kee himself for the name of his assassin. Toy raised her head to answer them, but suddenly she found that, under this test, she was not merely Toy, the emancipated, but the product of countless ancestor-worshipping generations, to whom duty to a parent is a fundamental tenet.

"The American doctor is coming," she presently heard one of her countrymen say, and instantly the thought flashed through her mind: Could he by care and skill take out the knife and stanch the blood so Kee might live? If this were possible, then was her emancipation sure, for Bang would be in their power, and all opposition ended. Yes, ended, because her father's old age would go down in disgrace, possibly imprisonment. Here, however, the dominating forces of centuries again surged in upon her, and her newly acquired spirit of American independence was not strong enough to stem the onslaught.

Again Toy bent low over the victim of her father's wrath and her own rashness. Even the fast-falling stupor could not dim the agony of appeal in his eyes. This time she did not see it. In another instant the surgeon would be here and have her secret.

Throwing herself upon Kee as if in a paroxysm of grief, she drew out the incriminating knife so that the blood gushed from the wound, making further speech impossible, and deftly concealed it in the flowing sleeves of her blouse.

As Kee fell back lifeless, Toy struggled to her little crippled feet.

"He's already dead," said the physician when he reached Kee's side. "Who stabbed him?"

"Me no sabee," Toy faltered, and meekly allowed herself to be led away to the balcony behind the iron grating.

R a n d o m R e a d i n g :

M i n i a t u r e E s s a y s o n L i f e

THE BUSINESS IDEAL ANDREW CARNEGIE WORLD'S WORK

I never see a fishing fleet set sail without pleasure, thinking this is based upon the form which is probably to prevail generally. Not a man in the boats is paid fixed wages. Each gets his share of the profits. That seems to me the ideal. It would be most interesting if we could compare the results of a fleet so manned and operated with one in which men were paid fixed wages; but I question whether such a fleet as the latter exists. From my experience, I should say a crew of employees *versus* a crew of partners would not be in the race.

The great secret of success in business of all kinds, and especially in manufacturing, where a small saving in each process means fortune, is a liberal division of profits among the men who help to make them, and the wider the distribution the better. There lie latent unsuspected powers in willing men around us which only need appreciation and development to produce surprising results. Money rewards alone will not, however, insure these, for to the most sensitive and ambitious natures there must be the note of sympathy, appreciation, friendship. Genius is sensitive in all its forms, and it is unusual, not ordinary, ability that tells even in practical affairs. You must capture and keep the heart of the original and supremely able man before his brain can do its best.

In no field is the wise saying more amply verified than in manufacturing: "There be those who gather, yet scatter abroad, and there be those who scatter abroad, yet put into barns."

Disputes of some kind between Capital and Labor are always in evidence, but it must never be forgotten that in the wide fields of domestic service and in that of the few employees with a working master which embrace by far the greater number of wage-earners, all is, upon the whole, satisfactory; there reigns peace, with the inevitable individual exceptions.

Just as the mechanical world has changed and improved, so has advanced the world of labor from the slavery of the laborer to the day of his absolute independence, and now to this day when he begins to take his proper

place as the capitalist partner of his employer. We may look forward with hope to the day when it shall be the rule that the workman is partner with capital, the man of affairs giving his business experience, the workman in the mill giving his mechanical skill to the company, both owners in the shares and so far equally interested in the success of their joint efforts, each indispensable, without whose cooperation success were impossible. It is a splendid vista along which we are permitted to gaze.

LIFE AND DEATH ISRAEL ZANGWILL HARPER'S

Why quarrel over religions when all men agree—all men, that is, at the same grade of intellect? The learned busy themselves classifying religions—there are reviews at Paris and Tübingen—but in the crude working world religion depends less on the belief than on the believer. All the simplest minds believe alike—be they Confucians or Christians, Jews or Fantees. The elemental human heart will have its thaumaturgic saints, its mapped hells, its prompt answers to prayer, and if deprived of them will be found subtly to reintroduce them. The Buddha who came to teach natural law was himself made into a miracle-monger; the Hebrew Torah which cried anathema on idols became itself an idol, swathed in purple, adorned with golden bells, and borne round like a Madonna for reverent kisses. At the base of the intellectual mountain flourishes rank and gorgeous vegetation, a tropic luxuriance; higher up—in the zone of mediocrity—there are cultivated temperate slopes and prune gardens, pleasant pastures and ordered bowers; at the snowy summits, in the rarefied ether, flash white the glacial impersonal truths, barely a tuft of moss or lichen. Hark! peak is crying unto peak: "Thy will be done."

But what is this new voice—comes it from the mole-hills?—"Our will be done." See—in the mask of the highest Christianity and science—the old thaumaturgy creeping in, though now every man is his own saint, healing his own diseases, denying death with a Podsnapian wave o' the hand. O, my friends, in the Eternal City—that canvas for the flying panorama of races and creeds—peep into a coffin

in the Capitoline museum and see the skeleton of the Etruscan girl with rings glittering on her bony fingers, and bracelets on her fleshless wrists, and her doll at her side, in ironic preservation, its blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes mocking the eyeless occiput of its mistress. Even so shall your hugged treatises and your glittering gospels show among your bones. Do you not know that death is the very condition of life—bound up with it as darkness with light? How trivial the thought that sees death but in the cemetery. 'Tis not only the grave that parts us from our comrades and lovers: we lose them on the way. Lose them not only by quarrel and estrangement, but by evolution and retrogression. They broaden or narrow away from us, and we from them; they are changed, other, transformed, dead and risen again. Woe for the orphans of living parents, the widowers of undeceased wives. Our early ego dies by inches, till, like the perpetually darned sock, it retains nothing but the original mold and shaping. Let us read the verse more profoundly: "In the midst of life we are in death." Whoever dies in the full tilt of his ambitions is buried alive, and whoever survives his hopes and fears is dead, unburied. Death for us is all we have missed, all the periods and planets we have not lived in, all the countries we have not visited, all the books we have not read, all the emotions and experiences we have not had, all the prayers we have not prayed, all the battles we have not fought. Every restriction, every negation, is a piece of death. Not wholly has popular idiom ignored this truth. "Dead to higher things," it says; but we may be dead, too, to the higher mathematics. Death for the individual is the whole universe outside his consciousness, and life but the tiny blinking light of consciousness. But between the light and the dark is perpetual interplay, and we turn dark to light and let light subside to dark as our thoughts and feelings veer this way or that.

And since 'tis complexity of consciousness that counts, and the death of the amæba or the unborn babe is less a decomposition than the death of a man, so is the death of a philosopher vaster than the death of a peasant. We have but one word for the drying up of an ocean and the drying up of a pool. And the sediment, the clay that we bury, wherefore do we still label it with the living name? As if Cæsar might truly stop a bunghole! Mark Antony might come to praise Cæsar; he could not bury him.

UNAVAILING WEALTH.....ELIOT GREGORY.....CENTURY

The acquisition of property for which the possessor has little or no use is fast becoming the dominant passion of our age. When a nation indulges in the weakness, it is, I believe, called "imperialism," and hides behind a screen of patriotism. Individuals and corporations excuse their greed in much the same way. All classes and conditions feel the ambient suggestion. Even our women are bitten by the madness. A dance is an excellent place to study, in miniature, this struggle for the unnecessary, which, for prosperous people, replaces the "struggle for life" of the poor, and goads us poor mortals like Ios insistent gadfly.

Few sights are more amusing (to anyone who looks beneath the surface) than the eagerness of wealthy maids and matrons to obtain the trinkets distributed during the figures of a cotillion. So strong is this that you will see tired elderly dames—who would be so much better at home and in bed—sitting doggedly through the dull early hours of an entertainment and an untouched supper, waiting for the "german" to begin.

The ambition of our great financiers is much the same, only in Wall Street the tune is played in a higher key and with full orchestral accompaniment.

When we hear of old Cræsus using up his torpid liver in midnight conferences, does anyone suppose it is because he feels the necessity of more money? Preposterous! He cannot, as it is, reckon up his possessions without the aid of a bookkeeper, and as far as personal wants go, the income of his income would largely suffice. Millions are but the cotillion favors of such men. It is the vanity of pushing through a "deal" or astonishing the world by the daring of a new combine that holds them with their noses to the grindstone.

One would simply sigh at such wasting of life's heyday and pass the matter by, if it were not, in order to succeed, Dives will (like his wife at a dance) cajole the unworthy, consort with men he despises, and receive at his table fellow-promoters of more than doubtful records, provided they can aid the scheme on which he has set his heart.

Just where honorable industry ends and avaricious piling up of treasure begins no one can take it upon himself to say. The spirit, however, that impels a young man to sacrifice all the nobler aims of life in order to turn a liberal competence into wealth too great to be spent (and the giving away of which, unless

carefully regulated, is a doubtful good) is certainly to be deplored.

RESIST GRAVITATION... JULIAN HAWTHORNE... COSMOPOLITAN

Gentlemen of forty years, and thence up to one hundred and four, should take courage, and refuse to think themselves old. Examples have never been wanting, and are at present rapidly multiplying, that a man need be no older than he chooses. In the early part of the nineteenth century (to go no farther back) the Bruisers of England were a remarkable group of men, whose exceptional strength and stamina were retained by them beyond the ages of fifty, sixty, and, in one or two cases, of over eighty. About the same time, Captain Barclay gained renown as an unequaled runner and walker; and he was over forty when he accomplished the feat of going a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Professor John Wilson (Kit North), born in 1785, and dying in 1854, was also a mighty walker, and as a wrestler and leaper was the equal of any of the professionals of his day; he retained his vigor almost to the last. George Borrow, the author of *Lavengro* and other delectable works, could walk all day, and as a boxer was a terrible antagonist; he, too, was good to the last. Coming down to our own day, we find Jem Mace, the gypsy pugilist, who, still alive at near seventy, was only a few years since in the ring, and gave a good account of himself; and there is our own Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, who is strongly suspected of being forty-seven, who the other day put up an astonishing defense against perhaps the most powerful young fellow who ever put on fighting gloves; and yet Mr. Fitzsimmons has been fighting thirty years, and has taken part in over three hundred contests. Not long ago in India (of all places in the world), an English army officer. Colonel Savage, did things which not one man in ten thousand of any age could do. At the age of forty-nine, he ran one hundred yards in ten and three-fifths seconds, and the hurdle and two hundred yards in almost record time, beating his field of young champions in all the events. Finally, there was a patriarch of one hundred and four years in the papers last week, who was excellent in all physical respects, and was taking regular calisthenics and other exercises every day; he was as flexible and active as most men of thirty. Indeed, vigorous centenarians are becoming too common to attract notice.

This means, not that the men mentioned were naturally or congenitally athletes, but simply that they did not yield to the vulgar

prejudice that years bring infirmity. You may do what others have done; and the knowledge that they have done it helps your belief. There is a philosophy of this matter, and the gist of it is that we should resist gravitation, moral, mental, and physical. Do not let your body sag downward, or your mind, or your character. You will notice that all old persons who permit themselves to be old have bodies that are slowly being dragged downward; their thoughts, also, are heavy and slow, and they tend to move in grooves and to feebly repeat themselves in all their manifestations. These tendencies may be overcome by taking thought about them; sit erect in your chair; when you stand, lift yourself to your full height; when you speak, let your voice possess volume and energy; when you think, think freshly, and away from routine. Never believe that you are a back number; read new books (really new ones, not old ones reshaped); associate with lively people; be plucky, and take your own part. Gravitation, in all planes of existence, is man's enemy if he yield to it, but his best friend if he resist it. Have confidence in the possible integrity of human life from its start to its finish, and it will reward you with health, strength and felicity.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN'S LOVE... DOROTHY DIX... AINSLEE'S

Love, of course, affects different men in different ways. There are men of feminine natures, who have a woman's fatal facility for loving, and who are never happy unless their hearts are dangling from some woman's chatelaine. There are other men, of clam-like temperament, who never love anybody but themselves; but, generally speaking, there are seven distinct periods of love in the life of the average man.

It is deeply and touchingly significant of the uplifting influence of woman over man that the first heart-throb of a boy is always accompanied by ablutinary symptoms. The earliest indication that a masculine creature gives of susceptibility to the fair sex is when he first voluntarily washes behind his ears. Up to that time his morning bath, except upon compulsion, has only described a small circle taking in his eyes, a segment of his cheeks and his chin. A thorough scrubbing he has regarded as one of the tortures of the Inquisition; combing his hair he has looked upon as a foolish waste of time, that might have been spent on tops and marbles; while brushing his clothes and shoes has seemed a contemptible truckling to the effete customs of society, that was unworthy an intelligent human being.

Suddenly all this is changed. Some morning the boy appears abnormally clean. He develops a mania for scented soap. His ears are beyond reproach, and if he has the making of a lover in him, he begins to manicure his nails. He becomes critical about collars and neckties. His family say: "How Tommy is improving!" and his mother congratulates herself that her lectures are bearing fruit at last.

The second age of love is the schoolboy age, in which he divides the female sex, for the first time, into two classes—pretty women and ugly women. Heretofore, to the boy, womankind has been merely an aggregation of petticoats, among which he preferred his mother and nurse, and sundry fat old ladies with capacious pockets full of sweets. Now, however, it begins to dawn upon him that there is a subtle distinction among women, and that one's affection for them is not based upon lines of moral virtue, or kinship, or even personal advantage, but upon feminine looks, and that the good-lookers constitute a privileged caste in themselves.

The third age of love is the callow age, in which a boy always falls in love with a woman old enough to be his mother. It is accompanied by a desire on his part to be thought very, very old, and very, very wicked. He regards any reference to his age as a personal insult, and hates those who call him by his Christian name.

He scorns girls of his own age, and wonders what grown men can see in their innocent faces and fresh prattle to interest them. He is ages beyond that sort of thing. True, it makes him wince to recall that the object of his adoration might have held him on her knees when he was so disgustingly young as to be a baby, and he even realizes that a brutal world might laugh at their disparity in years, but this is because the world doesn't know how awfully old he really is, or how *blasé* he feels. After all, it is the heart, and not years, that makes one's age.

After a youth has undergone the blighting experience of having his suit rejected by his grandmamma, and has recovered from it, he enters upon the fourth age of love, an expansive state of affection, in which he is a universal lover, and becomes the slave of the petticoat. Every woman on the shady side of forty is a charmer. Every smile allures. Eyes of blue and eyes of black, golden curls, or jetty locks, each make its separate appeal to him, and he "could be happy with either dear charmer were t'other dear charmer away." Parties and balls are his delight. Palm-shaded conservatories

become his *habitat*. He goes about with his breast pocket bulging with sentimental letters. He has enough love-locks cut from the various heads of the only woman he ever loved to make a hair mattress. His heart is big enough to take in a whole chorus at one time, and he wonders if there isn't more in Mormonism than we have ever appreciated.

The fifth age of love sees a man entering on the vain pursuit of an ideal. He has grown critical. Up to this point his taste has been as catholic as that of a child in a bakery. Everything sweet was toothsome. Now he looks at women with a different eye.

He has learned what he wants. It isn't much. Merely a wife who is pretty, well-educated, industrious, domestic; who can shine abroad and cook at home; who possesses a tidy little fortune, and is willing to adopt all his opinions and conform to his tastes. There was a time when all women pleased, but that is past. He has even begun to doubt the stability of his own fancy, and to ask himself if the charms that allure him to-day will fascinate him to-morrow. In a word, he is no longer a *gourmand*, but a *gourmet*, and he is on the still-hunt for the impossible She who will come up to his ideal and fire his fancy at the same time. This is a period of absolute safety, during which no man was ever known to get married.

The sixth age of love is a reaction against this, and generally comes when a man is about forty-five years old. He has passed through the preliminary stages of the tender passion, and has come out unscathed. He has abandoned the search for the perfect wife. Beauty no longer allures, but he has grown deadly weary of living in hotels. Clubs have palled upon his taste. Society is a nightmare. Young girls look upon him as a fossil.

The last age of love in a man's life is the dotage. At other times in a man's life he has some slight misgivings about love being always conducted on a reciprocal basis; but when he reaches this age he throws fears to the winds. The man at twenty-five doubts his power to win a woman's heart. The man of seventy-five is cock-sure that he is a charmer. He knows the ratio of his fascinations has increased with his advancing years, and he quarrels with his family, who are cruel enough to suggest that the *débutante* he leads to the altar may have a weather-eye on his will.

The last age of love is the most dangerous of them all, and is generally fatal. In fact, love is like the measles. It is safest and goes easiest with a man when he has it early in life.

Literary Thought and Opinion

THE NOVEL AND ITS VALUE IN TREES.....SCIEN. AMERICAN

The flood of novels which has incessantly poured in upon us of late years, more than ever emphasizes the truism that of the making of books there is no end. A decade ago it was the so-called "psychological novel" that enthralled us; now it is the judiciously advertised historical novel that holds our rapt attention. Through the ingenious refinements of modern advertising, the sales of fiction have been increased so prodigiously that a novel can hardly be called a "success" unless it has been sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies.

The newspaper tales of the enormous editions of historical novels are by no means as fantastic as they may read. A list, carefully compiled from publishers' returns which are absolutely without reproach, shows that the sales of nine recently published novels have reached astounding proportions. Of one book, over 400,000 copies have been sold. Another is in its three hundred and twenty-fifth thousand. Less successful books have attained only a paltry sale of 100,000, while a few minor ones hardly exceed a disappointing 80,000.

It is not our purpose to dilate upon the relative merits of these volumes of fiction, but simply to show what it costs to satisfy the public appetite for tales of wild adventure.

Books are made of paper. Paper in turn is made of cellulose, of which the chief source of supply is timber. In order to describe the romantic career of a seventeenth century gentleman of the rapier, it is necessary to fell a few hundred trees; the publication of many narratives in which the exploits of other cavaliers are dwelt on, may therefore entail the destruction of a forest.

The nine novels to which we have referred had a total sale of over 1,600,000 copies. Since the average weight of each book sold was probably twenty ounces, a little calculation will prove that these 1,600,000 books contained approximately 2,000,000 pounds of paper. We are assured by a manufacturer of paper that the average spruce tree yields a little less than half a cord of wood, which is equivalent to about 500 pounds of paper. In other words, these nine novels swept away

4,000 trees, and they form but a small part of the fiction so eagerly read by the American public. Some books are worth more than 4,000 trees. What may be the tree-value of the modern historical novel it is not within our province to decide.

THE OPPRESSION OF BOOKS AGNES REPPLIER..... ERA

Of all the many heresies which afflict the civilized world, or at least the most civilized portion of it, not one is more unreasonable nor more mischievous than the notion now current among intelligent people that reading is in itself, and apart from the matter read, a useful, desirable, and, in some sort, meritorious occupation. This is a view made familiar to us by earnest advocates of public libraries. They lay less stress upon the character of the books they provide than upon the number taken from their shelves in six months or a year, as if the number of books read in a given time had anything to do with the educational value of a library. It must be a question of quality, not quantity; and if the quality be bad, the quantity merely adds a fresh element of danger.

The habit of rapid and indiscriminate reading does not stimulate mental growth; the quick replacing of one book by another lessens the value of all. I have seen a girl, too young to lose the fresh, keen, priceless memory of youth, standing before a long row of battered novels and striving to recollect which of them she had or had not read. To say that she would have been better employed in working ridiculous samplers in wool like her great-grandmother, is not too strong a statement. It would have been an equal waste of eyesight, perhaps, but the real saving of her mental fiber. It would, moreover, have given her a chance to preserve the friendship of a few books, instead of losing them all; for the volume that is forgotten as soon as returned to a library shelf can hardly be deemed a friend. I have heard admiring mothers keep tally of the many stories, from *Little Women* to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which their children had read in a single winter, and proudly explain that Edith or Dorothy or Margaret was so devoted to her books that she could not be separated from them even at

the dinner-table; as if anything that juvenile literature had to offer could compare in value to the mental and moral training which a child receives from simple propriety of demeanor, from the priceless discipline of good breeding. In that admirable essay by Hazlitt on the Conduct of Life, he warns the schoolboy whose future he has so near at heart, that he is already too fond of reading. "As one means of avoiding excess in this way," he writes sensibly, "I would wish you to make it a rule never to read at meal time, nor in company, when there is any (even the most trivial) conversation going on, nor even to let your eagerness to read encroach upon your play-time. Books are but one inlet of knowledge, and the pores of the mind, like those of the body, should be left open to all impressions."

As for the mad and breathless race to "keep up" with current literature, that is something more serious than mere waste of time. It means the sapping of our physical and mental powers, the frittering away of whatever intellect we possess in an attempt to do something which, in the first place, cannot be done, and, in the second place, would not be worth the doing if it could be done. Current Literature, as it is called, has now gotten far beyond the pursuit of the most industrious reader. We cannot, even with the help of magazines and reviews, pretend to keep pace with it; and the time has come when we must now and then confess that we have not read, that we have not seen, that we have not even heard of the book about which our friends are talking. This ought not to be such a humiliating experience. Because people are talking about a book is seldom a good reason for reading it; and they talk about it for such a very little while that our humiliation is at least short lived.

It is a melancholy truth which we might as well grasp in the start that many of the most delightful and valuable books are very, very long, and that they cannot, without mortal hurt, be shortened. Of all modern inventions for decreasing scholarship, and lowering the average of intelligence, no one is so pre-eminently successful as the present system of abridged authors and selected libraries. It means, to use Dr. Johnson's famous simile, a mouthful all around, and a full meal nowhere. It also means an astonishing degree of self-deception.

IS ENGLISH LITERATURE DYING? LONDON ACADEMY

Is English literature dying? Mr. W. M. Lightbody, by the title of his article in the

April number of the Westminster Review, implies that it is, though he does not directly assert it. We have our own views on the point; but if we substitute, "Is English literature at present languishing?" we shall remove the question from the range of serious controversy, and perhaps represent better Mr. Lightbody's meaning. For no man of fine taste can doubt that English letters are just now in a bad way, despite individual writers, who maintain the high tradition—at what cost to themselves perhaps they best know. Mr. Lightbody's comments on the causes of this decadence are in the main just; but they are not complete, and are accompanied with some extravagance. To say that posterity will look back upon the last decades of the nineteenth century (which is a polite way of saying our own day) as a blank in English literature is rashness. The ranks, he says, are too full, owing to lenient critics; and there are no prominent names to mark the period in the eyes of posterity. But the truth is, there are reviewers and reviewers. The few who discern are perhaps more numerous than they ever were. The many half-competent are certainly more numerous than ever they were. It is the half-competent who praise mediocrities with hyperbolic and guilty verbiage. But they have a saving quality—they fasten instinctively and savagely on anything original which appears. For the old truculence is not extinct, nor ever will be while man is man. So, also, we have a great fecundity of writers of eminent talent: among whom it is doubtless difficult to single forth the few of actual genius. But was it not so in the earlier part of the nineteenth century? Their names stand clear now, but they did not stand clear then. Any encyclopædia of English literature will show what thronging mediocrities then obscured the recognition of the true stars.

Mr. Lightbody, however, is surely right when he recognizes a main cause of our declension in the democratizing (if we may use the phrase) of modern literature. The small but educated audience of previous ages is replaced by a great scarce-educated audience. Mr. Lightbody hopes that the education of this democracy will gradually broaden and deepen, till they replace the old select audience. This is one of those pathetic beliefs which fill us with despairing pity. When we shall have attained universal perfectibility; when we shall have acclimatized heaven in England; when men cross-breed with angels,

evolving a progeny that has lost its wings, but is yet capable of passing through brick walls and living on theories supplemented by mild ginger ale; then we look for this enlightened democracy which shall trifle with Meredith and toy—between working-shifts—with the novels of Mr. Henry James. Undoubtedly, as things stand, the majority of writers drift toward the best paid market, and write for the democracy which is our new patron of letters. And undoubtedly this does much to sap the integrity of literature. But this is not all. The small but cultivated circle of readers which made the audience of former writers is ceasing to exist. The aristocracy formed an influential element in that audience. It was part of a nobleman's character to have a taste for and patronage of letters, in the days of our ancestors; now, the aristocracy is the last quarter to which one looks for literary cultivation. And the circle of those who love letters grows smaller year by year. That,

at least, cannot be ascribed to the advent of the democracy. If every year adds to the readers of scraps and snippets, while it takes away from the narrowing number of intellectual readers, if an unlettered democracy is balanced by an unlettered aristocracy, the cause lies in the deepening materialism of the age, the race for wealth, the struggle to live. Men who will not take time to digest their food, are not likely to take time to digest their books. Quick-lunching and hasty reading go together. To read properly is to think; and to think requires leisure. Something, again, is perhaps due to declining energy. Numbers find leisure for foolish reading, who would faint at the notion of concentrating their minds on a book. A tired and *blasé* generation has lost the sap for mental effort. Finally, the thirst for gold and pleasure is contagious, more contagious than the thirst for knowledge. It must increase, while the other decreases.

Brief Comment and Gossip of Authors

The world of science knows F. Hopkinson Smith as the man who built the Race Rock lighthouse and other Government engineering works. Followers of the brush know him for his charming landscape studies, his charcoal work and his illustrations. But he is best known to the world of letters, for here has he found his most successful field—a field that is distinctly his own—and one characterized by much charm and grace of literary expression. Humor and pathos are delightfully blended in his stories, and they are entirely free from any of those sex problems that so characterize the average modern novel. To turn from Colonel Carter of Cartersville to a novel of the above class is like going from sunlight to shadow.

Other well-known novels and stories of F. Hopkinson Smith are *A White Umbrella* in Mexico, *A Day at Laguerre's*, *Gondola Days*, *A Gentleman Vagabond*, *Tom Grogan*, *Caleb West*, *The Other Fellow*, *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn*, and his most recent volume of short stories, *The Under Dog*.

Of all his books, Colonel Carter of Cartersville and *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* perhaps best mirror the charming personality of the author. The younger Dumas once de-

clared that he would have rather been the author of the verses that end *La Vie de Bohème* than of all his own plays put together. To have written Colonel Carter of Cartersville is worth more than the combined authorship of all the historical novels which have been so prevalent of late.

The recent death of Paul Blouet, who was better known by his pen name of "Max O'Rell," removes an interesting figure from contemporaneous literature and fiction. He was well known as an author, traveler, lecturer and special newspaper correspondent. He served with distinction in the Franco-Prussian war and during the dark days of the Commune. The best known of his books are *Jonathan and His Continent* and *A Frenchman in America*. They are humorous in treatment and comprehensive in observation. At the time of his death he was on the editorial staff of *Le Figaro*.

Who are the most distinguished ten men now living? The readers of the Berlin *Tageblatt* have decided them as follows: Tolstoi, Mommsen, Marconi, Ibsen, Edison, Nansen, Roentgen, Menzel, Koch, and William II. It is

interesting to note that no musician appears in this list. After all, questions of this order cannot definitely be answered, inasmuch as relativity and personality are sure to color the judgment of every reader. It is just as foolish as the well-worn competition to decide upon the ten best books in the literature of the world.

Recently a French novelist and manager of a Paris paper was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and to pay a large fine for a libel on a lady contained in a short story. This immediately brings up the question as to how far authors are to go in drawing their characters from real life. It is perfectly proper to use human material at hand. Great characters are rarely drawn from the imagination. A man's friends and acquaintances are likely to be subjects for copy. But the author must use discretion and must never forget to be a gentleman.

Mr. Egerton Castle, writing to *The Morning Post* in complaint of a review of *The Star-Dreamer* in its columns, says among other things that "the question of literary criticism is one of so much importance to writers that it is time to make a stand against the reckless, spiteful or weary reviewer." Everybody will concur with the author in regard to the reckless and spiteful reviewer. But the weary reviewer must exist until novelists as a class become extinct.

Paul du Chaillu, the author and explorer, died recently in St. Petersburg. His African stories and descriptions evoked much controversy at the time of their publication and many questioned their authenticity. Later explorers, however, corroborated Du Chaillu's statements. He visited many lands, and his descriptions of travel were especially interesting.

The title of James Lane Allen's forthcoming novel is *The Mettle of the Pasture*. The work was originally planned as a historical novel, but the author has changed his plan and has written a modern American story simply told. This is indeed a matter of congratulation. If the new story catches the spirit of *Aftermath* and *The Kentucky Cardinal*, it will be a welcome addition to our literature.

The recent massacres of Kishineff have awakened much interest in the life and social conditions of the Jews Abroad. Martha

Wolfenstein's novel, *Idylls of the Gass*, a tale made up of a succession of episodes of the *Judengasse* in a modern German town, is accordingly of special timeliness.

Students and lovers of French literature will read with pleasure and profit Paul Bourget's critical contribution to the *Booklovers' Magazine* for June on *The Evolution of the Modern French Novel*. M. Bourget explains the two schools—the novel of morals and the novel of analysis—into which the French novel has been divided for almost sixty years. He further indicates new tendencies in the novel. He claims that the historical novel is coming back into favor, as is also the political and satirical novel. He declares that "in the fulness of time another form of novel must emerge, because of the richness which the fair art of fiction, so fertile, so broad, still holds in reserve." In this country and at the present time the novel dealing with industry and labor seems to be usurping a place in this unknown richness. M. Bourget did not have that in mind, however, as in his own country this field has been well treated by Alphonse Daudet.

Professor Woodberry's volume on Hawthorne in the *American Men of Letters* series seems fair to rival the great merit of his *Poe Biography*. He has not been led into those extravagances of expression which so characterize modern biographical and critical writing. Professor Woodberry was chosen to write the Emerson ode for the recent Emerson Centenary.

One more name must be struck off the narrowing list of war correspondents by the death of Mr. W. T. Maud, the correspondent and artist of the *London Daily Graphic*. Mr. Maud was present during all the recent wars, and his dispatches from the front were graphic and truthful. He was with Stevens at Ladysmith, and it was to him that Stevens whispered his last words about this being a "rather sideways ending."

The Newdigate Prize for English verse was not awarded this year at Oxford. The reasons of the non-award are not known. Even at Oxford, whose poetical traditions are high, the art of verse seems to be sinking from the level which it once sustained. Of recent awards of this famous prize, only Oscar Wilde's *Ravena* was characterized by real poetic merit.

Speaking of literary prizes, the news comes from Paris that M. Maurice Donnay, the author of *L'Autre Danger*, which is to be seen in this country next year, has been awarded the Toirac prize of four thousand francs by the French Academy. The prize is annually awarded to the author of the best play presented at the *Comédie Française* during the course of the year.

Nobody thinks of Turkey to-day in any other light than a power whose cruelty in Macedonia has shocked the civilized world. Yet among the "Young Turks" there is a literary school of much promise. It is independent, and it has been described by Dicher Bey as having its roots without the literary traditions of Turkey, and its sources of inspiration in the modern school of France. Dicher Bey does not state in just what the literary traditions of Turkey consist.

London's historic landmarks are being slowly demolished. The latest building to go is No. 6 Wine Office Court, Fleet street, Goldsmith lived there from 1760 to 1764. and it is reported that he there wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*. But little remains of old London, and some day it will not be surprising to hear that the Tower is also to go the way of so many other historic buildings.

Two great men of the century are reported to be in failing health, and their demise is expected as a strong possibility of the near future. They are Henrik Ibsen and Herbert Spencer—the one a great dramatist, the other a great scientist. In their respective fields they have enriched the literature of the world. They both love liberty and both have fought for it. That the one chose philosophy and the other drama was only an incident. The results have been the same in both cases.

Despite Russian persecution, Finland has succeeded in developing the Finnish language as a vehicle of literary expression. Finnish literature is the youngest in Europe, as for centuries the Swedish language was the only method employed for literary purposes among the Finns.

Some of the plays by W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, were recently given with much success by the Irish Literary Society of New York. Three volumes of his works are to appear shortly, and *The Celtic Twilight* will

be brought out in a new edition. A book of essays entitled *Ideas of Good and Evil*, and a play called *Where There Is Nothing* complete the list. The plays of Mr. Yeats, while lacking dramatic force, are, nevertheless, characterized by much charm; especially is this evinced in *The Land of Heart's Desire*, which is almost a fairy tale in the witchery of its conceit.

It is said that in Mr. Wilfred S. Jackson, author of *Nine Points of the Law*, a new humorist has been discovered. The story deals with the holiday adventures of a young banker's clerk—Mr. Wayzgoose. Humor, imagination, observation, and skilful craftsmanship are all delightfully blended in the story. The book is published by John Lane.

M. Pierre Loti gave recently, at Rochefort, a Chinese fête, which marks a red-letter day in the annals of entertaining for those in search of novel and exotic sensations. The fête was given in honor of Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of China, who, by the way, was a young scholar of the Lycée of Rochefort. Cable reports declare that the fête was in every way the equal of Oriental entertainments of the same order.

At a recent sale in London Defoe's *Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner*, and *The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, two volumes, of 1719, in the original calf bindings, realized \$1,535. If such a thing had happened in Defoe's own time, it is probable that that gifted romancer would have ended his days in the mad-house. Such incidents are the irony of fate. Every other day one reads of a Poe manuscript having been sold at a large price. And then one remembers Poe's miserable life and ill-paid returns. Shakespeare, a prosperous dramatist considering his time, would gladly have sold not only the manuscript copy but dramatic rights to Hamlet for scarcely a larger sum than that given above. It is safe to say that the Avon Bard, good business man as he was, did not receive from all his plays what a modern "popular" novelist gains from a single book with its dramatic rights. It looks rather unjust, but Shakespeare still lives, while the novelist sees his reputation flickering before his eyes. It is doubtful whether, taking all things into consideration, Mr. Shakespeare would care to change places with Mr.—: you may fill in your own blank.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

The Untilled Field.—George Moore. Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

This is a collection of short stories dealing with Irish life and customs. Mr. Moore knows his Ireland well and his stories of that country have all those realistic tendencies which are so associated with this distinguished author. The stories are psychological in treatment and exhibit the *finesse* of the author's literary skill.

Marjorie.—Justin Huntly McCarthy. N. Y., J. Russell.

Mr. McCarthy is evidently an ardent admirer of Stevenson. It cannot be said of him that he outstrips his master or is in any way comparable. But his story is more than readable. One thing stands out especially in this tale of the high seas and far-off islands and that is the style. There is grace and poetry to Mr. McCarthy's prose which lifts it high indeed.

At the Time Appointed.—A. Maynard Barbour. Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

This is a semi-detective story by the author of *That Mainwaring Affair*. In the hero, a man who loses his memory at the time of witnessing a great crime, the author has opportunity for an original and interesting study. The book is rich in character and is of the gender somewhat remarkable.

A Daughter of Thespis.—John D. Barry. Boston, L. C. Page Co. \$1.50

Mr. Barry knows stage life in all its pettiness and painfulness. This novel, which is an elaboration of an older novel, is true to the life which it depicts—the great life in the glare of the calcium and behind the foot-lights. It will prove a good tonic for stage-struck young ladies, for it does not hide the cheapness and tawdriness.

The Mystery of Murray Davenport.—Robert Neilson Stephens. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Stephens' book is a story of a man who is, to put it colloquially, "hoodooed." The mystery which overhangs his life is inexplicable to the reader until the author deems fit to divulge it. A rather weird book concerning an unusual character.

Earth's Enigmas.—Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

This reprint of one of Mr. Roberts' earlier books finds justification both in the excellence of the material and in the addition of new sketches and Mr. Bull's excellent drawings. Mr. Roberts is a perfect master of contrast, and his work has a subtlety and meaning to it far deeper than are usually found in stories of this class. The studies and sketches, while not so mature as Mr. Roberts' later offerings, are none the less charming and appealing. We quote one of these elsewhere in the magazine.

The Archierey of Samara.—Henry Iliowizi Phila., Henry T. Coates & Co.

A novel bearing upon the treatment of the Jews in Russia is peculiarly interesting at the present moment. Rabbi Iliowizi evidently knows whereof he writes and justifies his picture of Jewish life in Russia in a preface of strong invective. In his tale he relates how a young Jew is forced into the army and there practically compelled to undergo Christian baptism. The tale of the barbarities committed in an attack on the Jewish quarter of his native city strongly emphasizes the reports of recent occurrences, and arouses the question whether Russia is worthy of the name of a civilized nation. The ethics of the forced conversion, the deceptive posing as a Christian, and the flight with the jewels, the reader must decide for himself. From a dramatic point of view, the plot is not a skillful one. The breaks are too abrupt, and the tale lacks continuity. It is, however, worth perusal.

Elizabeth's Children.—N. Y., John Lane. \$1.50.

The friends of Elizabeth will be glad to hear that her marriage is announced, although they may be astonished to find that she became the wife of "a dark little Frenchman." Such, however, is the case, and she was blessed with three boys. During a voyage for the benefit of her health, she committed them to the care of her old admirer, Hugh. One can well imagine how boys trained by Elizabeth would enliven the home of a disappointed bachelor. We have the story here and it is a good one. There has been nothing of the kind since Helen's Babies captivated mothers, and some fathers too. But these three boys surpass those famous children in their manliness and powers of getting their own way, and the tangle they cause is a serious one. It is untangled satisfactorily, and Hugh is helped to a very acceptable compensation for the loss of his old companion. Admirers of Elizabeth should not fail to read about her children.

The Eternal Woman.—Dorothea Gerard. N. Y., Brentano's. \$1.50.

The *Eternal Woman* has already appeared in the columns of a weekly journal, but it is worthy of volume form. The scene is laid mainly in Scotland, and the story relates the struggles of the young daughter of a circus-rider, orphaned in childhood, adopted and educated by a Viennese Baroness, and then left penniless. How, although imbued with somewhat of the spirit of the "New" Woman, she fulfills the mission of the true woman, the reader will discover. The novel is a good one, well constructed, well written, with some excellent character sketches and a pleasing combination of the pathetic and the gay.

Business and Love.—Huges Le Roux. N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20.

In this book, M. Huges Le Roux, the noted French traveler and writer, records his impressions

of different classes of men and women, and of social customs in this country. He finds much to criticise, and some of his observations on the relations between the sexes in this country are well taken. The book is really a contribution to sociology and cannot fail to be of much interest to students of social conditions. Added to a keen insight is a charming and graceful style. There is not a dull line in the book and it is sure to awaken much discussion and interest.

Everyman.—N. Y., Fox, Duffield & Co.

The publication of this old morality now being played in America should have an interest for all readers and scholars. The book is neatly and well put together. It is a worthy beginning for a new firm of publishers.

The Canterbury Pilgrims.—A Comedy. Percy Mackaye. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

It was a daring thing for Mr. Mackaye to write a play about Chaucer and the Canterbury Pilgrims in blank verse. That he succeeds at all is great praise. And succeed he does in a measure—if not unequivocally. The play is a cross between a literary production and a popular one. It shows great skill indeed in its character drawing. Mr. Mackaye knows his Chaucer. Its atmosphere, too, is good, though at times a discordant note is struck. It is the character of Chaucer himself wherein the author seems the least successful. Chaucer is unconvincing, and indeed quite a contrast to such a character as *The Wife of Bath*. The play unquestionably shows great promise.

The Ghost Camp.—Rolf Boldrewood. N. Y., The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The Ghost Camp; or, *The Avengers*, by Rolf Boldrewood, is a story of Australian and Tasmanian life, partly in the bush, partly at the gold mines, mainly in Hobart Town society. There is abundance of lively interest and movement, a very pretty love story, and an artistic climax. The book will be acceptable as presenting a picture of life in a part of the world that does not enter largely into American literature.

The Inevitable.—Philip Verill Mighels. Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

The Inevitable, by Philip Verill Mighels, deals with a curious phase of the Negro Problem. A boy whose grandmother was a mulatto "almost as white as anyone" is cast off by his mother because he has a dark skin. The whole tale is weird, powerfully told, admirably conceived, and well worked out. The solution will appeal to Americans, but it may be questioned whether Europeans will see the necessity of the ending of the story.

Unitarianism in America.—George Willis Cooke. Boston. American Unitarian Association. \$2.00.

We have here a very valuable history of the origin and development of American Unitarianism. The author refers this phase of Christianity to English sources, traces the growth of liberality and freedom of thought and democracy in church organization from the times of the Puritans, states the bearings of that controversial movement which ended in the foundation of the American Unitarian Association, and the denominational consciousness. He then gives a careful summary of the work done in minis-

tration to the poor, in Sunday-schools, in foreign missions, and by women's alliances. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is that which points out the influence of Unitarians in reform, education, and literature, owing to the long array of names well known in the history of these subjects. The volume is an interesting one, and a valuable contribution to the history of religion in this country.

Immortality and Other Essays.—Charles Carroll Everett. Boston, American Unitarian Association. \$1.20.

This is a volume of essays by Prof. C. C. Everett, formerly dean of the Divinity School of Harvard University, who died in 1900. The essays have already appeared in periodicals, but it is well to have them in collected form. The range of subjects embraced is large, including Immortality and Mysticism, as well as the relations of Science and Faith. There is an important study of Joseph Priestly, and an admirable criticism of the attitude taken by Herbert Spencer in attempting to reconcile Science and Religion. The articles are characterized by clearness of argument and statement, liberality of thought, and a reverential treatment which indicates a striking spiritual personality.

Among Green Trees.—Julia Ellen Rogers. Chicago, A. W. Mumford. \$3.00.

As a rule, books on trees are written for the special and not the general reader. In this book the author has written an "all-round tree book," in which she has stated clearly and concisely the essentials of tree physiology and brought them within the comprehension of all those who are interested in nature. The subject of the life and death of trees is presented in a very interesting manner. To a study generally dry and technical the author has brought a certain literary charm and grace of expression. While intended for the general reader, the book is authoritative on all those questions of botany and physiology which are necessarily linked with the subject. Excellent illustrations lend much to the attractiveness of the volume.

On the Polar Star in the Arctic Sea.—2 vols. H. R. H. The Duke of the Abruzzi. N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$12.50, net.

This is the latest and most important contribution to the literature of Arctic exploration. The expedition led by the Duke of the Abruzzi broke the polar record and succeeded in reaching a latitude farther north than any previous expedition. The story of the voyage of the *Polar Star*, the winter spent in Teplitz Bay, the thrilling recital of Captain Cagni's dash for the Pole and the dangers of the return journey are all graphically and fascinatingly portrayed. As a contribution to science the work is of immeasurable importance. In another way, it is a contribution to fiction, because the record of daring and adventure thrills and stimulates. In more ways than one there is a magnetic fascination allied to the great frozen North, "of the desolate regions which only brave men can reach."

More Letters of Charles Darwin: A Record of His Work in a Series of Hitherto Unpublished Letters.—2 vols. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$5.00 net.

This new series of letters gives new light upon the work and personality of that famous scientist whose

theories in some lines have all but revolutionized thought. The letters written to eminent men are so arranged that they form almost a complete record of Darwin's work. From a biographical standpoint, too, they offer much that is interesting and valuable. The editing has been done carefully and the publishers have put the work on the market in a thoroughly praiseworthy manner.

Explorations in Bible Lands During the 19th Century.—Edited by Herman V. Hilprecht. Phila., A. J. Holman & Co. \$3.00.

In this volume, Professor H. V. Hilprecht, with the coöperation of several distinguished German professors of Assyriology, has prepared a brief historical sketch on the explorations in Bible lands. There is included, also, in the work, a description of the excavations carried on by the Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. The work is largely technical in matter and treatment, and while it makes its appeal primarily to the scholar, it nevertheless has an alluring attraction for the layman. The Resurrection of Assyria and Babylonia, Researches in Palestine, Excavations in Egypt, Explorations in Arabia, and The So-called Hittites and their Inscriptions are the subjects of which the book treats. As a history of recent exploration in the East, the work is of much value.

New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.—Annotated by Thomas Carlyle and edited by Alexander Carlisle, with an introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M. D. N. Y., John Lane.

The letters of Mrs. Carlyle in these two volumes embrace epistles which Froude rejected or omitted, or used only partially in his *Life* or his edition of the *Letters and Memorials*. They possess the same matchless charm and vitality as those previously printed, an excellence which called forth from Carlyle the adjectives "beautiful, cheery, graceful, true." More than this, they offer new light upon the much-debated question of the Carlyles' domestic life. So, too, they are a great side light upon the relation which existed between this gifted woman and her peculiar, if great, husband. In themselves these letters are exquisite in their charm and unaffected simplicity.

The Philippine Islands—1493-1803. Blair & Robertson. Cleveland, O., The Arthur H. Clark Co. 55 Volumes, published monthly. Vol. I. \$4.00.

A work extended to fifty-five volumes, large octavo, cannot be called other than stupendous. Such a work is *The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803*, of which the first volume lies before us. It is proposed to give the history of this recent addition to the empire of the United States from the time of Magellan's voyage of discovery, by means of translations of documents and other manuscripts, many of which appear to the public eye for the first time. The editors, Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, have had special training for this kind of historical work and this first installment affords evidence that their work will be well done. The first volume contains a very valuable introduction by Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne, of Yale, as well as the interesting papal bulls which divided the unknown parts of the earth between the kings of Spain and Portugal, letters and treaties between these kings, and above

all, on account of Magellan's voyage to the Moluccas. The undertaking is an important one, and when completed will be of incalculable value to public institutions and legislators who have to deal with the Philippines.

Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced.—William Henry P. Phyffe. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

This is a very useful book to have at hand upon the library table. Correct pronunciation is certainly not less important than correct spelling, but the canons of the language are more frequently violated in the former than in the latter. This volume should go far toward securing correct uniformity. It is well executed, well presented, and very comprehensive.

From Grieg to Brahms.—Daniel Gregory Mason. N. Y., The Outlook Co. \$1.50.

This is an excellent collection of studies of eminent composers in the light of modern music. It includes Grieg, Dvorak, Saint-Saens, Franck, Tschaikowsky and Brahms. In dealing with them the author has shown great powers of analysis and discrimination, and students of music cannot fail to appreciate his criticisms. Two essays, on *The Appreciation of Music* and *The Meaning of Music*, are valuable exponents of the basic principles of music, and of the conditions under which the science and art have been developed.

Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales.—Birdsall Jackson. N. Y., F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.25.

In this volume of short stories and rhymes there are some good things, although few rise above the usual level of this style of magazine writing. The best are the dialect stories, especially those about Captain Ben and The Fox Hunt; and a rhyming address to The Scavenger can be commended to a certain class of reporters on some daily journals.

Trees, Shrubs and Vines.—H. E. Parkhurst. N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The lover of nature who has but little time for botanical study will find this an exceedingly useful book. Although prepared with special reference to the New York Central Park, it will be found a handy companion in walks in any part of the Northeastern United States. There is no attempt at scientific description. The volume merely claims to assist in naming the trees, shrubs and vines, and this it does admirably, for the analytical keys will enable the veriest tyro to find the name of the object before him, without any trouble. This, in itself, is a great thing for many persons, but it may be reasonably predicted that an intelligent use of this handy volume will lead to a desire for more systematic study of botany.

Horace Greeley.—William A. Linn. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

This life of the eminent journalist is a worthy addition to Appleton's Series of Historic Lives. Mr. Linn's treatment of his subject is fair and candid, and the story is told clearly and incisively. As a study of a man who exercised vast influence in his day, of one who asserted himself in spite of great difficulties, of one who, if he made mistakes, cannot be charged with dishonesty of purpose, the volume can be heartily commended to the notice of general readers as well as to students of history.

T r e a s u r e ✻ T r o v e : O l d ✻ F a v o r i t e s ✻ R e c a l l e d

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE . . . CHRIS. MARLOWE

Come live with me and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

TO ANTHEA ROBERT HERRICK

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honor thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And it shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

SONG BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

Tell me, dearest, what is love?
'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.

'Tis a grave
Gapes to have
The poor fools who long to prove.

Tell me more, are women true?
Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Tell me more yet, can they grieve?
Yes, and sicken sore, but live
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are wise as they.
Then I see
Faith will be
Never till they both believe.

CRADLE SONG ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS ROBERT BROWNING

Where the quiet-color'd end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—

Was the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gather'd councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

Now—the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to (else they run
 Into one)

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guess'd alone,
 Stock or stone—

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory prick'd their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

Now—the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks—

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 View'd the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-color'd eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguish'd gray
 Melt away—

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king look'd, where she looks now, breath-
 less, dumb
 Till I come.

But he look'd upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topp'd with temples, all the glades'
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
 All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky.
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold, of course.

O, heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest.
 Love is best!

A WOMAN'S QUESTION..... ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

Before I trust my fate to thee,
 Or place my hand in thine,
 Before I let my future give
 Color and form to mine,
 Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night
 for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
 A shadow of regret;
 Is there one link within the Past
 That holds thy spirit yet?
 Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can
 pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
 A possible future shine,
 Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
 Untouched, unshared by mine?
 If so, at any pain or cost, oh! tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
 Within thy inmost soul,
 That thou hast kept a portion back,
 While I have staked the whole,
 Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy
 tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
 That mine cannot fulfill?
 One chord that any other hand
 Could better wake or still?
 Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life
 wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
 The demon-spirit change,
 Shedding a passing glory still
 On all things new and strange?
 It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart
 against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
 And answer to my claim,
 That Fate and that to-day's mistake—
 Not thou—had been to blame?
 Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt
 surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
 The words would come too late;
 Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
 So comfort thee, my Fate—
 Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I
 would risk it all!

Among the July Magazines

Bret Harte's earlier stories revealed the rich literary material to be found upon the Pacific coast. The author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* is dead. But the West still has her writers. In the July number of the *Atlantic*, Herbert Bashford tells of *The Literary Development of the Pacific Coast*. He traces two distinct periods of literary development there. He speaks of the distinctive literature of the region as follows:

To what extent the splendor and majesty of the West may favor the growth of a peculiarly distinctive literature is altogether speculative, but, if we are to be guided in our forecast by the history of other lands, we may assume with some degree of certainty that this beauty and sublimity of landscape will ultimately make itself manifest in a greater breadth of canvas, a bolder stroke, and in the more varied and brilliant coloring of a lavish brush. To select first-hand material, and to fashion it after his own pattern, rather than after that of the conventional size, which requires a certain technical finish, and concerns itself with the details of workmanship, will be the aim of the artist of the future. The tendency of California writers is toward ruggedness and strength, and if the work of either Norris or London may offer a significant hint of what the coming novelist of the West will strive to attain, I should say, first of all—force and originality, the art of prose expression that shall not be a weak imitation of those moldy, yet revered, models of antiquity known as the classics.

There is such a wealth of readable material in the number that it is difficult to signalize those articles which make an especial appeal. Lovers of trees will read with pleasure John Muir's paper on Sargent's *Silva*. David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler, two representative scholars, contribute articles of great interest—*The Voice of the Scholar*, and *A National Type of Culture*. What is "*Comparative Literature*"? is ably answered by Charles Wills Gayley. In *A Bunch of Texas and Arizona Birds*, Bradford Torrey, the naturalist, writes in his charming and characteristic manner. *Principles of Municipal School Administration*, as well as *The First Year of Cuban Self-Government*, and *Life at a Mountain Observatory* are all timely and interesting. The lighter articles and fiction are well accounted for by the names of Jack London, Mary Austin, Mabel Craft Deering, Margaret Collier Graham, and Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

The subject of correct pronunciation is a topic perpetually recurring, and one which always arouses controversy among people of education and culture. There are two general statements to be made in regard to pronunciation, and Professor Lounsbury concisely states them in the *July Harper's*, as follows:

One is that there is a body of English words certain pronunciations of which every cultivated man the world over recognizes at once as belonging to the speech of the uneducated or the imperfectly educated. We characterize them as illiterate or provincial. The use of them stamps everywhere the present social condition of the speaker or proclaims the class from which he sprang. There is no more difficulty in our avoiding them than there is in our avoiding the violation of one of the ordinary rules of grammar. This is the first point. The second is that another and a very much larger body of words exists—embracing, in fact, the immense majority of the words of the language used in conversation or public address—about which there is a substantial agreement among the cultivated wherever English is spoken at all. A substantial agreement, it must be kept in mind, not an exact agreement. No one's pronunciation ever resembles another's precisely, any more than one man's watch keeps precisely the same time as another man's. There are even numerous variations of speech which the trained ear of the phonetic scholar instantly recognizes, but which entirely escape the observation of most of us. Much more perceptible is the variation between the speech of the cultivated class of different communities, of different regions, of different lands. It is sometimes so marked that the moment we hear a man's voice we recognize without difficulty the country or part of the country which has given him birth.

To students of psychology, Professor Shaller's *Plant and Animal Intelligence* will surely appeal. The same students will likewise read with interest *The Survival of Human Personality*, by Professor Chamberlain, which is an authoritative article on the highest product of the evolutionary process. To Arthur Symon's critical comment on *Romeo and Juliet*, Edwin A. Abbey adds some of his delightful Shakespearian pictures. *The Business Organization of a Church*, and *Navigation Above the Clouds*, are also of interest. The stories are excellent, too. By *Favor of the Gods*, *His Prerogative*, *The Chow-Chow Kid*, *The Transformation of Em. Durham*, and *Amici* are well worth reading. Mary R. S. Andrew's continued story, *A Kidnapped Colony*, comes to an end in this issue. The usual departments and readable verse com-

plete an attractive number. As usual, the illustrations leave nothing to be desired.

John Wesley, the Oxford Methodist preacher, reformer, and the leader of a movement that renewed the religious life of England, had many exciting adventures in his efforts to reach the people by his sermons. It was not to be wondered at that a religious man in an irreligious age should have met opposition and often personal violence. Some of his encounters are graphically set forth by C. T. Winchester's monograph, *John Wesley, in the July Century*. He dwells much on the coolness of the preacher in these affairs. Hear him:

The coolness of Wesley in such encounters was amazing. He made it an invariable rule to face a mob; and there is no indication that he was ever confused or even excited by their violence. His figure was slight and his presence not commanding; but this absolute self-possession, joined with a quiet courtesy, made him almost invariably the master of a crowd. He had the bearing of a gentleman, a certain stamp of distinction which they instinctively recognized. Meeting one Sunday afternoon in Ratcliffe Square a noisy throng that threatened rough treatment, after a word or two of greeting, he said: "Friends, let every man do as he pleases; but it is my manner when I speak of the things of God, or when another does, to uncover my head," which he did; and the crowd instantly did the same. "Then," says he, "I exhorted them to repent and believe the Gospel." When a roaring mob broke into the room where he was preaching in St. Ives, Cornwall, he quietly walked into the crowd, and taking their ringleader by the arm, asked him to come up to the desk and reason it out. "I received," says he, "only one blow on the side of the head, after which we reasoned the case till he grew milder and milder; and at length undertook to quiet his companions."

Unpublished Letters by Sir Walter Scott in the same number are of great literary value. They were written to Mary Ann Watts Hughes, the grandmother of Thomas Hughes, the author of the well-known *Tom Brown* books. The recent discovery of the earliest code of laws awakens interest in their author. Light is thrown upon this forgotten historical character by Dr. William Hayes Ward in his article entitled, *Who Was Hammurabi?*

But the number is really one of fiction, and fiction of a high class, too. Among them may be especially mentioned *The Sign of the Jumna*, a story of the Himalayas. John Luther Long contributes a fantastic and delicate tale, *The Siren*. Mahmoud Pasha of the D. P. W. is another Oriental story. *A Lost Story* is from the pen of the late lamented Frank Norris. There are other stories none the less interesting, too. The *Yellow Van*, Richard Whiteing's novel, is still

continued. The illustrations are beautiful and lend much attractiveness to the magazine.

Men are always going down to the sea in ships. Nowhere else is this more strongly realized than by those who ply their fishing trade off the Newfoundland Banks—those cruel, changing, mysterious waters that Pierre Loti once so beautifully described. Norman Duncan, in the *July World's Work*, tells of the lives of The Codfishers of the Banks. It is a deserted coast and dangerous as well.

From this barren coast, and thus remote from the world, the Newfoundland fish are caught. There are two classes of fishermen—the hook-and-line men and the far more prosperous trap men. The former fish off shore from their punts, but most of the trap men go far north to the Labrador coast, live abroad or in turf huts ashore through the season, and return when the fall winds are blowing and the seas run high and the nights are bitter and black. I have known half the out-bound Labrador fleet to be jammed for weeks in the ice in June; and I have heard a hundred dread tales of the loss of returning vessels—of which that of the rich-laden *Mary* occurs to me. Her skipper, in a panic which his poor wife could not allay, ran for land from a great December gale and lost his catch, his schooner, his wife, himself and all his crew save the cook, when she struck in the dark. Most of the schooners are saucy little cockle shells of from fifteen to thirty tons, but some are of one hundred tons burden. They lie at anchor off shore from the Straits even so far north as Cape Chudleigh—a wild coast, bold, inhospitable and sparsely provided with harbors. "May God d—n the man that made that anchor!" said a pious young skipper, though he was a class leader, as he pointed to a new anchor lying on the deck with one arm missing; and it seemed to me, when I had heard the story of the lee shore and of the gale in which that arm snapped off, that the extraordinary outburst was quite justified—the skippers of the Labrador craft have a right to expect honestly-made anchors for their money. Practically no news of the adventurous voyage comes down; so the return of the schooners with the green catch, which is always unexpected, is celebrated with such joy and festivity as, perhaps, the return of the viking ships aroused in the harbors of Norway long ago; nor are the sagas wanting, such as the following extract from a doleful one:

"We didn't get no fish, me b'ys,
An' I'll tell the reason why—
We had a bow in our leader,
Like a rainbow in the sky."

The Prevention of Typhoid Fever, by James C. Bayles, is of timely importance. He describes some of the ways by which individual cases occur and suggests methods of prevention in the case of this terrible disease. A. B. Lueder has an article descriptive of Building American Bridges in Mid-Africa. It relates the experiences of an engineer in constructing twenty-seven viaducts in the

jungles. Mr. Lueder writes with authority, as he was the engineer in charge of the work. Professor Gottheil's article on The Distribution of the Jews is especially timely, owing to the recent persecutions suffered by them in Russia. Short Vacations by Trolley, A Farmer's Trust, and The Day's Work of a Librarian round out a number replete in interesting matter.

The July number of *Country Life in America* contains the usual quota of good reading matter that always characterizes the magazine. The New Ideals in the Improvements of Plants, by L. H. Bailey, tells of the changes in plant breeding and of other analogous topics. M. Mowbray Palmer, president of the Collie Club of America, writes of the Scotch Collie, the dog of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. Sport lovers will enjoy Charles P. Sawyer's *The Renaissance of Tennis*. Tennis is coming back into the popular favor it once so long enjoyed. The usual departments containing suggestive hints for owners of country houses are not the least important of the articles of the number.

There are many interesting articles and stories in the July Pearson's. Fred Gilbert Blakeslee contributes a paper on Fencing, the Sport of President Roosevelt. Clam Fisheries of the Mississippi, and Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, are features of the number. In fiction, stories are contributed by Seumas MacManus, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Ralph Henry Barbour, and K. and Hespeth Prichard.

Two special articles of note in the July *Criterion* are *The Duke of Argyll*, by Gen. James Grant Wilson; and *Great Engineering Feats in New York*, by Albert Thomas. *The Love Affairs of a Beggar Artist of Japan*, by Adachi Kinnosuki, is an Oriental story of much charm. John Uri Lloyd, Stuart Henry, Alfred Stoddart, and Eliot Walker also contribute short stories.

The Pretenders, by Ina Brevoort Roberts, is the novelette in the July Lippincott's. In *A Roman Holiday*, Maud Howe writes of the experiences of an American housekeeper in the Eternal City. *The Broken Vase*, *The Modern Sabine*, *The Odyssey of Piscator*, *Jacky*, and *An Unwilling Delilah* are among the most noteworthy contributions to the fiction of the number.

The treatment of biography is a subject upon which hopelessly contradictory opinions are continually being presented. Edmund Gosse, writing upon *The Ethics of Biography* in the July *Cosmopolitan*, draws an interesting picture of the honest biographer.

Let the biographer be tactful, but do not let him be cowardly; let him cultivate delicacy, but avoid its ridiculous parody, false delicacy. There should be a very clear image presented to his own mind before he begins to set his portrait down on paper. That image, if it is worth anything at all, must have its shadows as well as its lights. When he has convinced himself that he knows his man, he must ask himself how far it is proper and desirable to detail his faults, the errors of his conduct, the disadvantages of his position. He is bound to preserve the decencies; he is required to consider the feelings of survivors. But his first consideration, his first duty, is to truth. If he undertakes to give a portrait at all, he must give one which, as a man of honor, he believes to be faithful.

Philæ, that sacred island in the Nile, is interestingly described in Dulany Hunter's article, *The Passing of Philæ*. Lavinia Hart tries to describe *What Love Is*, just as if the world were ignorant of that passion.

The Leisured Public and the Stage, *The World's Fair at St. Louis, 1904*, *Captains of Industry*, *King Menelek of Abyssinia*, and *Suburban Life in America* are strong features of the number. In *Old Love Stories Retold*, Richard Le Gallienne tells the story of Shelley and Mary Godwin, and in *Making a Choice of a Profession*, James H. Canfield clearly distinguishes between vocation and avocation. Hebert George Wells continues his series of papers on *Mankind in the Making*, and Henry Seton Merriman continues his novel, *Barlasch of the Guard*. Mary H. Peixotto, Clinton Dangerfield and the Baroness von Hutten contribute short stories.

Mr. Lincoln Steffen's series of articles in McClure's on municipal corruption have awakened widespread interest. In the current issue of the magazine he deals with Philadelphia: *Corrupt and Contented*. To the author the corruption of the city is not without its significance.

Philadelphia is, indeed, corrupt; but it is not without significance. Every city and town in the country can learn something from the typical political experience of this great representative city. New York is excused for many of its ills because it is the metropolis, Chicago because of its forced development; Philadelphia is our "third largest" city, and its growth has been gradual and natural. Immigration has been blamed for our municipal conditions; Philadelphia, with 47 per cent. of the population native born of native born parents, is the most American of our greater cities.

It is "good," too, and intelligent. . . . Some Philadelphians account for their political state on the ground of their ease and comfort. There is another class of optimists whose hope is in an "aristocracy" that is to come by and by; Philadelphia is surer that it has a "real aristocracy" than any other place in the world, but its aristocrats, with few exceptions, are in the ring, with it, or of no political use. Then we hear that we are a young people, and that when we are older and "have traditions," like some of the old countries, we also will be honest.

In the same number the first part of Ida M. Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company closes. The second part will begin in the coming autumn. Ashley P. Abraham contributes an article on Mountaineering in Switzerland Without Guides. The Story of the Snake, by A. W. Rolker, will interest animal lovers. Henry Harland continues his story, My Friend Prospero.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July is replete with interesting features, the most notable being the Unknown Caura, by William Thorp, which is the heroic story of the exploring expedition of M. Eugene André through the heart of Venezuela. The Deep-Sea Sailor, by Broughton Brandenburg, and The Wild Beast Traffic, by Lawrence Perry, are also worthy of note. Dennis Dent, by Ernest W. Horning, is still continued. John M. Oskison, Henry H. Hering and Edna Kenton are among those who contribute to the shorter fiction of the issue.

As usual, Affairs at Washington, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, is the most prominent

feature of the July National. Boston Welcomes America's Teachers, and The American Invasion of Canada are subjects of interest, and are well treated in the articles devoted to them. There are a number of good and interesting short stories, and among the verse is a poem by the late R. H. Stoddard, entitled At Last.

Citizens of Nature, by Julius Norregard, is the most prominent feature of the July Success. The Requiem of the "Has-Beens," by Owen Kildare, gives incidents in the life of the New York Bowery. Juan de Alberto writes of the career of José Ives Limantour, to whom all indications point as the next president of Mexico. The Whip Hand, a story of lumber, is still continued. David Graham Philip's novel, The Confession of a Cræsus, is likewise continued. The Salmon Foot and The One Who Was are two good short stories. There are the usual attractive departments.

There are many features of interest in the Woman's Home Companion for July. A rather unusual article is The Terrible Danger of Being Alive, by Louis Joseph Vance. Keeping House with High Explosives, The Courtship of George Washington, The Methodists and Their Good Works, and The Revival of Coaching are among the principal articles. Eden Phillpot's novel, The Farm of the Dagger, is still running as a serial. Short stories, poems, and the usual departments complete the number.

Magazine Reference List for July, 1903

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Allen, Viola. Frank Leslie's
Art Movements of To-day. National
*Elizabethan Playwright in His Workshop, The
Gentleman's
*Famous Old Italian Theater, A. Gentleman's
Leisured Public and the Stage, The. Cosmopolitan
Modern Music Celebrities Century
Romeo and Juliet Harper's

Biographical and Reminiscent

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. Pearson's
Arthur, Stanley Cilsby. Overland
Cabin Boy to Millionaire. National
Duke of Argyll. Criterion
*Gladstone in the Second-hand Bookshop. L. Hour
Heroes of the Police Force. Woman's Home Com.

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazine.

King Menelek of Abyssinia. Cosmopolitan
Kohlsaat, Herman Henry. Cosmopolitan
*Late Dean Farrar, The. Leisure Hour
Leiter, Levi Zeigler. Cosmopolitan
Queen of England at Home. Chautauquan
Shelley and Mary Godwin. Cosmopolitan
Side-lights on Lincoln. National
Stillman, James Cosmopolitan
*Village Camden, A. Gentleman's

Educational Topics

Boston Welcomes America's Teachers. National
Chautauqua Reminiscences. Chautauquan
C. L. S. C. in Foreign Lands. Chautauquan
*England's Northern University. Leisure Hour
*Ethics of School Athletics, The. Chambers's
Ideals and Achievements. Chautauquan
*London Polytechnics, The. Leisure Hour
Preparing College Students for Business. W. Work

Principles of School Administration.....Atlantic
Voice of the Scholar.....Atlantic

Essays and Miscellany

*All-Delighting Pair.....Gentleman's
*Austrian Mutton-Bird, The.....Leisure Hour
*Bird-Songs, Bird Mating.....Gentleman's
Border Judge and His Court.....Frank Leslie's
Bunch of Texas and Arizona Birds, A.....Atlantic
*Burns as Commentator.....Chambers's
*Caterpillars.....Good Words
Clam Fisheries of the Mississippi.....Pearson's
*Cornish Novelist, A.....Good Words
Day's Work of a Librarian.....World's Work
*Death and Dying in the African Weld, Gentleman's
Deep Sea Sailor, The.....Frank Leslie's
Discourteous American, The.....Woman's Home Com.
Distinguishing Between Vocation and Avocation,
.....Cosmopolitan
*Drinking Customs.....Gentleman's
Ethics of Biography, The.....Cosmopolitan
Eye of a Serpent, The.....Overland
*How Boa-Constrictors are Lodged.....Chambers's
Keeping House with High Explosives.....W. H. Com.
Kipling and Women.....Overland
Literary Development of Pacific Coast.....Atlantic
Maid, Motor and Man, The.....Pearson's
National Type of Culture.....Atlantic
Pennyworth in London Town, A.....Overland
Requiem of "Has Beens," The.....Success
*Ruskin's "Cash-book".....Good Words
*Some Literary Landmarks of Central Edinburgh,
.....Chambers's
Standard of Pronunciation in English.....Harper's
Summer Home for \$1,500, A.....Co. Life in Amer.
Survival of Human Personality.....Harper's
Terrible Danger of Being Alive.....W. H. Com.
Unpublished Letters by Sir Walter Scott.....Century
What Is "Comparative Literature"?.....Atlantic
What Love Is.....Cosmopolitan
Wild Beast Traffic.....Frank Leslie's

Historical and Political

Comatose France.....Donahoe's
Courtship of George Washington, The.....W. H. Com.
*Episodes of the Jacobite Trials of 1746, Chambers's
First Year of Cuban Self-Government.....Atlantic
Next President of Mexico.....Success
Nicholas II. of Russia.....Chautauquan
*Passing of Nero, The.....Gentleman's
Passing of Phile, The.....Cosmopolitan
Who Was Hammurabi?.....Century
World's Fair at St. Louis, 1904, The.....Cosmopolitan

Religious and Philosophical

*Anecdotes of the Clergy.....Chambers's
*Bible and Science, The.....Sunday
Business Organization of a Church, A.....Harper's
Distribution of the Jews.....World's Work
Mass Explained, The.....Donahoe's
Methodists and Their Good Work, The.....W. H. Com.
Rarest Bibles in the World.....Wom. H. Comp.
Wesley, John.....Century

Scientific and Industrial

American Invasion of Canada.....National
Apricot and How to Grow It.....Country Life in Am.
*Bacteria and Insects.....Good Words

Borax Industry.....Overland
Building American Bridges in Mid-Africa.....W. Work
Codfishers of the Banks.....World's Work
Dibbles', Mrs., Rest Cure.....Woman's Home Com.
Genius of Business.....National
Great Engineering Feats in New York.....Criterion
*Man's Place in the Universe.....Knowledge
Navigation Above the Clouds.....Harper's
Plant and Animal Intelligence.....Harper's
Preventing Factory Fires.....World's Work
Prevention of Typhoid Fever.....World's Work
Pumping Sand from the Sea.....Pearson's
*Rotation of the Sun, The.....Knowledge
Sargent's Silva.....Atlantic
*Stars of the Second Type.....Knowledge
*Sun-spots of 1903, The.....Knowledge
*Vancouver Island from a Farmer's Standpoint,
.....Chambers's
What the Motor Cycle Offers.....World's Work

Sociologic and Economic

Dividing the Expenses.....Cosmopolitan
Farmer's Trust, A.....World's Work
Philadelphia: Corrupt and Contented.....McClure's
State and Municipal Juvenile Charges.....Donahoe's
*Struggle for Existence in Sociology, The.....Knowl.
*Sunday in Factory Circles.....Leisure Hour
*Three Months in a London Workhouse, Chambers's

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

Adirondack Pilgrimage, An.....National
*Amber Fish, The.....Badminton
American Cup Race.....Overland
Annapolis.....Donahoe's
Citizens of Nature.....Success
County Cricket.....Badminton
Fencing, the Sport of Pres. Roosevelt.....Pearson's
Gap in the World, A.....Pearson's
Gold-Hunters of the North, The.....Atlantic
How Wild Animals are Captured.....Pearson's
*In Donegal.....Good Words
Last Antelope, The.....Atlantic
Life at a Mountain Observatory.....Atlantic
*Montenegro.....Chambers's
More Hints to Economical Motorists.....Badminton
Mountaineering in Switzerland.....McClure's
*Movements of the Mackerel, The.....Knowledge
New Ideals in the Improvements of Plants,
.....Country Life in America
*Pigsticking in Morocco.....Badminton
*Polo and Polo Ponies.....Badminton
Port of All the World.....Harper's
*Rainbow Trout in British Waters.....Chambers's
Renaissance of Tennis, The.....Country Life in Am.
Ride Up Marble Mountains, A.....Overland
Roman Holiday, A.....Lippincott's
Salmon Foot, The.....Success
Scotch Collie, The.....Country Life in America
Short Vacations by Trolley.....World's Work
Shrubs and Where to Put Them.....Co. Life in Am.
Sign of the Jumna, The.....Century
Story of the Snake, The.....McClure's
Suburban Life in America.....Cosmopolitan
Summer Entertainments.....Donahoe's
"The Oaks".....Country Life in America
Trainers and Training.....Badminton
*Trip to the Disputed Territory, The.....Badminton
Unknown Cara.....Frank Leslie's
*Visit to the Turkish Coalfields, A.....Chambers's
*Wild-Geese.....Chambers's

Wit and Humor of the Press

THE "INTINTION"

Jerry O'Rafferty came from the north of Ireland. During all his life there and later in Chicago, he had never been inside a Catholic Church.

He was something of a scoffer at religious ceremonies, although he knew little about them. His good friend, Michael O'Brien, was troubled at this, and always used his influence to get Jerry into the church. At last he was successful. Jerry grudgingly consented to go to church Easter Sunday because of the importance of the occasion.

The two sat together, Jerry an interested spectator, while Mike entered into the services like the devout man he was.

Jerry was soon evidently impressed by the splendor of his surroundings and the grandeur of the services. He watched the lighting of the candles and listened attentively to the glorious burst of Easter music. Then he could refrain from commenting no longer.

"Mike," he whispered, leaning over to his companion, "this bates h—l."

"Whist," replied Mike in a loud whisper, "sich is the intintion."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

WON HIS BET

The infant had been put to bed against his will, and, having got there, showed no inclination to go to sleep. He called his mother in to kiss her good-night once more, to give him a glass of water, to put another cover on the bed, to tell her something very important, to ask her how to spell North Carolina, and to explain why he happened to be her little boy instead of Aunt Bertha's. Finally she rebelled.

"You simply must go to sleep," she commanded sternly. "I shall not come into this room again to-night." She retired to the next room, and, before long, he called her.

"No, I'm not coming. Nothing will induce me to come to you again."

"I'll bet I can make you come," boasted the youngster.

"I'll bet you can't," replied the exasperated parent.

There was a pause, and then the small voice, raised to its utmost, exclaimed: "The devil and all his works!"

He won his bet.—*New York Evening Post*.

AWAITING A MISTAKE

At an East Side kindergarten a few days ago a visitor gave a silver dollar to a bright little boy.

"Now," she said, "what are you going to do with it?"

"I'll have it changed into halves," said the boy without a moment's hesitation.

"And then?" asked the questioner.

"I'll get dimes and then nickels, and then pennies."

"What will you do then?" asked the visitor, smiling.

"I'll get nickels," said the boy.

"But why will you get nickels when you have already had them?"

"Huh," answered the bright youth, "somebody may make a mistake in change. And it won't be me."—*New York Sun*.



THE PRODIGY

FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY (TO INTERVIEWER) I SHALL WORK STEADILY FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS, THEN I SHALL RETIRE.—FROM FLIEGENDE BLÄTTER



THE SALUTE

A heavier loss—Hark! In the dark watches of the night they could plainly hear footsteps in the kitchen. "Burglars!" he exclaimed, hastily covering up his head. "Oh, Henry!" sighed his wife; "I wish I had your faculty for looking at the bright side of things. I'm sure it's that Brown woman trying to entice my cook away."—*Kansas City Independent*.

—Ingenuity's reward—"You say Burton is leading a double life? I'm astonished. He's the last man in the world I'd suspect of anything of that kind." "Yes, his wife's in Europe, and he has to stay down at the office nearly every evening to copy with his own hand the nice, gossipy letter his typewriter has written for him during the day. He says it's a great scheme, though."—*Ex.*

—"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, who had been describing a warship to the class, "how is the deck divided?"

"A deck is divided," replied the bright boy, "into spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs."—*Philadelphia Press*.

—Freddy—Papa, may I study elocution?

Proud Father—Indeed you may, my boy, if you wish. You desire to become a great orator, do you?

Freddy—Yes, that's it.

Proud Father—And some day perhaps have your voice ringing in the vaulted chamber of the first legislative assembly in the world?

Freddy—I shouldn't care for that. I want to be an after-dinner speaker.

Proud Father—Ah, you are ambitious for social distinction, then?

Freddy—No—I want the dinners.—*Exchange*.

—Little Fred (who has just been whipped by his father)—Mother, your husband is becoming intolerable.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"You say his honesty surprised you?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "When I overbid the opposition for his vote, he went to the trouble of giving the other fellow his money back."—*Washington Star*.

—Little Boy—That ink that papa writes with isn't indelible ink, is it, mother?

Mother—No.

Little Boy—I'm glad of that.

Mother—Why?

Little Boy—I've spilt it all over the carpet.—*Answers*.

—Mamma—Why, Willie, you'll make yourself sick. Just as sure as you eat another piece of pie you'll be sick to-morrow.

Willie—Well, I don't care; to-morrow ain't no holiday.

—Mother—Only good little boys go to Heaven Bobby—Then I guess I'll be bad and go with the rest of the family.—*Brooklyn Life*.

—Lady (sees little boy on stoop)—Charlie, is your mother in?

Charlie—No. She's gone shopping.

Lady—Where? Do you know?

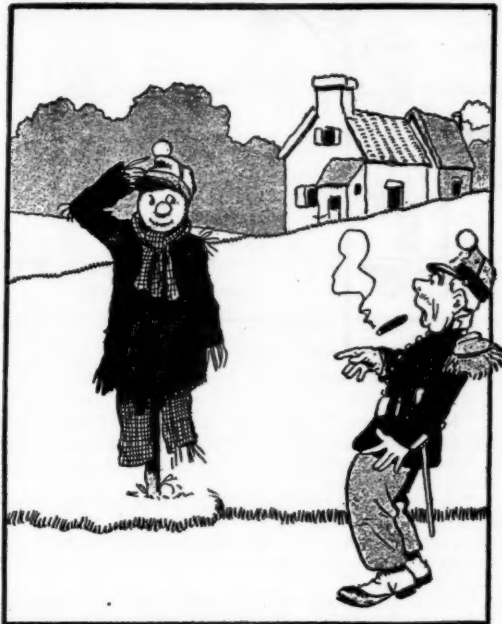
Charlie—Yes; to the grocer's for some salt fish, and to Mrs. Jones's to borrow some money to pay for it.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

—The Doctor—Didn't I say he was to avoid all excitement? The Patient's Wife—Yes; that's what got him excited.—*Town and Country*.

—Miss Oldgirl—I was proposed to twice.

Miss Cutting—Did the families interfere in both cases?—*Chicago Daily News*.

—"Railroad took off his leg." "Yes, and so providential!" "Providential?" "That's what. It was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



THE SALUTE—FROM LE JOURNAL AMUSANT

"Oh! yes, it was the first time they had met, but they became real chummy at once." "Is that so?" "Yes, they discovered that they indorsed the same breakfast food."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Jones is a conscientious fellow." "What makes you think so?" "I watched him play solitaire for two hours last night, and he never cheated once."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Seedsman—You know, ma'am, you don't have to plant your potatoes whole; you can cut them up in small pieces.

Mrs. Newmarke—Yes, I know; that might do very well if we always wanted to raise potatoes for Lyonnaise or for mashing; but we should probably desire to have potatoes served whole, now and then.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Papa," said the distinguished statesman's petted daughter, "you have never told me anything about the house in which you were born." "No, my child," he replied, with a groan, "I have not. I could not bear to destroy the fond illusion that your father is a great man. I am not a great man, my dear. I am an impostor. I was not born in a log cabin, but in a three-story brick with stone trimmings!" And he turned away in anguish.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A true friend—The thug—Say ain't youse deguy wot lectured about "Civic Morality" last night and said that only a blackguard would carry a gun?

Victim—Y-yes! That was I.

Thug—Well, I won't bodder youse den. Yer a good pal o' mine. So long.—*Chicago News*.

Mrs. Handout—Poor man! I suppose you never had the benefit of religious training while young? Tiresome Tompkins—Alas! No, mum! Both uv me parents wuz church-choir singers!—*Puck*.

"What is a trust?" asked the teacher. "A trust," replied the newspaper man's boy, "is a subject for an editorial when there is nothing else to be discussed."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

A London clockmaker has placed the following notice in his window: "The misguided creature who removed the thermometer from this door had better return it, as it will be of no use where he is going, as it only registers one hundred and twenty-five degrees."—*Answers*.

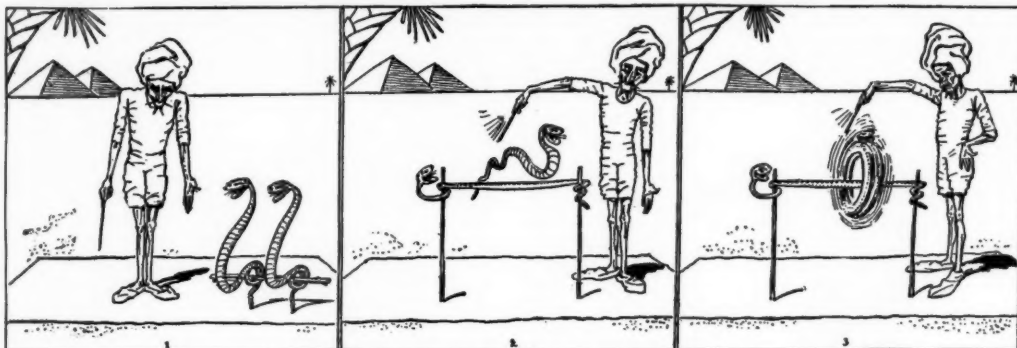
"How wasteful of that gardener!" murmured the star boarder as he bit savagely but hopelessly at his asparagus. "How is that?" asked the landlady. "Why, if he had let these stalks grow one week longer he could have sold them for telegraph poles."—*Baltimore American*.

Parson Johnson—Ah wish de mudders ob dis congregation would bring dey babies to church wif dem. Nevah mind how young dey am, jess bring 'em erlong. If dey am too young to appreciate de significance ob de service, dey can at least yell an' keep de deacons awakel.—*Puck*.

"Did you ever win any money at the race track?" asked the Wise Guy. "Yes, once," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "Pick the best horse with your eyes shut?" "No; bet a friend \$10 that I could beat him walking home, and did it."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

Rural Sport—"Yes," remarked the citizen of Sandy Lane, "our parson claims that these here racing automobiles are keeping some of his flock away from meeting."

"You don't mean to say any one owns a racing automobile around here?" asked the drummer, in surprise. "No, they don't own them, but they sit on the fence all day Sunday and throw stones at those that pass."—*Chicago Daily News*.



HINDOO ALLAH AND HIS WONDERFUL SNAKES

At Emporia, John Madden made a powerful plea in a railroad damage case. His little son went home and said:

"Mamma, I heard papa make a dandy speech to-day. And what do you think—papa almost cried, and he made some of the jurymen, cry, too."

"And what did you do, son?" asked Mrs. Madden.

"Oh, he can't fool me," replied the heir and pride of the Madden family.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Wigger—But when their boat capsized, how did it happen that you gave your attention to saving the man instead of the woman?

Brandt—A man, you know, wouldn't feel it incumbent upon him to want to marry me to show his gratitude.—*Boston Transcript*.

Colonel, would you mind telling me how you made your first \$1,000?" "Not at all. I made it by attending strictly to business—my own business, you know."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I see that a New York woman shot her husband because she mistook him for a burglar." "Say, ain't it wonderful how all those New Yorkers get to look alike?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Friend—Didn't you find New York perfectly horrible?

Artist—No; the smoke and dust effects were positively stunning.—*Fudge*.

Tourist—Have you got Scotch whiskey? Waiter (in Irish hotel)—No, sorr, we don't kape it. And them as does only uses it to water down our own!—*Punch*.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story of two dogs."

George had a nice little dog that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at passers-by nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything.

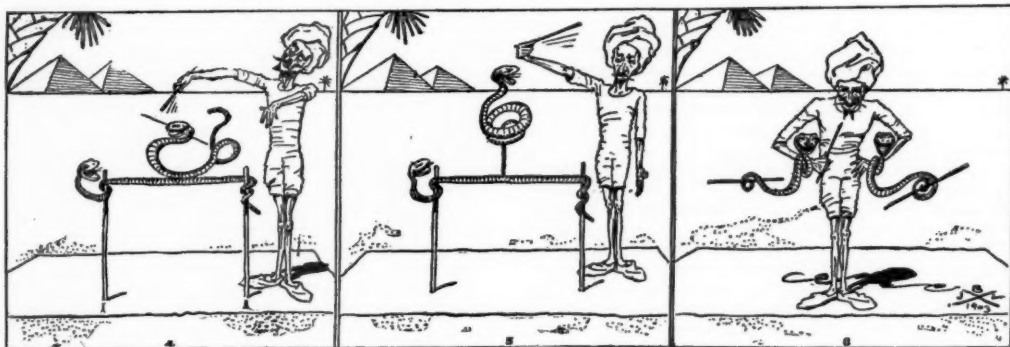
Thomas's dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions has been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men that came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered.

"Now, boys, which is the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas's?"

Instantly came the answer in one eager shout: "Thomas's!"—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Real Enjoyment—"I suppose," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that you have arranged to attend the grand opera." "Oh, yes," replied her hostess; "Josiah says there's nothing like grand opera to show real culture, so he's bought a box for every night, and we're goin' to take Daisy's German teacher with us to explain what they are sayin'."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Village Swain—Lovely moon, ain't there, Sally? Sally (revisiting her home)—Nuthin' to what we 'as in town!—*Punch*.



HINDOO ALLAH AND HIS WONDERFUL SNAKES—FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

Open ✂ ✂ ✂ Questions:

Talks ✂ With ✂ Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over until next month.

987. Can you inform me where I can buy a Rhyming Dictionary and other books to aid a young poet? Any book that will aid a young writer is desirable.—Ajax.

[In general, rhyming dictionaries are apt to be more harmful than helpful to the beginner in verse. But if you feel the need of a rhyming dictionary, we suggest that you procure Tom Hood's Rhymster, published by Appleton's. Advanced rhetorics generally devote considerable space to a consideration of versification and the usual verse forms.]

988. Will you kindly recommend me a good work on Norse mythology and where it can be procured and at what price?—Christine G. Cheever, Newport News, Va.

[You may find some of the following books helpful: Heroes of the Norseland, by K. F. Bault (Macmillan, N. Y., 80 cents); Norse Stories, by H. W. Mabie (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., \$1.80). Probably the best material on the subject is to be found in the works of Rasmus Bjorn Anderson, published by Scott in five volumes. The price is \$5. The contents are as follows: America not discovered by Columbus; Norse Mythology; Viking Tales of the North; The Younger Edda; History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North.]

989. Will you please send name (title), length and prices of two or three selections that would be suitable to speak, I mean for the teacher to speak, to children, in the public school, ranging from eight to eleven years of age.—E. Nicols, Hurley, So. Dakota.

[There are numerous books on elocution containing selections suitable for your purpose. A good book of this order is A Modern Reader and Speaker, edited by George Riddle and published by Herbert S. Stone & Co. Price \$1.50.]

990. Please send me catalogue and price list of Ibsen's plays.—B. B. Clark, Madison, Ind.

[You do not state whether you desire the

plays in the original or translated into English. For the former, they should be ordered from some dealer in foreign books. The best translations are those by William Archer, the English dramatic critic. They are published in London. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publish one volume of the prose dramas translated by William Archer. Price \$1. It contains The League of Youth, Pillars of Society and A Doll's House.]

991. Kindly answer the following: What dictionary is considered the best authority? Is Worcester in general use now?

Can you or any of your readers furnish me with the complete copy of a poem or song of which the following lines are a part:

Under the snow there's a little mound
And there's one who sleepeth, Oh! so sound.
But the soul of my sleeper will waken I know
Under the snow, under the snow.
Wait thee and watch, O soul of mine,
For all is not lost in that snow-drift shine,
And in God's own time we shall meet them, I know,
Under the snow, under the snow.
—Mrs. George E. Starrett, Port Townsend, Wash.

[Murray's New English Dictionary, brought out by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, is considered by many scholars the most authoritative dictionary of the English language, and is especially strong on philology. It is not complete at present and goes only as far as K. An excellent working dictionary is the Century. The Standard Dictionary is also good. Worcester's is still in use but perhaps not so widely as formerly. Some of our readers may be in a position to supply you with the copy of the poem you desire.]

992. I wish to ask help of your readers to obtain a complete copy of The New Birth, by John Herman Merivale, beginning:

God spake in voice of thunder
Of old from Sinai's hill,
And the mystic words of wonder
Thrill the believer still.
He sees in the hour of peril
The pillar of fire that shone
From the halls of pearl and beryl
To light God's children on.

I think the poem was published some years ago in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly and I would be very glad to get a complete copy.

—W. M. Shields, Columbia, Tenn.

993. Can you publish the poem that closes with these lines:

I shall know the loved who have gone before
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

—Alice M. Fountain, Iowa City, Iowa.

994. Will you kindly let me know where I can find James Whitcomb Riley's poem entitled Didn't We, Charlie? I have inquired at several book stores for it, and have looked through quite a number of his works, viz., *Book of Joyous Children*, *Love Lyrics*, *Armazindy*, etc., etc., but have been unable to find it.—Florence Fehr, New York.

995. I beg to ask, can you publish in full a little poem. That Better Land? I remember two lines as follows:

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there, not there, my child.

I learned it when a child in school, but have lost it.

—Jos. C. Herron, Kokoma, Ind.

996. Can you please inform me through the next publication of *CURRENT LITERATURE* where I can get the book entitled *The Maid of Bocasse*. I do not know the author, but the story appeared several years back in *The Ledger Monthly*.

—Noel O. Seltzer, Scottsville, N. Y.

997. Will you kindly publish *The World for Sale*, a poem found in Sanders' old readers? Give name of author if possible.

—Jessie A. Jones, Bruce, S. D.

998. Can you tell me the author of the following beautiful lines? I quote only part of the poem:

"Tell me, ye winged winds
That 'round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where
Mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and care,
The weary soul might rest?"

The wild winds dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as they answered—"No!"

—Mary Barnes, Santa Rosa, Cal.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

974. Replying to query, I enclose copy of ancient toast desired.—M. Tansley, St. Louis, Mo.

AN ANCIENT TOAST.

"I drink to one," he said.

"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed:
So holy 'tis and true;

To one whose love has longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

975. The lines requested were first published in *The London Morning Chronicle* about eighty-five years ago. A reward of fifty dollars was offered to discover the author, but without success. I have an impression that the authorship has since been established.—T. S., Saginaw, Mich.

LINE ON A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot.
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

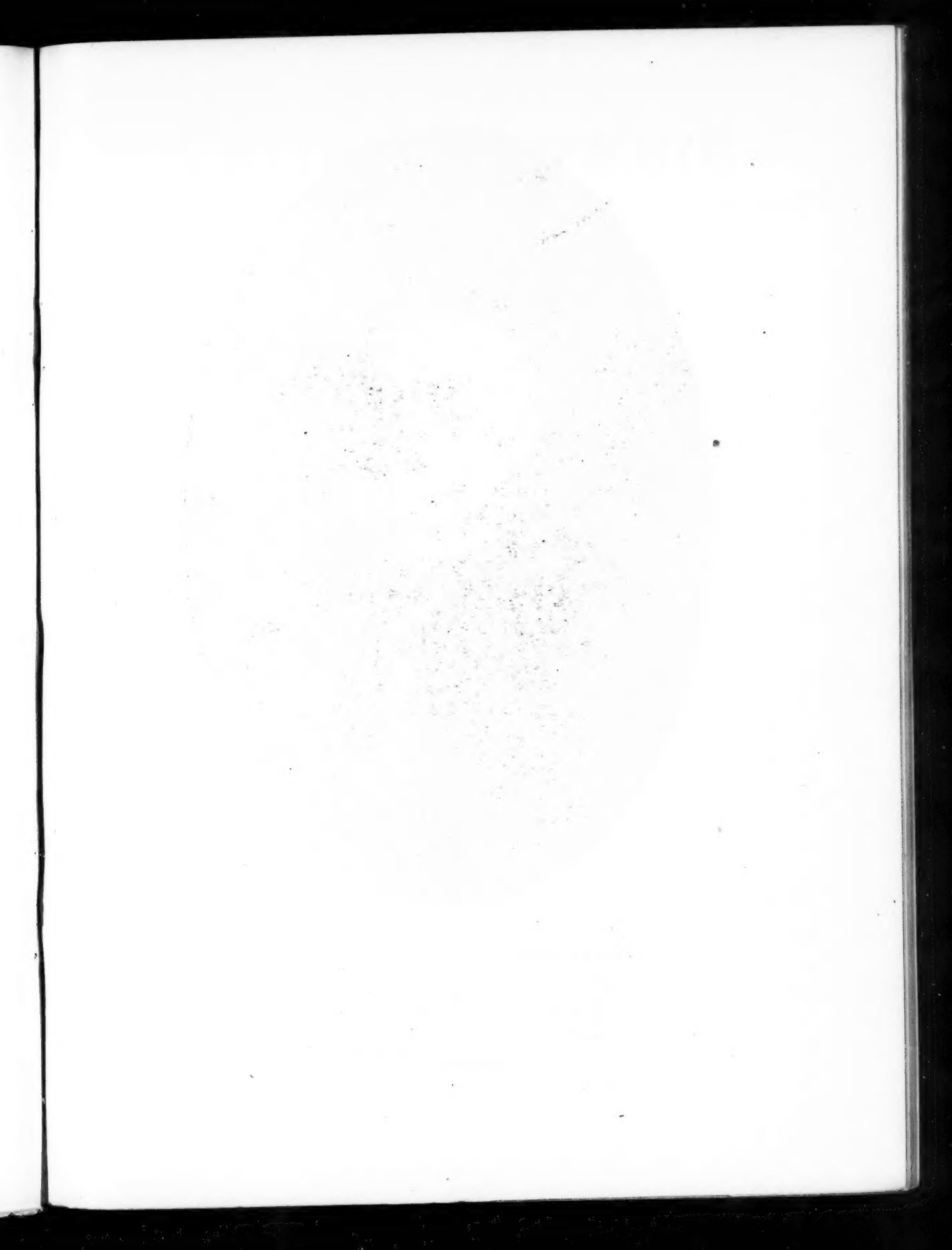
Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But, start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

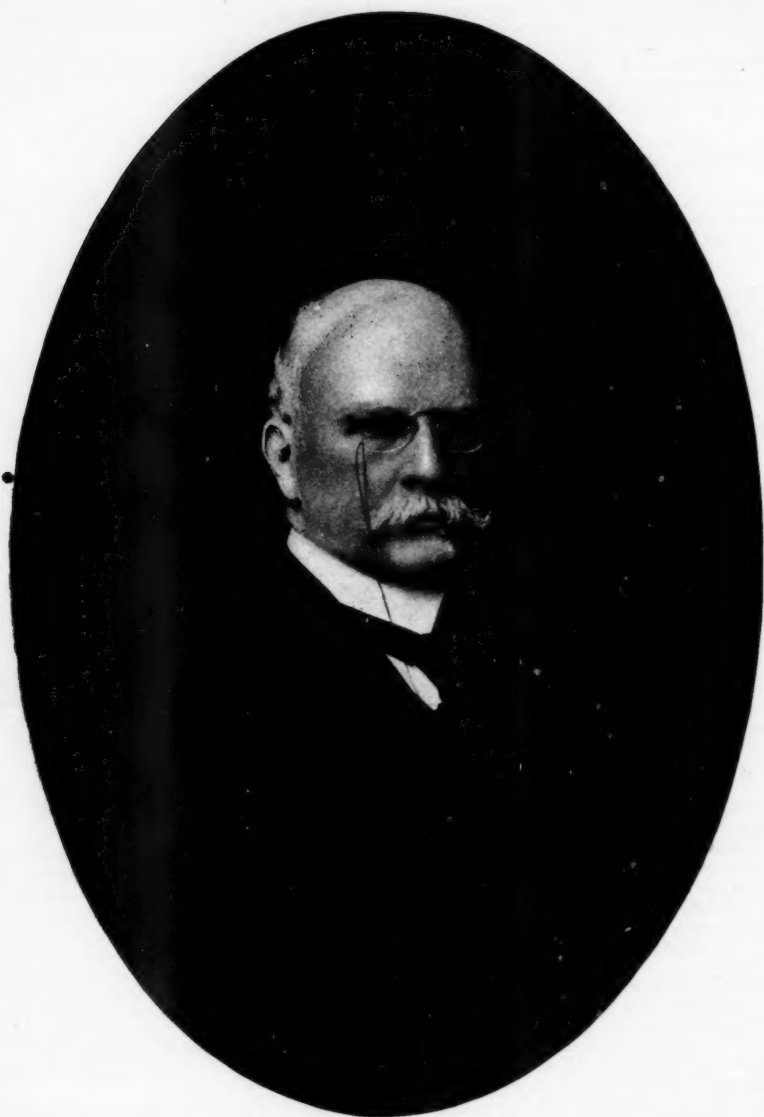
Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke
Yet gentle Concord never broke!
This silent Tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comforts to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod.
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed,
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

982. The passage in question I find credited to Stephen Grillet. I know nothing of the author. Found in *Treasured Thoughts*, edited by F. V. Irish.
—H. L. Boltwood, Evanstown, Ill.





Sincerely yours,
James Lane Allen.